

APR 21 1888

THE
NATIONAL
GEOGRAPHIC
MAGAZINE

EDITED BY
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AND
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Published by
THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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The American MERCURY

May 1924

THE PEACE MYTH

BY VIRGIL JORDAN

PRACTICALLY all of the current attitudes toward the problem of eliminating war rest on certain erroneous concepts of its nature. These concepts are diverse and sharply opposed, but they are alike in the fact that none of them has any genuine validity, and so the plans erected on them have always proven and will always prove unworkable. All the recurrent flurries of apocalyptic pacifism have a simple enough origin; they are symptoms of that psychic strain in modern society which underlies the problem of war itself, as well as most other social problems; but it is not necessary to explore their sources here. The significant thing about them is that the charlatanism and evasion of reality inherent in them have so obfuscated the thought of mankind that the hope of abolishing war is now probably further from realization than ever before in history. So long as the passionate pigeon-fanciers pursue the dove with a salt-shaker and meet Mars with the mentality and methods of a manicurist, peace will remain only a pious dream.

If, to take the oldest theory first, war is a scourge of the Almighty, a visitation of the gods' wrath on man as a punishment for his collective sins, then the logical way to prevent it is by means of prayer and righteous conduct, by the reformation or religious conversion of mankind,—and so the task becomes one for the churches,

Billy Sunday, or whatever other agencies think they can accomplish it. If war, to proceed to the second most ancient theory, is the result of the innate depravity, cruelty, greed or lust for power of certain wicked and scheming men, then no solution is possible short of catching the Hapsburgs and the Poincarés young and subjecting them to a long course of reading in the *Nation* and the *New Republic*. If war, leaving demonism and the evil eye behind, is an ingenious device of nature to kill off the surplus population and prevent the overcrowding of the earth, then the only decent attitude toward it is a fatalistic acceptance of the process, or positive and honest participation in it, by infanticide, neglect of sanitation, and other explicit methods of extermination. War should then be promoted at regular intervals, as a kind of social contraceptive. The problem of peace from this viewpoint becomes one of regulating the decimation of population so as not to overdo it, or of fostering other checks on multiplication which hurt our sensibilities less than war does.

If, to go further with the current theories, war is a biological process of selection, the obvious task of the organized intelligence of mankind, whether gathered at Geneva or elsewhere, is to call in the experts, put the process on a business basis, select the fit for dollar a year jobs in

the War Department and set the unfit to mutual extermination. The solution of the problem of selection may be left to the eugenists and intelligence testers, God help us! Finally, to take the most popular modern theory, if war be a device of business and financial interests to obtain territory or petroleum at the expense of the lives of the innocent masses, if it is always caused by the inherent cupidity of men in industrial society, then the way to stop it is by the destruction of the business machine by organized force, or by the complete alteration of the economic structure of society through the good offices of the Internationale. This means curing war by more war, but not exactly on the homeopathic principle.

All these favorite conceptions of the nature of war have been unproductive, unfortunately, of fruitful programs for its prevention. They are all solemn, sanctimonious and pseudo-scientific rationalizations that have ignored or suppressed the simple and damning fact that the human situation is and nearly always has been such that war is the most largely satisfying of human activities. It has in historical times directly or vicariously enlisted more men and consumed more of their time and energy than any other activity. In the period of written records, or roughly from 1500 B. C. to date, there have been approximately 223 years of peace and 3200 years of war, or about one year of peace out of every fourteen. Peace, indeed, has been merely the occasional continence that has relieved the long martial debauch of mankind. War, therefore, can be conceived honestly only as a signally successful satisfaction of some continuing human desire, a perennial phenomenon of group behavior. As such, no matter what its form, its real or ostensible purposes, its circumstances or participants, it retains as its essential characteristic a vast, free discharge of power or energy by the group as a whole and by all the individuals and minor groups composing it. A realization of this plain fact must be the starting point

for any realistic understanding of war. The road thence leads to very dark corners of the human spirit and of modern social life, where even Mr. Bok's dove would soon get lost and be eaten by the cat.

II

Every human activity, individual and social, is essentially a discharge of power against an obstacle. Such discharges may be creative or destructive. A creative discharge enriches the sum total of the life of the individual or group by increasing its intrinsic power over nature and over itself. Such a creative discharge in groups takes place through contact, intercourse and coöperation. Peace is a condition in which there is a continuous creative discharge of energy by individuals and groups within and between nations through such free contact, intercourse and coöperation. War is a destructive discharge of frustrated and accumulated power. It impoverishes human life by decreasing its power over nature, and it does this by destroying contact, intercourse and coöperation. While indirectly it may, or is supposed to, open channels for the creative discharge of power by the successful group, it ultimately diminishes the total life energy of all mankind. Friendship, love, blood kinship, interest and coöperation in work, the exchange of thought and of emotion in science and art, the production and exchange of commodities in industry and trade—all involve creative discharges of human energy. These activities form the patterns of normal human relationship. In so far as such contacts are broken or impeded, these types of creative discharge are frustrated.

Every individual in modern society—or, for that matter, in nearly every society that has ever existed—is in a certain situation with regard to the discharge of his creative energy. He either succeeds or fails in discharging it in his occupation and mode of life; if he fails he seeks in some compensatory activity the release

which is denied him—only too often through destructive channels. So far as the law or other institutional constraints prevent him from doing this as an individual, he tends to do it through the group of which he is a member, and which has built up patterns of discharge similar to his own. Such discharges of individual and group energy in destructive compensatory channels which diminish the creative power, the life energy, or the created possessions of other men and other groups, are always taking place in some measure within and especially between those vast organizations of men known as nations. If all such discharges be regarded as war, then war, between men and men, always exists, and peace is a phenomenon only of individuals and occasions. This latent war is not usually a conflict between individuals, because political organization largely prevents it. It is a war between groups composed of and defined by individuals in common situations. It is reflected in every variety of action tending to reduce the energy or creations of other men, as individuals or groups—from profiteering, strikes, lynchings, murders, thefts and industrial exploitation within the nation, to colonial exploitation, destructive trade practises and military hostilities between the nation and some other. War, specifically so-called, is merely the most active phase of this destructive discharge of power between groups that have developed the national unit as channels for working off the frustrated energies of their minor constituent groups and individuals.

The national group is the oldest and the largest channel of group discharge for the blocked energies of individuals and minor groups. Custom has not developed between national groups creative channels of contact and discharge as varied and deep as those that exist within nations. But the destructive channels remain open, and no obstacles of custom, friendship or creative intercourse are strong enough to prevent or offset their use. War between nations is thus the widest and easiest channel for the

discharge of individual and group destructive energy. It replaces all, or nearly all, the minor discharges of such energy when it takes place. It carries off all the energy that has not been creatively and effectively used, and that has failed to achieve destructive discharge within the nation because of moral or governmental restraints. War is thus a personal issue to every individual in a nation. It is a question of his own personal activity. It offers to each one who participates in it, emotionally or actually, a destructive discharge of his unused creative energy, a substitute or compensation for his failure creatively to discharge his energy in his normal environment, through contact and coöperation. This is so for all participants alike—soldiers, diplomatists, business men, workers, preachers, sweater-knitters and doughnut-makers.

Such a wholesale destructive discharge may, of course, as in the acquisition of territory or of special privileges of exploitation, result in some gain of wealth or power to individuals or minor groups within the nation, temporarily or for a long time. They may take advantage of the situation to grow rich in possessions or in power over others. But they cannot cause wars. They may hasten or influence the discharge of national energy, but they cannot provide that accumulation of frustrated energy which is the basis of war. This is the product of the mode of life, the work and the culture of the nation. It results from the inadequacy of its social and group machinery of creative discharge.

What are the main sources of that inadequacy in modern society? Individuals tend to organize into groups on the basis of common interests. The basis of common interest is a common or similar method of discharging energy, whether creatively or destructively, and the main channels of discharge develop out of occupation, activity and mode of life. Frustrated energy therefore tends to accumulate in reservoirs formed by common activities and modes of living. How this frustration

develops, and how there result therefrom the manifold aspects of the accumulation and discharge of frustrated energy in peace life in modern society, is too wide a problem for discussion here; it is *the* social problem in the broadest sense. It is possible only to point out the main groups in which the frustrated energy most directly amenable to the war discharge tends to accumulate.

III

The chief types of frustrated energy accumulated in modern nations are, in the order of importance, (1) the popular or mass energy; (2) the acquisitive energy; (3) the professional or military energy; and (4) the nationalistic energy.

The popular energy of war is the frustrated creative energy that accumulates in the great masses of working people in modern society because of the creative inadequacy of their occupations and life; it is inadequately carried off in times of peace in active or passive forms of destructive discharge, such as mob violence, aggressive union organization, strikes, sabotage and the vicarious aggressions of the newspapers and the moving pictures. This frustrated popular energy is not limited, of course, to the wage-earning classes. Analysis reveals symptoms of a similar frustration in all classes, regardless of the special frustrations peculiar to their occupations. In the measure that these other classes, too, fail to find in the life of peace full opportunity for creative discharge, war becomes for them a means of releasing accumulated energies in a wide common channel, without moral or other obstruction.

In many respects, however, the accumulation of frustrated energies in the wage-earning classes is distinct from and more important than that in other classes in its bearing upon war. The working classes find less opportunity than others for a discharge in destructive channels within the bounds of peace. Strikes are met by the organized power of the state; the relatively

less educated are more restrained than their betters from private violence, vice and other forms of destructive discharge, by custom, morality and religion, and above all, by lack of money. The law is applied to them rigorously, and they can achieve discharges only in vicarious forms, as through the newspapers and the movies, which afford them a passive enjoyment of violence and of wealth, power, and luxury. They are led by their union organization and by imitation to elevate their patterns of discharge into the acquisitive channels of the upper classes but they have little or no individual opportunity for relief in predatory business. Thus the frustration in the great masses is the main source of the vast, irresistible energy which is directed under the proper stimulus into the machinery of war, to grind its gruesome grist. The classes whose life and work in modern society are least satisfying find in war the Great Release, the deep peace of full and approved surrender to irresponsibility, the only freedom from monotonous toil and burdensome obligation that they ever know.

The types of satisfaction offered by war and its associated activities are most diverse. Even those who take no active part enjoy vicariously the release of energy involved in reading about and seeing pictures of war activity. It becomes an interest entirely apart from any direct emotional stake in it, such as the participation of relatives, for example, involves. For women, though they are seldom participants, war offers various types of release, from a lowering of the bars of custom and morality in matters of sex to increased domestic and quasi-political activity—knitting socks, cooking doughnuts, entertaining the boys, dressing up in nurse costumes and engaging in all the other busy activities which go under the name of war work. To this must be added the fact that war in the industrial state gives an exceptional opportunity for women to enter wage-earning occupations, and this affords them a release via the acquisitive

channel. All this shows how the conflict of interests and the lack of contact and coöperation between the sexes in peace time reinforces the general popular energies in war.

IV

Next in importance as a type of the frustrated energy which finds ready discharge in the war mechanism is what may be called the acquisitive energy, or that which gathers in and around those interests, groups or individuals who, for reasons which need not be analyzed here, do not find an adequate and satisfying discharge of power in the creative production of goods and services, or in the free creative exchange of goods, or in the mobilization of social credit for these purposes, but whose creative energy commonly takes the destructive channel of accumulating money or paper charges on the wealth and creative energy of the rest of the community. Trade, business, industry are creative activities in so far as they are pursued to increase the intrinsic and not the relative strength of the individual or group, to enhance the power of the race over the earth and not over men, but they become destructive when they increase the power of the individual over others by the accumulation of charges on the life necessities and labor of the community. This acquisition of money charges on the community is itself merely a compensation or substitute channel of discharge for the creative production of goods and utilities. Its appearance as a compensation depends upon the obstruction of contact, coöperation and free intercourse. When normal trade is obstructed, when for any reason it no longer carries off all the energy of those who engage in it, that energy becomes purely acquisitive, and trade becomes a channel of discharge for those who seek and find the illusion of power through money. These groups or individuals, however, may soon find the channel obstructed by law or social control, by the limited economic capacity of the country, and in

time by the resistance of the masses through similar forms of destructive discharge—exercise of organized power for higher wages and shorter hours, strikes, sabotage, buyers' strikes, etc.—all meeting destructive acquisitive power by the same kind of power. The dominant acquisitive interests first seek to remove these obstacles by organization, putting new legal restrictions on the obstructive classes, and then by political devices—patents, tariffs, subsidies, franchises, etc. When, finally, the internal obstacles become too great they seek new channels of acquisitive discharge between nations, where such obstacles are not operative because of the lack of a worldwide organization of the working classes, because of ineffective international legal control, and because of the unlimited economic resources of the world. For a while they use this new channel by wastefully exploiting resources in the territories and nations where labor is cheap and not organized for resistance. Soon, however, new obstacles to the free discharge of power arise.

First, other nations obstruct the channel between them by means of retaliatory tariffs and other restrictions on free exchange, thereby making the destructive discharge mutual. Then the economic capacity of the world to support this mutual discharge diminishes; the field of exploitation narrows; competition for it becomes keener; nations controlling resources put increasing obstacles in the way of their use. As a result, there accumulates in every modern industrial society a reservoir of frustrated acquisitive energy centered chiefly in the industrial, commercial and financial classes, but swelled by the acquisitive energies of the working and middle classes. This constitutes a vast potential of destructive energy and it finds its discharge in war. In the lower ranks of the trading and manufacturing classes it is discharged through the war channel in much the same way as the popular energy,—that is, as a largely personal, individual release—but it tends to turn into the acquisitive channel

because war offers an exceptional chance to profit. It thus seeks to discharge itself, by the help of the war mechanism, in the definite acquisition of means to further destructive discharge—exclusive exploitation rights, ownership of new territory, mandates, enforced loans at high interest, reparations. All types of individuals in modern society discharge part of their frustrated energy through acquisitive channels, either actively or passively in dreams, romances, the moving pictures and the newspaper; hence the achievements of the classes to whom the acquisitive satisfactions are pointed and real serve also to satisfy the vague romantic acquisitiveness of the masses. As M. Poincaré well knew, only a few might be rendered rich in fact, but every Frenchman would be rendered rich in imagination by the Ruhr occupation.

The classes in which the frustration most intensely takes the acquisitive channel may connect that channel with the government and the war machinery, and they may influence both the war machine and the stimuli to war. But this is a different thing from saying that business men cause wars. The true relation of the business or financial interests to war is a matter of energy accumulation and discharge, different in form but essentially the same as that of the masses and of all other classes. The acquisitive channel of discharge, indeed, is common to nearly all groups in modern society. It is used whenever creative channels are obstructed. When it is itself obstructed the energy of men is turned inevitably to more direct channels of destruction—extortion, exploitation and robbery among individuals, war among nations. Acquisitive men, from Standard Oil magnates down to the smallest profiteers, may find in war an opportunity to satisfy their desire to get rich, but what they are really doing is trying to make up or substitute for a failure to discharge their energies creatively. Even though the island of Corfu were of pure gold, studded with diamonds, a nation of men whose

energies were fully discharged in creative, productive activity would find no happiness in seizing it or bombarding it. They would ask only the privilege of enjoying its beauty, which is free and inexhaustible, and beyond need of tariff or subsidy.

V

The third great focus for the accumulation of energies for war exists in what may be called the professional groups. This professional energy gathers around those individuals or groups who are connected, either directly with the military machine or with the general governmental organization, which, in the modern industrial state, is closely related to the acquisitive interests on the one hand and to the military interests on the other. These military men and government officials do not want war as war any more than Mr. Sinclair wants to capture Persian oil as oil, or the man in the street in 1918 wanted to kill Germans as Germans. They simply find in war an outlet for the energies not used creatively in times of peace. The thousands of men who belong to the military, naval and diplomatic machine are trained to believe they exist solely for the purpose of assuring the safety of the nation from subjection and its dominance over other nations. This is the essential mode of the normal discharge of their personal power. Outside of it, or lacking it, they do not *live*, in any real sense. In the intervals of peace the belief in their superior function receives little support from their fellow men, and so they get no chance to exercise their function, to discharge power in the only channels they have. Few of them are well enough educated to find outlet in other avocations, even if this were possible within the profession; the rank and file remain in it only because of a complete creative bankruptcy in every other direction. Their creative life, if one may use the term, is therefore, during the dry days of peace, one long frustration, a dreary emptiness more monotonous than the life

of the industrial wage-earner, or a destructive game more futile and less interesting than that of the captain of finance, broken only by the sporadic energy-leaks of diplomatic intrigue, spy-service and army-post scandal. As flat, from a creative point of view, as most of the individuals in this group are, many find so close a channel too much for them, and in the lowest ranks desertions are common and the always difficult recruiting waits upon the recurrent industrial labor-surplus.

The psychic situation which sustains the military profession is clearly revealed in active war. Behind the lines and in the camps alike, war is the great releaser. The adulation of the people, the coördination of activity, the complete surrender to the spell of the leader—all these restore stability, fortify the sense of personal adequacy, and inflate the ego. In these activities the professional frustrations find easy sublimation. But in the ignominious mud of modern machine massacre the picture tends to be different, as the studies of the war neuroses have revealed. The adulation is far away; activity is reduced to that of the worm; the leader turns out to be mortal clay and sometimes an ass, or he is replaced by a gigantic machine with which no kind of personal bond can be established. The free discharge of energy is blocked by a horrible reality. A vast anxiety, a withering fear grows up beneath the calm surface of patriotic conscience and sense of duty. The frustrate spirit finally takes refuge in illness, in pain, real enough, but without a physical basis.

It is not necessary to follow Freud in his suggestion that the army is at bottom always a vast "love organization," and that the great *motif* of war may be summed up in the words of the popular song: "I'm dying for someone to love me." But in peace time the parasitical nature of the military organization which the people support as an outlet for their own varied frustrations becomes so evident, and the popular enthusiasm for it becomes so feeble,

that armies and navies have to engage in polar expeditions, world tours, speed trials, mock battles and what not in order to gain and retain even ordinary respect. The result is, in all countries, an accumulation of frustrated energies proportional in intensity to the nationalistic tradition, the size of the military machine, and the length of the peace lull—all converging on the war moment, ready to seek release in the only channel which training and temperament have left—the destruction of life and the exercise of brute power over other human beings.

VI

The functioning of all ranks of officialdom, save very few, hangs directly or ultimately on this active war moment, or on the latent continuous war that goes on within and among nations, quite as much as does the functioning of the professional militariat. But frustration is highest in certain professional centers which are connected, like a solar plexus, with the fourth large reservoir of energy. This reservoir exists in the individuals and groups, official and private, who have developed a pattern of satisfaction in the cultivation, maintenance and enforcement of the traditions of national or racial honor, integrity and supremacy. These sources of war energy overlap or are closely related to the professional sources described above, but they are something more than professional. They include not only the diplomatic functionaries of most countries, large or small, but also the individuals in the patriotic, defense, security and similar societies and leagues—the Ku Klux Klan, the Anti-Japanese organizations, the Know-Nothings, the racial purity associations, the Fascisti, and so on. The war energy lodged in the American Legion and other veterans' organizations is in part professional, but as the organization grows older and the members, as individuals, suffer a natural restriction of activity in life and work, it will take on the character of the traditional nationalistic supremacy complex.

The ideal of national supremacy and dominance is a fictitious, uncreative ideal, a compensation to offset a feeling of instability or insecurity in the individual or group, arising from frustration or inadequacy in its creative life. It performs for each the psychological function of expressing his own self-assertion, of carrying off such of his energies as are barred from creative channels. The pursuit of the ideal not only gives satisfaction in itself, but permits allied types of uncreative satisfaction—cruelty, dominance, acquisitiveness—to be pursued without check of conscience, custom or law. This process of discharge or expression through the national idea holds good for all types of groups and individuals, from the Secretary of State to the submerged patriot who does his lynching in a bedsheet. The diplomatic machinery of the state is a special condenser of this type of frustrate energy. It comes to have a certain vested interest in the entire war activity; it plays the game of national aggrandizement, with entire nations as pawns, for the sake of personal satisfaction. The chief diplomatic offices carry with them a nationalistic tradition and a body of esoteric knowledge which invest their temporary incumbents with a feeling of responsibility that is easily transformed in one of importance. Regardless of any material advantages arising from the close connection between the diplomatic machinery and the industrial or business machinery of war, the official comes to have something intimately personal at stake in gaining an advantage over the other nation, and the greater this personal stake the greater his zeal and value as an official. The ultimatums, sharp notes, demands, and all the etiquette and hocus-pocus of the game reduce themselves finally to personal dexterities; their whole color is that of the strongly individualistic psychology of intrigue, combat, rivalry.

By a common process of objectification, however, this personal issue is always projected as a national issue, which is ratified

by the popular, military and industrial classes. These take over the same psychology, each group transforming its individual personal issues of rivalry, combat and aggression into the issue of national honor or national safety. The individual personal instabilities flow together in the group and are raised into a national "danger." The whole process is a commonplace in every lunatic asylum. The fortunate inability to call a spade a spade which characterizes this type of neurotic instability is the convenient quality which enables a Secretary of the Interior or of the Navy to see a satchel of banknotes or a malodorous oil reserve lease as a patriotic device for the protection of the national safety. In varying measure the idea of national supremacy, the patriotic tradition of national glory, is a carrier of frustrated personal or group energies for all classes. Part of the popular energy is shunted through it, with the assistance of the patterns built up in school, and the acquisitive energy sometimes, sincerely or insincerely, takes this outward form as well. It forms a system of tremendous energies whose natural and largest channel of discharge is the war machinery.

VII

These four types of frustrate or unused creative energy in modern society—the popular, the acquisitive, the professional and the traditional or nationalistic—are the main sources of the motive power of war. They debouch easily and gladly into war, finding in that channel the least obstruction and the fullest release. They are the nerve force without which no stimulus, however strong, could set the machinery of war in motion, however well oiled. If it be strong enough, the machinery need not be perfect and ready, nor the stimulus intense. If it be defective or obstructed, the energy of war will create or improvise its own machinery; scythes and clubs will do. And if the stimulus be prevented it will create its own stimulus out of air; a sneeze will bring a cyclone.

The easing of this vast potential energy in modern society, in all its more important forms and sources, is therefore the task that awaits the peacemaker; he who can accomplish it will be sufficiently blessed and quite deserving of the entire annual income of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It requires merely the fundamental reconstruction of all the civilized world's institutions of work and play and group expression. It means merely devising a society in which there will be no need for bootleggers of any kind of surreptitious satisfactions, no need for anyone to let off steam in any prohibited way. The current peace programs naturally dodge this assignment. They devote themselves to cutting the fingernails of Mars and teaching him manners. This is both commendable and inevitable. It is commendable because, so long as we have the bloody gentleman around the house it's nicer to have him dress for dinner and to provide him with the means of blowing us up merely by pressing a button. And it is inevitable because it is as useless to blame individuals or groups for the behavior of the life energy that flows in them, or to exhort them to change it, as it is to blame an electric wire for carrying the current that kills. The utmost that can be done is to handle the wire with rubber gloves.

The flow of creative energy in man is

subject only to its own laws and principles, and these are not the laws of physical force or the principles of cause and effect upon which our mechanical civilization is so cocksurely based. The first task of social control, with regard to war as to any other social problem, is to study the flow of creative energy in society, its individuals and groups, in order that the control may accord with the nature of the thing to be controlled. Until the accumulation of frustrated or inadequately discharged energies in society is fully understood and controlled, it is possible at best only to control the discharge so as to mitigate its sweeping destructiveness. Until men know how and when the static electricity of the lightning gathers and can control its gathering, they can only study its habits of discharge and put up lightning rods against it. Even then their devices may not always be adequate, or in the right place, or well insulated, and someone will occasionally get hurt. As every farmer knows, it is best to buy your lightning rods from a reliable house. There are now many overenthusiastic lightning rod salesmen abroad in the land, disguised as agents of peace. Few of them have given any thought to the sources of the great clouds that roll up from the hot depths of life, tense with terrible swift energy, into which they blithely poke their trifling contraptions.

JOHN RUSKIN

BY FRANK HARRIS

I NEVER met anyone in my life whose personal appearance disappointed me more than Ruskin's. Until I saw him, I had always believed that a man of great ability showed his genius in some feature or other, but I could find nothing in Ruskin's face or figure that suggested abnormal talent. His appearance was not even prepossessing. He looked shriveled up and shrunken, though he was perhaps five feet seven in height; he was slight to frailty and stooped; in spite of a large nose his face too was small, bony-thin and very wrinkled; the gray hair that must once have been reddish was carefully brushed flat; the beard and whiskers were gray, too, and straggling-thin; the eyes were bright, grayish-blue in color, quick-glancing now, now meditative under the thick outjutting brows: the high aquiline prominent nose was matched by a somewhat receding chin; nothing in his face or figure was impressive or arresting; his clothes even were loose and ill-fitting; his manner shy, self-conscious, unassured; I was disappointed to doubting his ability. But as soon as he got excited in speaking I noticed his voice, a thin high tenor irresistibly pathetic; it often wailed and sometimes cursed but was always intense. The soul of the man was in that singular, musical voice with its high rhetoric and impassioned moral appeal.

Of course, I knew a great deal about him before I met him—knew he had been a great friend of Carlyle's, knew he was perhaps the most extraordinary master of poetic English prose since Sir Thomas Browne. I met him first, I think, at the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's house in Pic-

cadilly. At any rate, wherever it was, my introducer had told Ruskin that I had been a great admirer of Carlyle and that Carlyle had said he expected considerable things from me. This commendation evidently influenced Ruskin, who treated me from the beginning with the utmost kindness. According to his wish, I called on him, I think, at Morley's Hotel, in Trafalgar Square. It was, I believe, in 1886, but it may have been a year earlier or later. I have only disjointed memoranda of our talks. At first we spoke about Carlyle, and I found that Ruskin admired him at least as fervently as I did. At the first pause in the conversation I told him that what he had written on Calais Church always remained with me as perhaps the best piece of description in English, comparable to Carlyle's description of the scene before the battle of Dunbar.

"I've so much wanted to know," I said smiling, "how you got to mastery of style so early."

"The poets and imaginative writers are usually precocious, don't you think?" he began and we talked on that theme for some time; but suddenly he startled me:

"I suppose I was precocious," he said, "in many ways. I was in love, I remember, terribly in love, before I was fifteen."

As I knew he had been divorced from his wife, who declared that the marriage had never been consummated, this astonished me.

"Really," I exclaimed, "whom with?"

"Some Domecq girls, daughters of my father's Spanish partner in the wine-business," he replied, "I met them all in Paris, when I was fourteen: 'a Southern Cross of unconceived stars' I called them,

and fell prone in love before Adèle, who was a blonde a little older than I was. Two or three years later they visited us at Herne Hill and I remember, when I was eighteen, writing verses on 'her grace, her glory, her smile'; but when I confided to my father that I wanted to marry her, he quickly disillusioned me: 'Your mother would never consent, John,' he said, 'she's a Roman Catholic!'

"I loved my mother and besides was very religious at that time, but not so religious as all that, yet it was soon settled, as life has a trick of settling things. Adèle came to Herne Hill again on a visit in 1839, when I was twenty, but gave me no hope, indeed I think she did not take me seriously even; but was simply amused and flattered by my devotion. She married the next year, in 1840, and so went out of my life. That affected my health; I was delicate for some years."

Ruskin made an impression on me of wistful weakness, as of one whose life was full of regrets; but of course, I was all agog to find out about his marriage. I had already noticed that if I let him talk, he would soon begin to talk about himself and say things that were of great interest to me. All I had to do was to profess admiration for him and start with a question, and soon he would become reminiscent and personal—pathetically anxious to justify and proclaim himself.

II

We had been talking, I believe, about Carlyle's deep love for his wife, when Ruskin suddenly told me offhand that he had never been in love at all with his wife, Miss Gray. When he was about 28, he said, she came to stay with them at Denmark Hill. His mother wanted the match and "she (Miss Gray) was very pleasant and kind, so in April, '48, I married her. I had already lost nearly all my religious faith. I went to Normandy with my wife and began 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture.'

"When I was a little over 30, we returned to live in Park Street and I got to know Carlyle and another of your friends, Coventry Patmore, and the Pre-Raphaelites. In 1853 we went to Scotland with Millais, and Millais did my portrait. It was there I discovered that my wife loved Millais. I went to his studio one morning and opened the door quietly, without any faintest suspicion. There they were in each other's arms on the sofa! I was startled and involuntarily stepped back, drawing the door quietly to after me. What was I to do? I was a little shocked, but I had never loved her, so there was no pang of pain. I had only my dignity to consult. I resolved simply to be more ceremonious than I had been."

I stared my astonishment and Ruskin must have felt it, for he began to explain.

"I didn't wish to break off with him. I thought I had no right to. My portrait was not finished and I wanted it finished: I thought it might be one of the great portraits of the world—but I wanted, too, to keep my dignity—" I could scarcely help grinning; what had dignity to do with it? But Ruskin went on: "I thought him, and still think him, a very great master; so I was simply scrupulously polite, until the portrait was finished and then he went away. I have no doubt he felt the difference in my manner; I was very cold and reserved and he was himself not so boisterous as he sometimes had been, or jovial-coarse!"

"A little later, my wife left me and brought an action for divorce. Of course I did not defend it; I had no interest in it. A year later, in 1854, she got her freedom and married Millais. I am rather proud of the fact that, even after this, I wrote enthusiastically about Millais' genius as a painter. Personally they never touched me, never came near me!" . . .

III

I don't remember how I started him off again; but I think I asked him how he

came to admire Turner so early. "I always knew a good deal about painting," he began, "and I was the first, I think, to see Turner's real greatness; I bought many of his works before I was 23. You know I published the first volume of 'Modern Painters' when I was 24.

"When Turner died and left his paintings to the nation, I went to see them and found them still in boxes in the cellars of the National Gallery, unappreciated seemingly; altogether uncared for. I thereupon wrote to Lord Palmerston, I think, the Prime Minister, and told him I should be very proud, indeed, if I were allowed to put Turner's works in order. He put me in communication with the Trustees and I was duly appointed, and all through '57 and half through '58 I worked at classifying Turner's pictures and getting them in order and mounting his water-colors. Then came one of the worst blows of my whole life.

"I had always believed that the good and the pure and the beautiful were one, various manifestations of the Divine. Again and again I had associated beauty of color in painting with holiness of life. I knew, of course, that the rule was not invariable; Titian was supposed to have lived a loose life; they even talk about him in connection with his daughter, but it seemed to me like a madness, a mere legend, not to be thought of. I always cherished the belief that goodness and wisdom and purity and truth went together with great talent, and Turner was my hero. One day (I think it was in '57) I came across a portfolio filled with painting after painting of Turner's of the most shameful sort,—the *puerili* of women—utterly inexcusable and to me inexplicable.

"I went to work to find out all about it and I ascertained that my hero used to leave his house in Chelsea and go down to Wapping on the Friday afternoon and live there until Monday morning with the sailor's women, painting them in every posture of abandonment. What a life! And what a burden it cast upon me! What was I to do? For weeks I was in doubt and

miserable, though time and again I put myself in tune with the highest. Suddenly it flashed on me that perhaps I had been selected as the one man capable of coming in this matter to a great decision. I took the hundreds of scrofulous sketches and paintings and burnt them where they were, burnt all of them! . . . Don't you think I did right? I am proud of it, proud!"—and his lower lip went up over the upper with a curious effect of most obstinate resolution.

I thought it the most extraordinary confession I had ever heard; it kept me from visiting Ruskin for days and days. In fact, the next time we met, he came and called upon me in my little house in Kensington Gore opposite the Park. I kept away from the Turner question: I felt sure we should quarrel over it, or rather that I should offend him as I had offended other friends with what seemed to me the plain truth. What possible right had he to destroy another man's work, not to speak of the work of one whom he extolled as a heaven-born genius? So I talked of Carlyle and his teaching.

He admitted to me that it was Carlyle who had practically made him a socialist though "I was already on the road," he added with huge glee. "I found once, you know, that Xenophon, four hundred years before Christ came upon the earth, had talked about 'common fellows in the mart, who were always thinking how they could buy cheapest and sell dearest.' Our modern Gospel," he added in a tone of triumphant disdain, "fit only for common fellows!"

"Which do you think your best work?" I asked Ruskin once; "the revelations of art and natural beauty or your sociological books?"

"They form a whole," he replied, pursuing out his lower lip in deep thought; "but most people seem to prefer my 'Fors'—'Fors Clavigera,' I mean. Don't you know," he added merrily, "that it was Carlyle who christened my 'Fors Clavigera' 'Fors Clavinegar'?" Of course I laughed with him, but the jest seemed to me to be poor!

IV

Now and then Ruskin came and spent the evening with me, in Kensington Gore, but he came oftener to lunch, when we would talk afterwards and I would drive him back to his hotel. I remember one day telling him how extraordinary it seemed to me that he should have won to such emotion of style without love.

He turned on me at once: "Why do you say that? I loved more than once passionately: if I had married Adèle, the marriage would have been consummated, I can assure you; but much later, when I was over forty I fell in love, oh! in love and was consumed as in a flame. Love, love has been my undoing!" he added in a low sad voice.

"Really?" I queried, genuinely surprised, "would you tell me about it?"

After a long pause he told me of going to Ireland and visiting a Mrs. La Touche, and how Rosie, the young daughter of twelve, came down in the evening to greet him, like a fairy in a tiny pink dressing gown. "She was only twelve; but even then so wise and thoughtful, and I was forty-two. When she was seventeen, she came to London with her mother and I had wonderful weeks with her at Denmark Hill: she called it 'Edenland.' We met often, especially at Lady Mount Temple's at Broadlands. It was in this very year that I told her I loved her, and with her deep eyes on mine she asked me to wait until she was of age,—'Three years more!' she said. Of course, I spoke to her mother, but she seemed displeased and very reluctant.

"When Rosie was about twenty, she was infinitely distressed by my lack of faith. She published a booklet of poems 'Clouds and Light.' She was a most fervent Christian, believing every word of the Master. It was in that very year, I think, that she passed me, without speaking to me, as Beatrice once passed Dante."

There was intense pathos in his thin voice, something helpless and forlorn in

his attitude, in the trembling lower lip and downcast hands as of one defeated irremediably—that made my heart ache as he spoke . . . He began again:

"My unbelief did me infinite harm with her, loosened the spiritual tie between us; but later I learned the true cause of our separation. Her father (I think Ruskin said, though I cannot be sure), brought her across to London and took her to meet Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Millais. My former wife no doubt told her of my asceticism, for when after half an hour's talk, my darling came downstairs and her father asked her if she now understood his reluctance to sanction our marriage, she said, 'I understand that there are people to whom the body is everything and the soul nothing. Don't let's talk of it, I never want to think of it again!' My poor Darling! My Rose of Life!"

My notes of all this scene are so fragmentary, mere detached words—only to be explained by the fact that I believed I should never forget the very syllables he used. But alas! the words are all gone and I can only translate, so to speak, my vague impressions into words. I am not certain of anything; but it seems to me, as well as I can remember, that he told me, too, that in her last illness he was allowed to go to Rosie La Touche and for one whole night hold his love in his arms before she died. Or was it that he desired this so intensely that he gave it as his supreme desire? I am uncertain and the fact is not important.

I am certain of the next thing: that he suddenly started up, crying:

"There it is! Don't you see the Devil?" and he rushed across the room: "The cat!"—and he appeared to pick up a cat. "Open the window," he cried, and I opened the window and he came over and seemed to hurl it out.

"The Devil," he exclaimed panting, "the Evil One come to tempt me. You saw it! Didn't you?"

I could only reply: "I saw that you seemed to throw something out of the window. But now it's gone," I added

hoping to allay his breathless excitement.

"I'm not well," he broke off suddenly, "thinking of my dreadful loss and of my darling's death always unmans me: I must not think of it; I dare not. I have been ill every year, lately, through thinking of how I lost her, my love—I had an attack of brain fever in '78 and again in '81 and last year again and again. I am getting very old and weak. . . . Forgive me if I wander."

His face had gone quite gray and drawn; he filled me with unspeakable pity. What a dreadful undeserved tragedy! I took him as if he were a child and drove him back to his hotel; all the while tears were running down his quivering cheeks. I have never seen any sadder face, except Carlyle's.

I asked him once whether I could get Miss La Touche's poems, and he told me that he would let me see his copy. His best poem to her, he said, began: "Rosie, Rosie, Rosie rare" and I wondered whether he had copied the German lyric:

Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot;
Röslein auf der Heide

He dwelt with inexpressible tenderness on the fact that Rosie used to call him Saint Chrysostom or Saint Crumpet and he always carried in his breast pocket her last letter to him between two thin plates of fine gold.

Ruskin admitted, indeed laid some stress, on the fact that he had lost all belief in what he called derisively, "the Jew Jeweler's Heaven," but at the same time he declared repeatedly that the one thing he was surest of in his life was that Rosie's spirit often came to him as a ministering angel, and that she was "quite, quite happy."

V

I remember asking him once about the road at Hinksey, the famous road he had begun to get made at Oxford by the students. He defended it, said that it would be a good thing for all the better classes to learn some handicraft, "and manual

labor is good for all of us, even Gladstone," he added laughing; but he didn't appear to take much interest in this road. Toynbee was one of his foremen and Alfred Milner used to work on the road and Oscar Wilde loved to laugh about it. It was from Oscar, I think, when he was talking of Ruskin's lectures, that I heard Ruskin's epigram on Naples. It combined, he said, "the vice of Paris, the misery of Dublin and the vulgarity of New York." But Ruskin had never seen New York and knew nothing of it, just as he knew nothing of the vice of Paris. He was at his best in talking of virtues.

I never heard Ruskin lecture, but he told me himself that after some practice he used to trust to the inspiration of the moment for everything except perhaps the first words and the peroration, which he usually wrote out and learned by heart. "Sometimes I omitted the summing up," he added, "just to disappoint the foolish audience."

It is certain that Ruskin had the most extraordinary influence at Oxford. Strange to say, I got the full impression of it from one of my earliest dinners with Cecil Rhodes. I knew that every one, even old professors, went to Ruskin's lectures, knew that all the younger men were profoundly moved by his passionate idealism and patriotic fervor; but it was from Rhodes that I came to understand the full effect of Ruskin's extraordinary talent. One can judge of his rhetoric from his first lecture:

There is a destiny now possible to us, the highest ever set before a nation to be accepted or refused. We are still undegenerate in race; a race mingled of the best Northern blood. We are not yet dissolute in temper, but still have the firmness to govern and the grace to obey. . . . Will you youths of England make your country again a royal throne of kings; a sceptred isle, for all the world a source of light, a centre of peace; mistress of learning and of the arts, faithful guardian of time-tried principles, under temptation from fond experiments and licentious desires; and amidst the cruel and clamorous jealousies of the nations, worshipped in her strange valor, of good-will towards men?

One can imagine the effect of this rhetoric on young, enthusiastic spirits.

Though ordinary professors were never applauded, Ruskin was always applauded on entering, and sometimes the feeling he called forth was so intense that the students sat spell-bound with bowed heads and dimmed eyes as he folded his notes and went out. Of course it was his imperialism that endeared him especially to Rhodes; it might have been meant expressly for him:

This is what England must either do, or perish: she must found colonies as fast and as far as she is able, formed of her most energetic and worthiest men; seizing every piece of fruitful waste ground she can set her foot on, and there teaching these, her colonists, that their chief virtue is to be fidelity to their country, and that their first aim is to be to advance the power of England by land and sea. You think that an impossible ideal? Be it so; refuse to accept it, if you will; but see that you form your own ideal in its stead. All that I ask of you is to have a fixed purpose of some kind for your country and for yourselves, no matter how restricted, so that it be fixed and unselfish.

This is Ruskin at his best, I think; though I prefer some passages descriptive of natural beauty, especially what he says of the Swiss mountains:

Go out in the Spring time among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom,—paths that forever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness,—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may perhaps, at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, "He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains."

Among Rhodes's papers after his death was found a note in his handwriting which shows clearly what Ruskin's words had meant to him:

You have many instincts; religion, love, money-making, ambition, art and creation, which from a human point of view I think the best, but if you differ from me, think it over and work with all your soul for that instinct you deem the best.—C. J. RHODES.

It was Ruskin more than any other man who created the Empire builder and gave form and purpose to Rhodes's ambition.

VI

As I got to know Ruskin better and we talked of books at great length, I found his taste shockingly bad. He lauded Mrs. Browning's poetry to the skies and confessed that he disliked Swinburne; the worst prudery of Puritanism went with his thin blood and lack of virility. And his judgment of painting and painters was almost as faulty, though he thought himself a perfect critic and often told of how it was he who had discovered and made the reputation of five great artists, "despised until I came: Turner, Tintoretto, Luini, Botticelli and Carpaccio; but they were no greater," he added, than "Burne-Jones and Rossetti, my dear boys." The comparison seemed to me inept, so I changed the subject.

Why do I put these vague, and inconsecutive memories together? Though he had great influence and was a great name in England for many years, Ruskin did not impress me at all, save as a rhetorician: indeed to me he was not really a man of genius, not a guide or leader of men. He was perverse and purblind, an English Puritan who, after he came out of the prison of Puritanism, still bore the marks in his soul of subjection to English ideals and subservience to English limitations. All his economics were better put by Carlyle, and he injured Whistler, who was a greater master than his Turner.

In a few weeks of casual meetings I had exhausted him or felt that he had given all he had to give to me, and his habitual sadness and diseased self-centredness distressed my youthful optimism. One morning I asked him cheekily whether he had not been tempted to keep one of Turner's naughty paintings: "it would have been very interesting," I added lamely, feeling him antagonistic.

At once he turned on me: "I've always felt that you don't approve of what I did," he said sharply. "Why don't you speak out? I'm proud of what I did," and his wintry eyes gleamed with challenge.

"Proud!" I repeated. "I think it dreadful to kill a man's work!"

"Perhaps it was the kind of work you would wish to preserve," he snapped.

"I'm not ashamed to admit that. Any attack on puritanical standards and English prudery seems worthful to me; but if a great man had done work I hated, work in praise of war, for instance, or of cruelty, I would not destroy it. Who am I to condemn part of his soul to death? I hate all final condemnations."

"I did what I felt to be right."

"I'm sure of that," I broke in; "that's the pity of it. The evil men do from high motives is the most pernicious. Being a trustee you took as a challenge to your courage: I understand, but I can only regret it—I'm sorry."

I had offended him deeply; I knew I had at the time: he never came to me again and before I could make up my mind to go to him I heard that he had left London.

It is painful to me now to recall my stupid frankness, but in essence we were always then at opposite poles; yet I ought to have remembered what he did for the English world and what he gave to the English people, and after all no man's gift is perfect. But the truth is I did not rate Ruskin then so highly as I do today. I had from the beginning the French view of art and artists and felt, as they feel, that admiration of Beauty is the highest impulse in our humanity. It has since come to be my very soul and in time it has taught me a new ethic. I had no idea then that the English rated artists like acrobats and thought more of a half educated politician like Chamberlain than of a great painter or sculptor or musician, and so I underrated the originality of Ruskin and had no idea that his constant preoccupation with what is memorable in art and literature, his impassioned admiration of great work, first astonished and then interested thousands who would never otherwise have come to a compre-

hension of the artistic ideal at all. His devotion to art, or as he would have said, to the Beautiful everywhere, lifted thousands of English men and women to a higher understanding of life. Moreover, he enriched English literature with passages of magnificent prose and perhaps the finest descriptions of natural beauty in the language.

Ruskin was to the English a sacred prophet of the Beautiful; art to him was a religion and that view had never suggested itself to them; he taught them to love and admire artists like Turner, Tintoretto and Botticelli and to esteem such great men as benefactors of humanity; he enlarged the English outlook and ennobled it and so was a blessing to his people. I should have been indignant in the eighties with any comparison between him and Carlyle, who to me then was a seer and sacred guide; but Carlyle's deification of force and his disdain for the aesthetic side of life make him appear to me now hardly more valuable than Ruskin. The ordinary English instinct that placed Ruskin side by side with him was nearer right. In spite of his paltry education and curious limitations, Ruskin was a liberating and ennobling influence in England for half a century, and no doubt a stronger influence because at bottom he was bred on the Bible and brought up to revere all English conventions and English ideals.

The end of his life was extremely sad. He went abroad in '88 and '89. In '89 he had an awful illness and he lived almost without mind for another eleven years, dying in 1900. I do not believe there ever was a sadder life, or, rather, I believe he suffered as much as his mind allowed him to suffer. Carlyle suffered more because he had more intellect and, seeing more clearly, could not delude himself with the visitations of "angelic" spirits. Stripped of the pleasures of love, life is a poor inheritance.

THE CASE OF BEDRICH ZATLOUKAL

BY PAUL TANAQUIL

I FIRST met him in the American Consulate in Rome. He was having some difficulties in connection with his passport, and as he spoke no English, he appealed to me to translate certain Italian subtleties that were Greek to my compatriots in the office. Just as I was leaving, he passed his papers to me, asking me to look them over: he wanted to be quite certain that they were in order. From them I learned that his name was Bedrich Zatloukal, that he had been born in Bohemia forty-four years ago at Drahowitz, that he was first soprano in the Sistine Chapel and that he was about to tour North and South America with three fellow-choristers.

I assured him everything was all right and we left the office together. He seemed elated that his difficulties should be at an end; for a round, stout man, he walked almost jauntily, rising on his toes as he stepped forward, rather like a dancer. We chatted of various things: I had unfortunately to confess how scant was my knowledge of music in general and more especially sacred music; so he began explaining to me how Greek music came to be adapted by Saint Ambrose and later perfected by Pope Gregory the Great.

"Ah! the Ambrosian chant! I have sung it in Milano often, but so often!" It would be impossible graphically to reproduce, even in the phonetic script dearly beloved of the philologist, just what a curious sound his Italian made. One must know the language at its very purest and then hear a Czech—with all the barbarity of that hideous tongue!—attempt to use it; though he speak ever so accurately and fluently, though none of the nuances escape him;

and then one must try to imagine the soft, fluting voice of a child of twelve coming from the rotund, sleek, full-moon face of a huge man shaped like a barrel, if one wishes to recreate for oneself something of the impression that Bedrich Zatloukal made upon me. I was immensely interested. For one thing I was learning about a fascinating subject that I had completely ignored, and I was being initiated into its historical and æsthetic details by a man whose whole life it was. I begged him to come with me to the café; we would drink a glass of *porto* or a *café-au-lait* and he would continue his explanation. Whether he was thirsty or gratified, I do not know; nevertheless he accompanied me.

As we sat down, I had more ample leisure to examine him. He was at least six feet tall and he must weigh something over two hundred pounds. His hair was very dark, which is not usual with a Czech, but thin: indeed, he had a bald spot in the back of his very large head. His eyes were blue-gray and shining, but not so much with expression as with the still, smooth, unalterable sheen of flint. He had a heavy, massive jaw, but a mouth like a baby's: small, practically round, and the lips very red and prominent. While he spoke he would sometimes moisten his lips with the end of his tongue, making a little glub-glub sound, like coffee boiling in a percolator. His skin was very white and sleek; one could just discern a thin blue veil over the surface, testimony of his shaving. His shoulders were powerful, yet his hands were diminutive and groomed like a woman's, the nails left long and cut almost to a triangle. His feet, too, were

extremely little; yet his thighs, legs and calves were big of bone and heavy with flesh. He wore black clothes, a white stock and black patent-leather shoes encasing white socks being particularly noticeable.

"Ah! Ambrosel!" he said, "there was a man for you! One does not believe the *Schweinerei* about the bees, you know. But he was good and mild; and he gave Theodosius something to think about. And he saved choral music for Europe. . . ."

I must confess I was somewhat startled by his views of the Church. Everything that influenced the development of music, choral especially, was to him of the highest importance and praiseworthiness; and where incidentally he had to touch upon the character of a good man he paid a simple tribute; but anything short of either the ritual or mere kindness, he seemed to despise quite vehemently. His hearkening back to the foul Billingsgate of the Teutonic *plebs* of Drahowitz was comic, coming from so gentle a man, intercalated in an Italian phrase and breathed in the same sentence as so many sacred names. He was vehement as only a placid man can be at times.

"It's really Ambrose who wrote the *Te Deum*," insisted Bedrich, "they can say what they like about their Hilarys or Sissabuls: I know it was Ambrosius!"

At the third glass of wine, he asked me in my turn to accept a drink at his expense; and though I noticed he was quite flushed and particularly emphatic in all his statements, I was enjoying him too much not to wish to continue our conversation. He had almost finished his account of sacred music, being especially lyric about Palestrina's *missa papae Marcelli* and the *canto fermo*, so I was hoping for some rather more personal talk. I told him I had often been to Karlsbad: how I knew Drahowitz and all the adjacent country.

"I was born in the third house in the Velka Ulice," he told me. "The fifth as you come into the town. *Ma c'e un bordello adesso!*"

His intention was, if all went well, to return to Austria—or rather Czechoslovakia now—and buy a little house in the country. Into the village church he would introduce all manner of musical reform, which would keep him busy.

"Will you be in America soon?"

I told him, no: I expected to be in Europe three more years.

"I shall be back by then and perhaps singing in France or Spain!" he said. "I hope you will come to see me."

I hastened to assure him I would do so. He invited me to a rehearsal of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*—"not the fine, old music, but good in its way"—but I had to refuse. By then I would be on my way to London.

He rose, waved his hand, turned on his heel. From the door, just as he moved off, he saluted me once more with a swift vibratiuncle of the left hand. As he passed by the open window, I heard him humming softly to himself a distinctly secular if not outright ribald Neapolitan song.

Suddenly I remembered distinctly as though I had just read it, a passage out of a book I had studied years ago at the University of Freiburg-im-Breisgau. It spoke of men who "*mit weiblicher Weichheit und männlicher Kraft*," says Hyrtl, "*zur Ehre Gottes singen.*"

II

The next time I saw Bedrich Zatloukal was two years later. I happened at the time to be at Poitiers, collecting data on Rabelais' sojourn at the University there. Most of my work had to be done among the archives of the monasteries and convents, of which there are over forty in and about the town, so I grew to be quite friendly with the brothers. At that of Saint-René-des-Ilots-Fortunés, where lay most of my research, I used often to dine and chat with them. One day, one of them announced that the choristers of the Sistine Chapel were shortly to give a concert in the town. I asked after my friend; no one exactly knew how many

singers were coming: there had been no arrangements save the appointing of a date.

"Zatloukal?" The organist scratched his head, trying to recall some distant memory, "I don't think I remember . . ."

I strove to assist him:

"Tall—fat—sleek—a Czech—a lovely soprano!"

Yes, he seemed to remember him very vaguely. He had come to the Eternal City the year the Frenchman left; his voice had been hailed as capable of becoming unique among sopranos.

"And he has succeeded, eh?"

I told him what I knew of Zatloukal: how he had sung his way round the globe and how he was hoping eventually to retire.

"*Pourquoi faire?*" asked the organist.

I explained about the country-house Zatloukal cherished in his dreams.

The Frenchman shook his head ruminating.

"*Non,*" he delivered himself of his meditation, "*C'est tout de même drôle ces gens-là!*"

But it was a month or more before I actually saw the man who "all the same" was "comic." And I very nearly missed him altogether. The Cirque Darius Vollandin, the largest in the world, as its posters proclaimed it, was to play on the Place d'Armes. I decided to go to see its first night, dull as it would necessarily be, for I must have some sort of mild distraction. If the concern of Darius Vollandin failed to offer it, at least I should be vouchsafed a glimpse at *mœurs provinciales*, and who could tell but that I might see many Daumiers in the life? I passed down the Rue Carnot on my way to the town square. There was quite a crowd gathered round the theatre; I threaded my way through with difficulty. On the corner I met Captain Desgouttes, who told me he was off to hear the Sistine Choir. They were to sing to-night, at eight o'clock, in a quarter of an hour, to be precise, and not twenty yards

from the horrible circus. Wouldn't I come? Of course: well, then—

The posters bore Bedrich Zatloukal's name in large type; he was to sing with Signor Tomasso Giandomenici, Signor Enrico Spadella and Signor Arturo della Mallette a program of sacred and secular music. I gave my card to an usher, scrawling a few words about our short acquaintance in Rome and asking for his company to supper. As I entered the theatre the curtain rose.

III

Since my meeting with Zatloukal in Rome I had become interested in church ritual and music: while in Paris I had not failed to visit the Schola Cantorum and I had followed the career of my new hobby with eagerness. So that, beautiful as was the rendering of the part of Stradella's oratorio "San Giovanni Battista" and the "Pange, lingua, gloriosi" of St. Thomas Aquinas, it did not begin to please me so much as the secular portion of the program. Certainly not so much as the last song of the evening.

In Zatloukal, I had naturally expected to find a frankly superb voice. He was acknowledged to be as remarkable a soprano as had ever sung in Rome and had proved most valuable in drawing crowds to the theatre and dollars to the papal exchequer. Hearing him, one forgot the bulk and flesh of him; the fat face and the little hands folded over his pendulous belly (it was one of his mannerisms to stand so) vanished from one's sight as one followed the clear, sweet sound of his voice into the far, lovely places of vague, unutterable dreams.

One forgot, too, the ludicrous spectacle afforded by the contrasting appearance of the Signori Zatloukal and Giandomenici. The alto was a tiny man, little more than four feet eight in height, with an egg-shaped head devoid of the faintest suspicion of hair. As he stood beside the other man, the approximation was like nothing so much as Mutt-and-Jeff—but the Mutt-

and-Jeff of a polite and subtle civilization. Yet as they sang, nothing remained save the purity of their harmonious accord; that and that alone mattered.

My friend was in no wise changed, even to the patent-leather shoes and the white socks. His bow was indeed a pantomime of the words he had spoken to me two years before: "I am nothing. Blessed be Saint Ambrose, for verily he saved church music!"

Zatloukal seemed to pay no attention to the applause; he just came on with the others, bowed, sang, bowed and left the stage. His features were mobile only in so much as singing demanded it; otherwise the expression of his face was blank. But his voice! What a reach! What a crystalline clearness! What magnificence it gave to what he sang! It seemed so sheerly lyric, so spontaneous for him to be singing so, and yet he was a man! The contradiction of it, and the triumph of his art over the contradiction! Here was pure, unadulterated beauty of sound in its essence.

During the intermission the usher returned with a note for me. Of course Zatloukal remembered his friend with pleasure, he would be delighted to see him after the concert but only alas! for a short time. He must beg his indulgence; a previous engagement prevented his presence at supper. My friend Captain Desgouttes was most interested in Zatloukal and very keen to meet him. He was an entertaining fellow, a dilettante and a man of considerable native humor. He never let anything interfere with it, either; a thing which I prized very highly in him. He could sit through a concert in indisputably rapt admiration; yet afterward, at the café, he never failed to joke about the ankles or petticoat of the lady-violinist or the absurd whiskers of the pianist.

The secular part of the program was interesting indeed; but the last number was a chef d'œuvre. It purported to be a modern Greek folk-song, very popular with the gipsies. The mere mention of it on the printed page arrested my attention;

but I was never prepared for anything like my reaction to the song when it came to be performed.

Zatloukal folded his arms and rocked very gently as he sang; he gazed straight ahead into space, uttering the melody *pianissimo*, faint as a sigh, fugitive and light as the flight of a swallow. It was a weird, wailing sort of piece, passing from minor into minor; to my mind it brought nothing so much as the phrase "the wailing of the daughters of Jerusalem" in the full significance of the hopelessness of grief. It swelled, then, and grew, as the others took it up, into a sound of anguish more than human; it was symbolic of all pain imaginable, shot through with desolation. From time to time came a hush, while basso and tenor reiterated the motif of the song. Finally the entire scheme of the composition was taken up again, passing to a lull of uncertainty, with faint suggestion of possible release, and finally the triumph of recovery and its consequent sense of calm, sure peace. And, just as the poem seemed at an end on this still, serene harmony, as I was getting ready to clap, Zatloukal burst into a cry of exultation, a tremendous shout of beatification. I have never heard such a note in my life; he struck the high C. It was a revelation.

Then a second or two later, tearing myself out of my mood, I observed him bowing perfunctorily and vicariously for Ambrose.

I was particularly glad that they sang no encore, it must necessarily have blotted out the impression I had had of the moment out of which I had of a sudden been taken; indeed, when I saw Zatloukal in the lobby of the theatre a few moments later I was annoyed, and more annoyed because I did not know just what was vexing me. I felt, I suppose, that I could never express to him the thoughts and feelings that had surged in me; they were too urgently potent and recent for me even to analyze them myself. And what else, after all, was this Zatloukal except a fat Czech with little hands and feet, with absurd

white cotton socks encased in tiny patent-leather shoes, with a maxillary strong as an ox's and a mouth red and drooping forward like a baby's? What else than a necessarily extraordinary man—*vide* Hyrtl—a man who when he did not happen to be singing might just as well be part of the world-famous circus of Darius Vollandin out on the square there!

"My friend! My friend!"

He was welcoming me boisterously, delighted to see me. He would have loved to have had supper with me—"oh! just loved it so!"—but he had another engagement.

"Well, you must at least come to the café for a drink!"

"Certainly, my dear fellow, of course. My engagement is not till . . . much later!"

Desgouttes winked and Zatloukal saw him.

"Ha! you military! You always think of *aventures galantes*!"

We adjourned to the Café de la Comédie. Over a *fine* Zatloukal narrated his experiences in the Americas and more recently in the Balkans. They had been there on a concert tour last year, and it was in Athens that Zatloukal had come by the Greek piece they did to-night. I continued to speak about music with him until I noticed my French friend was preoccupied and silent. This with him was always a bad sign; I feared he might be meditating some embarrassing situation. He was examining Zatloukal very critically. The soprano broke the pause.

"It is so lucky to meet you again!" he said, addressing me solely. "I cannot express to you how happy I am! Ah! these meetings! they are so funny! Listen; I will tell you of a strange *rencontre*!"

Desgouttes leaned forward. I gave Zatloukal my attention.

"I told you I had an engagement, hein?"

"Yes!"

"Well, I have met here in Poitiers a person whom I had not seen since I left my country. I knew her in Drahowitz years ago: her name is Andulka Slamal!"

Captain Desgouttes asked what she

happened to be doing in Poitiers. The soprano smiled shyly:

"She is in the circus!"

We looked at him and he continued, "As a girl Andulka was always very daring . . . She could do anything on a horse and she climbed trees that we boys were afraid of trying!" He smiled at the memory. "Well, today, before the concert she appeared in my *loge*, told me her name and—" his voice rose to a squeak in his excitement, he licked his lips as he spoke, "we are to meet tonight, after the circus is finished."

Captain Desgouttes spoke of a romance, circus-rider and soprano.

"*Mais* nol we are as brother and sister! I remember the first time I cried she consoled me! Ah! you military! Always scandal!"

We chatted on for a while, Zatloukal and I reminiscing about Rome and the circumstances of our meeting; I told him, too, how I had become interested in church music.

Suddenly Desgouttes emerged from his silence:

"Monsieur, a question that I hope not indiscreet . . . but—is it that your throat is shaped absolutely like that of no matter whom?"

The soprano nodded; Captain Desgouttes pondered a moment, then:

"But—how shall I say it?—is it that you are . . . I mean are you, as other people in the respect . . ."

He searched vainly for the right words. Zatloukal looked at the clock and rose.

"I must go now: it is late!" He shook us by the hand, bid us good-by, and turning to me: "You, *mon caro*, when shall I see you again?"

I smiled: "Perhaps in Drahowitz!"

He moved to the door; once there, a swift bow, a vibratiuncle of the left hand.

"*Adieu, mon cher*," Desgouttes said when he was gone, "*adieu! crois-tu que ces types-là sont comme nous ou que dans leur jeunesse, on* . . ."

I shrugged my shoulders.

IV

When, in Poitiers, I had jestingly told Zatloukal that perhaps—who knows?—our next meeting would be in Drahowitz, I little guessed that such indeed was the event fate held in store for us. The prophecy did not come true literally in every detail. It was in Karlsbad, to be exact, that we saw each other, some fifteen months after I had said farewell to him at the Café de la Comédie in Poitiers.

Early in the Autumn I went to Karlsbad less to take the cure than to have a much-needed rest. I was staying up at the Imperial, on the hill; and about all we did that year was to play tennis and dance in the evening. It was a delightfully lazy life. In the long run, however, it began to pall somewhat. The over-pompous dance-hour twice a week in the ballroom got on one's nerves; the grill was all right once or twice a week, but as a steady diet it was most unsatisfactory. We tried several places in the town: the Goldene Schild, Zum Elefant and Petters'. Each furnished its quota of amusement—for a short time. But during the last week of my stay, I must say we had a hard time of it finding something to do in the evenings.

One afternoon in the bar, Arthur Rummage told us he had discovered a new place: it was called the Metropole and was in Fischern, adjoining the Fair Grounds. Did we care to go?

"I don't suppose it's frightfully exciting," he told us. "In fact, I heard it was quite a dump!"

"Thank God!" I said, "for a place that is not trying to imitate the *boîte* of Montmartre. . ."

"Or the Munich imitation of the *boîte*!" Rummage added.

Anyhow, the Fair was going on, and if we were bored at the Metropole, we could try that. So we decided to go that night.

The Metropole, I must say, was pretty bad. We stayed there only long enough to down some champagne with a French

label, made in Germany from apples exported from Brittany. Rummage had discovered the reason for the shortage of cider in France; he had seen carload after carload of apples go out. So we left the Metropole and made for the fair.

It was the annual town-fair, which takes place two weeks every year. It is situated on the left bank of the Eger, just under the bridge that unites the suburb of Fischern with Karlsbad proper. There are merry-go-rounds, booths of every description, a beer-garden, a rickety scenic-railway, a great many stands, and, in the midst of it all, the Deutschböhmisches Zirkusgesellschaft. Reading the huge placard outside the tent, I noted that it called itself the finest circus in old Austria; I remembered the Poitiers circus and its flaming legend and I compared the two of them. These Austrians were, after all, a moderate and modest people, I thought. We entered, just as the clowns had finished an act. They were followed by a tall, thin Bavarian—called Miss Betsy from Manchester. Then came a comic juggler, then the clowns once more, then Andulka Slama, Queen of the Air. She disported herself on a tight-rope for twenty minutes, risking her own life ten and mine (I sat right under her) three times. Having, at the end of her stunt, been presented with a bouquet by a fat, sleek man in evening clothes, she submitted to the kissing of her hand by the adipose gentleman and retired. The last act—Innominato: Cantor Italiano—appeared. He wore a red-velvet Tuxedo and a straw hat which he placed on the back of his head, the front being as a halo, in the manner of a New York theatrical man. I looked at him. He opened his mouth, began to sing . . . ZATLOUKAL!

V

"Of course, my dear fellow, I am happier in my life than ever I was before," he told me in the artists' tent. "I am director of this circus, I earn money and keep what I have earned, and I am married. . ."

"Married?" I gasped.

"... to the most charming of ladies; I have bought back my old home in Drahowitz which continues as before save that I own it; Andulka and I travel in the Summer and rest in the Winter; I keep up my singing. . ."

"But how did you ever do it?" I begged him. "And when—"

He laughed at my amazement. He had never liked the old profession, it was the music he enjoyed. Well, he could still enjoy it. And Andulka would not hear of leaving the life she loved. So—what else was there to do? Anyhow, he was radiantly happy.

"She is so good to me, we are so happy! We love each other as much as the first day. Our son—"

"You have a son?"

"My wife's—he's grown-up—but I adopted him. I, of course, have no children.

The fellow is doing very well at Heidelberg. We stay with him in Winter."

Gradually the story came out. The circus of Darius Vollandin had been at Lyon and at Marseille at the same time as the Papal Choir; Zatloukal had seen Andulka frequently; finally he had realized that she was the most congenial person in the world.

"The happiest marriages are as ours—platonic, my boy! Sometimes, naturally, Andulka has moments of ardor in which I cannot share, but what does that matter, after all. *Satrazeni!* She and I eliminate the one feature that spoils most marriages! Ah! but you should see us! We are so happy . . . so happy . . ."

From the way he spoke, I knew it was true. I could not help reflecting how strange it was that true felicity should rise from so unnatural a relation; vaguely, I wondered what Desgouttes would have thought of the business.

Ah! *celui-là* . . .!

EDITORIAL

THE osteopaths, as they grow in prosperity and pretensions, greatly improve the technic of their propaganda. There was a time, and it was not so many years ago, when the publication of anything unfavorable to them in a newspaper—say the report of a practitioner landed in the hoosegow for attempting to treat smallpox by thumping the spine—brought a husky ex-wheelwright or former piano-mover to the office, hot to defend with his fists the science he had lately begun to adorn. But now they run to far more seemly and subtle devices. Dr. Fishbein's article in these pages last February was followed by no such invasion of Sandows and Jack Dempseys. Instead, there came a terrific avalanche of letters from literary osteopaths in all parts of the Republic, many of them very well written, and all of them denouncing Fishbein as an agent of the Medical Trust and demanding space to answer his slanders and to expose the crimes of that octopus. No reply being made to these indignant but usually very polite protests, there followed Round 2. Its technic was borrowed, not from the International Union of Stevedores and Longshoremen, but from the Church of Christ Scientist, an organization highly adept at alarming and working the public prints. It took the form of a second avalanche—this time from persons who represented themselves to be non-believers in the osteopathic sorcery, but who nevertheless loved justice and fair play so fondly that they could not see the osteopaths belabored without going to their defence. These mysterious correspondents, like the first set, demanded that *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* be thrown open to the osteopaths, and that they be given a free license to expound their gospel at length. A con-

nection between the two waves of attack being suspected, the second went without reply like the first, and so the matter rests.

A trivial episode, but not, perhaps, without its significance, for I incline to think that it explains the politeness with which the osteopaths have been treated of late in most of the daily newspapers. That politeness, in brief, is the result of good press work, and the good press work, as I have hinted, seems to have been borrowed from the Christian Scientists. In every city wherein Christian Science flourishes its high priests and medicine men maintain a suave and persistent gentleman whose job it is to see that the local newspapers print nothing in contempt of the Eddyian magic. He is on watch day and night, seven days a week, and most of the managing editors of the land, having tasted his big stick at one time or another, are now exceedingly reluctant to stir him up. Within twelve hours after any reference to Christian Science gets into print that did not emanate from official quarters, he presents himself with a long typewritten rectification of its errors, and demands that it be printed. If the demand is refused, then the fun begins. The next day arrive several protests from writers who represent themselves to be old subscribers. The day following there are half a dozen telephone calls from local Babbitts, often eminent, all of whom explain carefully that they are not Eddyites themselves, but that it amazes and shocks them to see a reputable paper attacking and misrepresenting religion. The third day the managing editor is summoned to the office of the owner, and greeted with something like this:

In God's name, what have you been putting into the paper? My telephone has been ringing day and night for two whole days, and now my wife's

aunt is camped at my house, raising blue hell. She says that we are making fun of her religion, and breaking her heart. My daughter went to a bridge party today and was bawled out by an old harridan who wanted to pray for her. Can't you lay off such stuff? I missed the item myself, but it must have been awful. If you want to can the city editor, go ahead. I must get some sleep.

So next day there is printed a long article explaining solemnly that Mrs. Eddy was not a faith healer, that there is no connection whatever between Christian Science and the hocus-pocus of M. Coué, and that no Christian Science practitioner ever takes money for his assistance or pretends to do more than expound the authentic word and will of God—in other words, there appears the florid and effective press matter that the suave and persistent gentleman has had in his pocket all the time, and so the Only True Revelation gets another excellent free advertisement, and a few more neurotic women appear at the tabernacle the Sunday following, vice those lost to the New Thought, laparotomy or the embalmer during the week. As I say, most managing editors have been bitten, and so most managing editors are now careful. It would be hard today to find six American newspapers that ever dare to mention Christian Science in their editorial columns, or that even touch upon it in their news columns without the most elaborate precautions. For newspaper editors are used to having the mob behind them; when they find a mob in front of them it almost always scares them stiff. The Christian Scientists maintain such a mob. It is small and polite, but extremely pertinacious and effective. It has a disconcerting way of including the owner's aunt, or the wife of an important advertiser, or even the wife of the managing editor himself. To flout it is to court trouble, and, in the long run, disaster. As I say, I suspect that the osteopaths have borrowed the trick and are working it to excellent effect. They have made money in recent years, and so yearn for dignity and good repute. They no longer turn ice-wagon drivers into doctors in six months; they

have begun to adopt professional airs. With this pretension goes better press work.

II

But their fundamental pathological and therapeutic ideas, of course, remain nonsensical, and as such they will be represented, whenever they are mentioned at all, in the pages of this great moral journal. Whenever an osteopath grows intelligent he simply ceases to be an osteopath, and becomes an amateur physician of dubious equipment. So long as he is faithful to the teachings of Papa Still, the founder of the science, he remains an ignorant quack, and but little removed from his poor relation, the chiropractor. THE AMERICAN MERCURY does not pretend to any austere judicial spirit in its dealings with such charlatans. It is frankly against them, as it is against fortune-tellers, communists, New Thoughters, Wilsonian idealists, dowsers, Kiwanians, Christian Scientists, Ku Kluxers, Prohibitionists and all other such dolts and swindlers. Its columns are no more open to their rantings against sense than they are open to the political drivel of Mr. Coolidge, the prospectuses of the sellers of Texas oil stock, or the advertisements of Peruna. This magazine, in brief, is not dedicated to such debates as go on in country barber-shops, Epworth League meeting rooms, and the smoking-cars of slow trains. It does not pretend to compete with the *Congressional Record*. It assumes that its readers are civilized, and that they are thus not partisans of any of the bizarre gospels which now engage one hundred per cent Americans, in all fields from aesthetics to obstetrics. It proposes, from time to time, to give them glimpses into these gospels, but not, certainly, with any notion that they are in danger of being converted. Its aim is to amuse them, not to insult them.

Thus the pussyfoots of the new evangels may as well take warning forthwith that no conceivable bombardment of protests and demands, however cunningly dis-

guised as neutral and virtuous, will ever penetrate to these chaste pages. But to be anaesthetic to their lascivious approaches is one thing; to cherish the doctrine that they ought to be put down is quite another thing. Rather too much of that doctrine has been heard in the United States in late years. Until they grew strong enough to exert political power, the osteopaths, for example, were harassed in State after State, and even now, if I do not err, they are denied certain rights that all orthodox physicians, however incompetent, freely exercise, including the right to prescribe wines and liquors under the Volstead Act. Most of these harassments were directed by medical men, and not infrequently, I believe, they were inspired by nothing more enlightened than trade jealousy. The osteopaths were raking in the money of *Homo moustieriensis*; ergo, they were scoundrels, and the law must scotch them. The Christian Scientists, before they perfected their press department, went through the same bedevilment; to this day in the Maryland Free State, which boasts of its long and honorable record of toleration, it remains a misdemeanor for a Christian Science practitioner to accept a fee from a patient, and the prohibition has to be got around by the device of taking free-will offerings. Elsewhere there are constant attacks of the same sort upon fortune-tellers, layers on of hands, communists, Ku Kluxers, Holy Rollers, Negrophils, heroin addicts, cancer quacks, and a hundred and one other varieties of fanatics and mountebanks. Here the strange American ardor for passing laws, the insane belief in regulation and punishment, plays into the hands of the reformers, most of them quacks themselves. Their efforts, even when honest, seldom accomplish any appreciable good. The Harrison Act, despite its cruel provisions, has not diminished drug addiction in the slightest. The Mormons, after years of persecution, are still Mormons, and one of them is now a power in the Senate. Socialism in the United States was not laid by the Espionage Act;

it was laid by the fact that the Socialists, during the war, got their fair share of the loot. Nor was the stately progress of osteopathy and chiropractic halted by the early efforts to put them down. Oppressive laws do not destroy minorities; they simply make bootleggers. The Christian Scientists bootleg their magic in Maryland as the Mormons bootleg their guinea-pig theology in Utah and as the rum-runners bootleg alcohol everywhere.

When a free citizen comes down with cramps he has an inalienable right to send for an osteopath to roll him and thump him if he so desires, and as a necessary corollary the osteopath has a right to perform upon him as long as he can stand it and remain solvent. To argue to the contrary is to argue for the most vicious and idiotic sort of paternalism, and to open the way for unfair practices of the worst kind. But the Christian Scientist, when his child has cholera morbus, has at it with Mrs. Eddy's rubbish, and so sacrifices its life. What if he does? It is *his* child, and if it lived it would simply grow up into another Christian Scientist. There is evil, indeed, in every effort to relieve the stupid of the biological consequences of their stupidity. If the sort of yokels who now dose themselves with Swamp Root were deprived of it by law, and forced to consult the faculty of the Harvard Medical School when they were ill, what advantage would there be in being too intelligent to take Swamp Root? Nature, I believe, is against such interferences with its benign processes, and if they are persisted in it will take some frightful revenge. Luckily, they almost always fail. The Fathers of the Republic, as everyone knows, made the most elaborate efforts to protect its citizens against the just consequences of their own probable imbecility; a complex and apparently fool-proof system was contrived to keep them from putting inferior men into high office. Yet the Jackson revolt of the low orders was in full progress within a generation, and today the First Chief of the nation is Dr. Coolidge.

H. L. M.

THE AMERICAN CIGAR

BY CARL AVERY WERNER

WHAT has become of the American cigars of yesterday? Scorning the easy answer of the facetious that they have gone up in smoke, the old-time devotee demands more detailed news of their fate. He recalls with a reminiscent glow the soul-satisfying five-center, the after-dinner three-for-a-quarter, and the luxurious Sunday ten-cent straight of thirty years ago, and he laments the apparent fact that they are not obtainable today. What caused them to disappear?

The true reply is that they have not disappeared at all—that the cigars of today are just as good as those of thirty years ago. There have been, to be sure, some changes in what might be termed cigar fashions, but in the main it is the price, not the quality of the tobacco, that has changed. The immortal nickel cigar of the last generation still exists—but one must now pay for it at the rate of two for fifteen cents, or perhaps ten cents straight. One may still enjoy, too, the old-time three-for-a-quarter—but now one must pay for it at the rate of two for twenty-five cents. The reason for this lamentable increase in price is not mysterious; it has its feet on the ground—in fact, literally *in* the ground, for beginning with the turning of the sod by the farmer, the cost of producing cigars has increased at least one hundred per cent during the past two decades. There may be consolation for the old-time smoker in knowing, when he pays ten cents for his old-time nickel's worth, that the manufacturer's profit is certainly no greater, and is probably less, than it was on a five-cent sale of the Golden Age.

The mystery of the five-cent cigar of tra-

dition, so eloquently lamented by the Hon. Thomas R. Marshall, Mr. Coolidge's predecessor in the vice-presidency, is thus easily explained by the trans-valuation of values that now besets us in all fields. But it is a fact also, that in addition to the old-fashioned varieties, still surviving at high prices, there are likewise some new types of cigars in the show-cases of today, unknown to our fathers. These novelties have been developed partly out of changing economic conditions in the industry, and partly through transformations in the tastes of smokers. Shadegrown Connecticut, Java wrappers, Florida wrappers and fillers, and Porto Rico tobacco, all entering largely into the popular smokes of today, were practically unknown in youth to men who are now on the shady side of fifty. Our fathers liked their cigars extremely dark; we of today want them almost straw colored. Up to a few years ago, most American smokers preferred cigars slender and not much bigger than a man's finger; now, particularly in the large cities, they want them fat and long. Forty years ago nine out of ten smokers demanded what they called a strong cigar; now the cry is for very mild cigars.

II

Up to a little over a century ago cigarmaking was an unknown art in this country. Cuba was then the cigarmaking country par excellence, with the Philippines and Porto Rico in second and third places respectively. The relatively few cigars consumed by Americans came almost exclusively from Havana. Tobaccos

grown in what is now the United States were regarded as suitable only for smoking in pipes or for chewing. But during the half century between 1810 and 1860 the practice of making cigars either partly or entirely of American grown tobaccos slowly arose. The tobacco grown in Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Wisconsin was found, by experiment, to be suitable for cigar purposes, and it gradually developed into types entirely distinct from the tobacco of Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas and Kentucky, which continued and continues today to be used for chewing and in the pipe, and for making cigarettes.

Before the Civil War American cigars had resolved themselves into two trade classes, the imported and the domestic—imported meaning cigars made in Havana wholly of Cuban tobacco, and domestic meaning cigars made in this country wholly of American tobacco. Then cigar factories began to be opened in Key West, Florida, by Spaniards and Cubans who came across from Havana, bringing with them their Cuban tobaccos, Cuban workers, and Cuban traditions. This added another type, which came to be known as the Key West cigar. It was precisely the same as the Havana cigar except in the matter of geography. The Key West industry soon spread to Tampa, Florida, and because of the better shipping facilities there Tampa eventually far outgrew the original cigar colony of the Keys. Meanwhile also, some of the American manufacturers in the North began to import Havana tobacco and to use it in combination with domestic leaf to add to the fragrance and palatability of the domestic product. This brings us to about the time that our daddies began to smoke. The matter of choice presented no difficulty to them. If they called for an imported cigar, they got one. If they called for a Key Wester they were given one in every respect like an imported cigar, but made either in Key West or Tampa. If they asked for a domestic cigar they were given, for five cents, a cigar made entirely of domestic tobacco, or having a filler of Havana

scraps; or, for ten cents, a cigar with Havana tobacco on the inside encased in a binder or jacket of Connecticut or Wisconsin tobacco, and a wrapper of Connecticut tobacco. There were the three distinct varieties: imported, Key West and domestic—and wherever they were bought or under whatever label, they ran fairly uniform and true to type.

The next step in cigar evolution, dating back about forty years, came after Key West had divided honors with Tampa, and when, at both places, there began to be manufactured cigars which deviated from the strictly Cuban type. In them were introduced, in small or great degree, domestic tobaccos from the North. The result was that the terms Key West and Tampa lost their original significance, although they continued to suggest cigars of good quality. Then the term Clear Havana was invented to designate a cigar containing nothing but Havana tobacco, wherever made.

Also, about the same time, it was discovered that on the island of Sumatra, a Dutch possession in the East Indies, there was produced a kind of tobacco peculiarly adapted for use as cigar wrappers. Enterprising American manufacturers of so-called domestic cigars began importing it for use in place of the coarser domestic wrapper. Its attractive color, silky and elastic texture, marvelous thinness and free burning qualities made it extremely desirable, and so manufacturers bought it in spite of the duty, then \$2.00 a pound. The quick popularity of this Sumatra tobacco inspired the idea of improving the cultivation of wrapper leaf in New England, Florida and Georgia, with the result that another new type was soon evolved in Connecticut, known as the Shadegrown wrapper. This tobacco is cultivated under artificial shade, which enables it to ripen slowly into leaves that are very thin, of fine grain, and of large size. In the past few years a wrapper grown in Java, in many respects similar to Sumatra, has come to be used successfully, too, but

it is not yet nearly as common as Sumatra itself, chiefly because of the small number of serviceable grades available.

The cigars of Porto Rico and the Philippines, with the exception of the old-fashioned Manila cheroot, now almost extinct, had no place in the cosmos of the American smoker until after the Spanish-American War. But since 1900 the leaf tobacco of Porto Rico and the cigars of the Philippines have been slowly but steadily increasing in popularity, and now the former is in very great demand. The quantity of tobacco of all types used annually by American cigar factories is about 150,000,000 pounds; the yearly imports of Porto Rico leaf approximate 26,000,000 pounds, or more than 17 per cent of the total.

One other factor has had much to do with the changes in cigar character. I refer to the phenomenal jump into popularity of the cigarette. This has undoubtedly encouraged a general preference for mild tobaccos. At the same time it is serving to slow down cigar-smoking, and to raise up, in consequence, new economic problems for the producer. Twenty years ago the number of cigars, cheroots and stogies manufactured and consumed in the United States was a trifle less than seven billions, while the number of cigarettes manufactured and consumed was less than three-and-a-half billions. Last year the consumption of cigars was still around the seven billion mark, while that of cigarettes was sixty billions! In the past twenty years cigar-smoking in the United States has stood still, while cigarette smoking has increased more than fifteen hundred per cent. Indeed, quite as interesting as trailing the cigars of yesterday is the mystery of what has become of our cigar smokers; for with our steadily growing population the national cigar output ought naturally to have doubled itself since 1890. Obviously the new generation is smoking, not cigars, but cigarettes. Why? The answer is, first, that

cigarettes, far more than cigars, have had the benefit of heavy national advertising, and second, that the mildness, cheapness and convenience of tobacco in cigarette form have suited the fancy and fitted the purse of the young, and particularly of the female young. Smoking by women has considerably increased the consumption of cigarettes; it has increased the consumption of cigars not at all.

It is perhaps not strange, in view of these many changes, that the old-time cigar smoker is at times mystified and confused. Perhaps fifty per cent of the cigars now consumed in this country are actually somewhat different in character from those of thirty years ago. But a goodly proportion remains very nearly, if not exactly, the same as of yore. The old-time smoker who is partial to imported cigars has merely to ask his dealer for them, and to look for the United States customs stamp on the box. There has been no appreciable change in imported Havana cigars. If the smoker thinks there has been, it is probably because his eye has become accustomed to the sleek appearance of types of cigars that are wrapped in tobaccos other than Havana. Havana wrapper itself has undergone no change.

The cigar that the old-time smoker called a Key West is now known in the trade as a hand-made clear Havana. Every cigar dealer carries at least one brand of such clear Havanas, usually in several sizes. If the smoker has reason to doubt the intelligence or sincerity of his tobacconist he can play safe by demanding a bonded clear Havana. When a manufacturer at Tampa, Key West or elsewhere stations in his factory a United States customs inspector who sees to it that his cigars are made entirely of Havana tobacco and by the Spanish hand method, the manufacturer is permitted to affix to the box a government stamp called the bonded stamp, bearing the declaration that the cigars are of that character and are so made.

III

Now we come to the fancier of the old-time domestic cigar. Here the trail becomes faint and a bit confusing, for it is in this division that the most marked transformation has taken place since your son's wife's father smoked his first cigar. Along with Sumatra and old-fashioned Connecticut wrappers, there are now also employed Connecticut shadegrown, Florida shadegrown, and Java wrappers. And instead of only domestic and Havana filler there are now those vast quantities of Porto Rico to be reckoned with. The old-time cigar lover who regards himself as a smoker of the domestic article may be tickling his palate with cigars actually manufactured in Porto Rico, of which there are one hundred and fifty-six million consumed in this country annually, or with Manila cigars, of which we consume a quarter of a billion. So he must needs be technical and exact when he states his requirements to his dealer. If he wants the nickel cigar of twenty-five years ago, he must call for a cigar with a Sumatra or Connecticut wrapper, and a long filler consisting of old Ohio tobacco, or Havana scraps, or both in combination. In most instances he will have to pay eight or ten cents for it. If he wants the old-time ten-cent domestic cigar, he must demand a Sumatra or Connecticut wrapper and a long Havana filler. For it he will have to pay fifteen or twenty cents.

But the best advice that can be given to the veteran connoisseur is that he divest himself of his memories of the days that are gone and adjust himself to the cigar fashions that now prevail. The trend which cigar character and quality are taking is as much due to the change in the preferences of the new generation of smokers as it is to conditions in the industry. For instance, the increasing importance of shadegrown Connecticut is largely attributable to the prevalent liking for light-color cigars. Nature intended that cigar leaf tobacco, after going through the cure, should be predominately of a rich nut-brown color.

It was her habit to produce a very small proportion of lighter shades. But there came a time when these few leaves of extreme light color, which were really perversions of natural development, began to catch the fancy of cigar consumers. They began to insist that the jackets encasing their cigars be very thin in texture and very light in color. That demand marked the birth of tobacco growing in Connecticut and Florida under tents of cheesecloth. But even now, with this process (which is exceedingly costly) at the height of development, the soil can be dissuaded from its natural bent only to a limited degree. The consequence is that the manufacturer has to pay a very high price for extremely light wrapper tobaccos in order that the grower, taking into account his relatively unsaleable dark tobaccos and the expense of artificial shade, may get a profit. The average farm price for Connecticut tobacco last year was forty cents a pound, but manufacturers had to pay \$4.50 for the best wrapper grades. This also applies in a general way to the imported wrapper leaf, although it is not shadegrown. If it were not for this light-color craze, cigars could be produced more cheaply, and also they would probably taste more like they used to.

There is a common impression that a dark cigar is always strong. This is not the case. In the first place, dark tobacco leaf is not necessarily any stronger than tobacco leaf of lighter color; it is only mellow and more mature. The Spanish color marks that are found on every cigar box, *maduro*, *colorado*, *colorado-maduro*, *claro*, and *colorado-claro*, indicate, not strength, but only color. Translated they mean: *maduro*, ripe; *colorado*, red; *colorado-maduro*, red ripe; *claro*, light; *colorado-claro*, red-light. In the second place, the visible color of a cigar is only skin-deep, anyhow, for it relates only to the wrapper—the wafer-thin outer leaf—and that constitutes less than one-tenth of the cigar's composition. The filler and the binder—the latter being the rough inner jacket of leaf—constitute the other nine-

tents, and these are not assorted either as to color or "strength," but are virtually uniform in any one brand of cigars. In other words, the color classification has nothing to do with any part of the cigar except the wrapper, or single outer layer of leaf; and so, obviously, has little if any real relation to the actual mildness of the smoke. But the struggle of the producers to pander to the popular misapprehension has raised the cost of production and is crowding vast quantities of the choicest wrapper tobacco into the discard. Probably there are many grandfathers today who will remember when their chief problem was to get cigars dark enough to suit them—when they looked for the word *oscuro* on the end of the box. Now *oscuro* (dark) is quite obsolete in cigar terminology; it has been abandoned as a color mark, and the *oscuro* tobaccos have been relegated to the filler and binder grades, where the color line is not drawn.

I have referred to the trend of consumer demand toward larger cigars. This is a fact not only manifest to the casual observer, but established by the records of the Internal Revenue Bureau. Examination of the latter reveals that in 1910 twenty pounds was the average quantity of leaf tobacco used to make a thousand cigars. In 1920 the average quantity was over twenty-three pounds, and sixty per cent of the total production of cigars were so large that they required twenty-five pounds to the thousand. It is one of the curious inconsistencies of cigar smoking psychology that devotees are now demanding that cigars be milder and at the same time considerably larger. Some one has figured out that the additional quantity of tobacco representing the difference between the average sized cigar of 1910 and the average sized cigar of 1920 would make a billion cigars a year.

IV

While, as I have said, the character of many American cigars has undergone some change on account of the introduction of

types of tobacco that were not formerly known, the processes of manufacture remain today almost exactly as they were twenty-five years ago. There is, first, the Spanish hand method which involves no mechanical agency other than the cigar-maker's knife. The worker, sitting at a table, places the pieces of filler leaf in the palm of his hand, at the same time deftly frisking them into the desired length, and rolls and shapes this into what is called the "bunch." Then, taking the wrapper, which he has cut to the desired size and shape, he rolls it around the bunch, completing the cigar with his fingers and knife only, and in one continuous operation. No binder is used. There is a variety of shapes and sizes, and the skill with which some of them are formed is remarkable. A subdivision of this style is called simply hand-made; it differs from the Spanish hand-made in that the worker makes his bunch within a binder, or rough inside wrapper, putting the wrapper proper around the latter.

The second and most commonly employed method is what is known as the mold method, or team work. The cigar-makers are given their wrapper leaves in pads sufficient to wrap fifty cigars each, and the binder and filler stock is portioned out accordingly. The workmen are usually grouped in teams of three, one bunchmaker and two wrapper rollers, two rollers being required to keep the bunchmaker busy. The rollers sit on either side of the man who shapes the bunches, and they work with knives and boards as in the Cuban factories. The bunchmaker selects his binder leaf, and lays his sprigs of filler within it, after which he rolls the whole into cigar form, the binder forming a sort of rough wrapper around the filler. The roughly formed cigar is then taken over by one of the wrapper men, who cuts his wrapper and rolls it around the bunch in the same manner employed by the Cuban workmen. Most factories use molds in connection with this operation. These molds are of wood and hold about twenty cigars

each. Their place in the cigarmaking operation is between the making of the bunch and the putting on of the wrapper. The bunchmaker, instead of passing the bunches directly to the wrapper roller, places them in the matrices of the mold and fastens down the cover, and they are there left until they have shaped themselves perfectly to the form of the matrix. They are then taken in hand by the wrapper roller, who completes the operation.

Suction tables, an invention of the late Oscar Hatamerstein, are used in the operation of putting on the wrappers in nearly all large factories making other than clear Havana cigars. By the aid of the suction table the process of wrapping cigars is considerably expedited, and the manipulation of the machine can be learned in a short time as compared with the years of experience required for the proficient hand-operator. The suction table operator sits at the table and places the wrapper leaf upon a perforated plate. By pressing a lever with the foot a vacuum is created beneath the plate, which holds the leaf smoothly and snugly against the surface of the table. The perforated plate is exactly the shape and size which the leaf must be to go properly around the cigar, so that by the manipulation of a roller around the sharp projecting edge of the plate the leaf of tobacco is quickly trimmed to the exact form desired. The bunch is then taken in hand by the operator, while the leaf is still held taut and smooth by the air suction from beneath, and he deftly encases it in the wrapper.

The only widely accepted mechanical innovation of the past twenty years is a machine that makes the bunches. During the past ten years this has come into very general use, particularly in the manufacture of the kind of cigars that retail up to eight and ten cents. Practically all cigars having a filler of scraps, or cuttings, known in the trade as short filler, have their bunches made by this machine. Five or six years ago there was also introduced a machine which makes cigars complete from start to finish.

With the assistance of four women operators, and barring interruptions, such a machine can turn out 480 cigars an hour. Although the trade regarded this contrivance with some suspicion at first, there are now over 600 in operation in this country. It is said that one machine may be counted upon to produce a million cigars a year, from which it may be estimated that about 600,000,000 of our total annual production of 7,000,000,000 cigars are now machine-made. With such machines procurable it may seem strange that hand-work, and part hand-work, have not been discarded, and that less than about ten per cent of the cigars we consume are entirely the product of machinery. But the machines are costly to build, are not sold outright, and the rental is a heavy expense to the average manufacturer. Beside the four operators, the attendance of a skilled machinist is required, and the cost of his services would be prohibitive for a manufacturer whose business would not keep a battery of the machines in operation. Again, smokers demand cigars of various shapes and sizes, and despite the almost uncanny ingenuity of this invention, its facility is limited to a few shapes. Then, too, there are limitations as to the grades of raw material which may be successfully used. Added to all this is a deep-seated conservatism peculiar to the cigar industry. No doubt in the course of time, these and other obstacles to the widespread use of cigar-making machinery will be largely overcome and hand-work will be discarded, as in the case of cigarettes, ninety-five per cent of which are now made by machinery.

V

Taxes have a lot to do with the higher cost of smoking. Probably few smokers realize how much of their cigarette and cigar money goes to the government. Of every fifteen cents that a consumer pays for a package of cigarettes, six cents go to the internal revenue. In the case of cigars, the tax is not so appalling, but it is still

considerable. On class A, which is the internal revenue bracket for cigars retailing up to five cents each, the rate is \$4 a thousand, or two-fifths of a cent on each cigar. In Class B, including cigars selling for more than five cents but not more than eight cents each, the tax is \$6 a thousand or three-fifths of a cent each. The tax for Class C cigars, those retailing at more than eight cents and not more than fifteen cents, is \$9 a thousand, or nine-tenths of a cent each. Class D cigars, retailing from fifteen to twenty cents each, are taxed \$12 a thousand, or one-and-a-fifth cents each, and Class E cigars, running from twenty cents up, are taxed \$15 a thousand, or one-and-a-half cents each. Moreover, the majority of cigars have in their composition some percentage of imported tobaccos, so that the smoker indirectly pays more money in taxation than is represented by the revenue stamp. One of the two largest classes is Class C (from nine to fifteen cents inclusive), which constitutes one-third of the total cigar production. Most of the cigars in this class have either imported wrappers or some imported filler, or both. The duty on wrapper tobacco is \$2.10 a pound for Sumatra and Java, and \$1.68 for Havana, and the duty on Havana filler is twenty-eight cents a pound. Altogether, the cigar devotees pay the government about \$78,000,000 every year, one-third as import duties and two-thirds as internal revenue. The wrapper rates are materially higher than before the war.

It would be interesting to every cigar smoker to know the exact type of tobacco of which the cigars he most favors are composed, but under prevailing conditions he can do no more than ask the man and take the latter's word for it. Of course, all genuine imported and American-made clear Havana cigars are made only of Havana tobaccos, and Porto Rico and Manila cigars are made entirely of Porto Rico and Philippine tobaccos respectively. But these constitute only a small percentage of our total consumption. The

average so-called domestic, or as the trade terms it Seed and Havana cigar, retailing at from ten to twenty cents, is likely to have either a Sumatra or Java or Shade-grown Connecticut wrapper, and a Wisconsin or Connecticut binder. If it sells at as much as fifteen cents, the filler is probably all Havana. Under fifteen cents and down to nine cents the same wrapper is used, and the cigar may still have a long Havana filler, but more probably the filler will be a blend of Havana and domestic, or Havana and Porto Rico, or Porto Rico and domestic, or long domestic in combination with Havana scraps, or all Havana scraps, or all domestic filler, such as Ohio, Pennsylvania or Connecticut. From ten cents to two-for-fifteen cents, cigars have the less desirable selections of Connecticut or Sumatra wrappers, with domestic or Porto Rico filler, separately or in combination, and either long or in cuttings. From seven cents down, the wrapper may be Connecticut or Florida-Georgia, and the filler domestic, generally Pennsylvania or Ohio, either long or scrap. At this moment I happen to be smoking a widely advertised cigar of this type that boasts a long domestic filler and an imported Sumatra wrapper. Quantity production, exceptional buying facilities, and other unusual circumstances sometimes make possible deviations from the general formulæ.

In the old days, when there was lower taxation, and when labor and material were cheaper, it was not uncommon to find a nickel cigar with a good Sumatra wrapper and a long Havana filler. There were even clear Havana cigars at five cents. But not any more. Except, as I say, in a few instances, it is impossible profitably to produce a long-filler cigar that can be retailed at a nickel. And even with a filler of scraps there is very little profit in five-cent cigars, either for the manufacturer or for the dealer. However, the fact that the cigar has a scrap filler does not necessarily signify that it is of poor quality. There seems to be quite a general misunderstanding on that score. The only really

objectionable feature about a short filler cigar is that in some cases the smoker is annoyed by bits of tobacco lodging on his tongue. This can be, and usually is overcome by the skill of the cigarmaker. On the other hand, all other things being equal, the scrap filler should be of better quality tobacco than the long filler, since the mere fact that it is in the form of cuttings reduces its cost to the manufacturer and enables him to fill his cigar with better tobacco than he would be able to use if he were employing unbroken leaves. Also, if he uses scraps he can afford to have his binders and wrappers of better quality than if he used the higher-priced long filler. Furthermore, in the case of blended tobaccos, the blend is more uniform in scraps than in long filler.

VI

The truth is that, while they cost more, cigars today are just as good as they were twenty-five years ago. With thirty per cent greater population and vastly more money in the country, there are fewer

imported and all-Havana cigars smoked now than then. Some maintain that it is because Havana tobacco is not as good as it used to be. I do not think that this is true. I doubt that Havana tobacco—or Porto Rico or Ohio, or Pennsylvania, for that matter—has changed appreciably one way or the other since we were boys. The expression, "a good cigar" is, in fact, more or less meaningless. So far as the consumer is concerned, a good cigar is the cigar he likes. From the manufacturer's viewpoint, a good cigar is one that sells readily and seems to give satisfaction. With competition driving at his elbow, he is bound always to endeavor to produce that kind of cigar which makes the readiest and steadiest appeal to the greatest number of consumers. I believe that if the smokers of today were less prone to smoke with their eyes—if they were influenced only by the senses of the nose and the palate, and so accepted cigars of darker color and smaller size—cigar smoking would be more pleasant than it is, and cigar smokers would vastly increase in number.

WATSON OF INDIANA

BY JOHN W. OWENS

PROBABLY the story is without foundation, but it goes like this: The eminent Republican statesman, James E. Watson, Senator from Indiana, was in his Indianapolis headquarters. Entered a trusted lieutenant. Why, asked he, was the chieftain low in mind? Because, replied the chieftain, of the Ku Klux Klan. Here he had actively interested himself in the charges against Mayfield, the Ku Klux's favorite; here was Mayfield about to take his seat as a Senator from Texas, thus bringing the dread business to a head; and here was the Klan suddenly running hog-wild all over Indiana, piling up a membership estimated at as much as 700,000! What to do? What to do? . . . The Senator pondered anxiously. . . . Finally, his face settled into decision. . . . He had it! "I'll vote for the damned fellow," he told his trusted lieutenant.

As I say, the story probably is without foundation. But there is a circumstance about the telling of it that is meaningful. When it was told in Washington in a group that included muldoons of conservatism and bolsheviks of radicalism, that included Republicans and Democrats and all the shades of mugwumps, a shout of pure, joyous laughter rent the air, and every man cried: "That's Jim! That's Jim!" If the distinguished Senator from Indiana was not truly the hero of the story, he might have been. More, he ought to have been, for it is in such rôles and such situations that he labors gallantly to banish the cares of mankind—the first business of statesmen. So much he owes to that minority of reformers and liberals, possessed of humor, who are unanimous in

cherishing him as their pet reactionary and pleasantest political vice!

It is the genius of Jim Watson that he makes everyone in contact with him hope that he will continue to get away with murder—everyone, that is, except those he has sought to make away with. Any Hoosier will tell you that in the Summer of 1922 he was committed to the renomination of his old colleague, the unfortunate Harry New, as Senator from Indiana—committed formally and by the sporting rules of the game. And yet, what seems to be distinctly the larger percentage of Hoosiers will tell you, on the faintest hint, that there was no recrudescence Bull Mooser in all Indiana who worked harder for Albert Jeremiah Beveridge! It is of record that, indeed, Beveridge having been nominated, Watson went down into the grass-roots campaigning for him as the untrammelled choice of the party. But if you ask a simon-pure, original, four-ply Beveridge man, he quite likely will tell you that one of the principal reasons why Samuel M. Ralston, Democrat, now sits in the Senate is—Jim Watson. "You see," explain the Hoosiers, "when Jim got rid of New, he made himself State boss; and when he got rid of Beveridge, he got out in front in case the Presidential nomination moved toward Indiana in 1924." Of course, if you love and venerate New or Beveridge, you are furious and demand justice. If you do not, and have rubbed elbows with the amiable Watson, you laugh merrily and say: "That's Jim!"

He is the grand figure of his breed. Washington presents no more enthralling spectacle than Jim, luncheon over and feel-

ing exactly right, moving in state from table to table in the Senators' private restaurant, while the yeomanry gape, eyes glued on the vista through the arches separating the Senators' restaurant from that of the common people. The vision begins with a pair of long, straight legs, which run up into a magnificent statesman's long-tailed coat of the classical model. Above the coat is a somberly dignified collar and cravat. Above the collar and cravat is a massive, finely maned head, set well down upon the shoulders, since necks are fragile things. Above the splendid head is a splendid slouch hat. Perhaps another Senator approaches. "Jim," let us suppose he gravely says, "Jim, ain't it gettin' warm?" By not a fraction of an inch does Jim abate the majesty of his bearing. His body immobile, he swings slowly on his heels until he faces his thoughtful colleague. That operation completed, the penetrating eyes focus, the deep mouth opens. "Soon be hotter'n hell," says Jim, and marches on in glory.

In method, as in manner, he touches sublimity. The tariff is under consideration. Appears Jim, a deep crease between his eyes and fervor flooding his every pore. Up, up, up, with the rates! To what end? To the end that the captains of industry, in the humble discharge of their sacred duties as trustees of the common weal, may be enabled to raise, raise, raise the wages of the American workingman, entitled as he is—God bless him!—to keep his family in comfort, and to educate his children in a way befitting a sovereign citizen of this great Republic! Or perhaps such a matter as a stiff increase in the Federal estate taxes, particularly the taxes on great estates, is under consideration. Jim solemnly warns caution. And for what reason? The obvious one? How trite! Jim rests the emphasis of his warning on the argument that the Federal government should take little, so that the States may take more! The if, when and how of the States taking more is, of course, a matter not germane.

II

Thus and so Jim runs on—with deep wells of humor in him that may always be found by those who explore beneath the surface, deep wells that he now and again allows to spurt and splurge all over himself. Always he is a thing of joy: to the less intelligent among the reactionaries because they honestly respect his parts, and to the more intelligent among the reformers because they know him to be a source of oceanic refreshment. Of the two groups that find joy in him, the reformers, sacrificing principle to humor, are on the more solid ground. Jim enriches their lives by giving them enough sheer pleasure to offset all the agony they endure when their idols go to pot, *i.e.*, the Egyptian flesh pot. The less intelligent among the reactionaries, on the other hand, reverencing Jim as one of their best little Senators, are hugging a delusion, for as a stone-wall against radical invasion he is really *papier mache* and as a hatcher of master stratagems of attack upon the radicals he suffers a pestilence of stillbirths.

Time was when Jim was a genuine power. Those were the dear, forgotten days when Cannonism was in full flower, and he was the right trusty lieutenant of the redoubtable Uncle Joe. He cut a figure, too, for a time after he moved to the Senate, for the cunning Boies Penrose used him as had Cannon. That job meant more to Jim than the older one, for Penrose was not only boss of Pennsylvania and of the Republican organization of the Senate; he was something bigger than most bosses are not. He was at least the equal and usually the superior of the men of great affairs who use the run of political bosses as lackeys. Penrose met the princes as a prince. More, he met them with something of the Peter the Great brand of princely feeling. And so when he took Watson along with him, or, when feeling out of sorts, he sent word to the industrial grand dukes "to see Watson," he started the kind of word-of-mouth advertisement that

helps an ambitious politician enormously.

But Jim is on his own now, and if you would measure him accurately, as of today, remember that before Penrose died there used to be twin rumors always floating around the Senate lobbies. One was that Henry Cabot Lodge was in a state of ornate petrification; the other was that Jim Watson was just the man to take his place as the floor leader of the Republicans and to give to the chronically befuddled majority cohesion and élan. One rumor never appeared without the other. Now, the first rumor is not exactly extinct; it still shows vitality occasionally. But the second of the twins—How many months have passed since it last put in appearance? The reply, Yankee fashion, is the question: How long has it been since Penrose passed out? How long has it been since the big, strong hand, planted firmly between Jim's shoulder-blades, wearied and fell?

There are still brave forays. The Republican majority in the Senate, and in the House for that matter, is always in some devilish fix. When Mr. Harding was in the White House he was vastly troubled in his mind by schemes for extricating it. When Mr. Coolidge followed him there was a little space in which the Republicans congratulated themselves that they had a man at last who could locate a goal and steer a course. It was, alas, a short-lived faith. So any ardent cavalier of politics, such as Jim, never lacks an opportunity to save the day. If you will read your newspaper carefully, you will observe that whenever he goes traveling his return to Washington is marked by a stirring interview, in which the path to success is confidently outlined, and in which there is a trumpet call to valor. But if you happen to be of methodical mind, and if you happen to use your methodical mind to note the consummation of Jim's high endeavors, it will come over you after a while that invariably you are left with your pen suspended in air.

We must, I fear, reconcile ourselves to a mere "That's Jim" brand of Jim—no statesman, but a finished and elegant gam-

bler in the hazards of politics. There are, indeed, practical persons who say that we shall not have even that Jim with us longer than the Senator's present term, which has but three years to run. They explain that Harry New remembers painfully the events of the campaign of 1922, which removed him from the finest club on earth and shoved him into the unspeakably dreary, statistical atmosphere of the Postoffice Department. These same practical persons also explain that there are certain devotees of one Beveridge who constantly reveal the characteristic unreasonableness of devotees. But let us not be discouraged by these dour hints. Their dismal causes are nothing new in Jim's life. He has been making such causes, and manipulating them after making them, these many years. He was here yesterday; he is here today; why not expect him tomorrow?

There is, indeed, a reason. Jim Watson fits Indiana precisely. That imperial commonwealth has a multitude of citizens who lead good, regular, earnest, aspiring lives. "That's Jim!" There is no better family man. And all those who know him intimately, including the completely disillusioned, hold him to be quite free of what is called "personal corruption" in politics. Jim can stick his feet under the table in the home of the most scrupulous Hoosier and be respected and welcomed as a member of the clan. But when politics is in the air these good Hoosiers feel a mighty urge to give old Adam an outing. And "That's Jim!" No one wants to remove the repessions from old Adam so much as he; none is so clever at the business. Under his patronage, Adam is perennially let loose. And should he hesitate in his freedom, there is Jim to show him the tricks of cutting corners, slipping through tunnels, and agilely moving the little candidatorial pea from shell to shell. The performance is one to rejoice any honest Hoosier bent on shaking off the harness for a season and kicking up his heels. The heart of the sturdy farmer is still the heart of Indiana. And the heart of the sturdy farmer calls for festivities

when the arduous Summer work is done and the harvest moon is shining. Jim obliges.

Nor must we forget, in seeking encouragement for our hope that Jim will be with us indefinitely, that Indiana and Jim are one and the same as jiners. It was no accident that when the Ku Klux hit Indiana there was a prairie fire of jining. It was no more an accident than the result of applying a torch to a field of dry sagebrush is an accident. Indiana's emblem should be a man, blindfolded and hand upraised, taking an oath. And Jim? What torture must have been his when he learned there was something new to jine in Indiana, something in which the ritual had been elaborated to include the wearing of a nightgown—and he could not be, dare not be, part of it! For Jim is not like his old boss, Penrose, in such matters. At one time it was expedient for Penrose to become a jiner, and he began to jine. One day an Irish servitor appeared with the argument that the boss was being tied too tightly to Protestant societies. "All right; what will I do?" asked Penrose. "Join the Ancient Order of Hibernians," replied the servitor. "All right," said Penrose; "all right! But how *old* must a man be?" Watson has never jined in that spirit. Always, he has approached the solemn experience with avidity, with gusto, with a bosom swelling in tune to the lofty sentiments of the occasion.

He is so good at the art that at the tender age of 27 years he had overcome all the terrific competition that Indiana offers to a jiner of vaulting ambition and was grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias. Years, years ago, before his name was even thinly written on the horizons of politics, that honor was his. There is no claim from any source that the supremacy as a jiner he thus established has ever been challenged. No statistician has been able to work fast enough to record all the tri-

umphs of his jinings. Today, throughout Indiana, and for that matter throughout these United States, he enjoys one supreme and superb distinction: he is the Memorial Service orator without a peer. In our time, and in our land, what Caruso was to opera, that and no less than that, is Jim Watson to the orgies over the departed "dear sirs and brothers."

III

Is it strange that, as he says in his Congressional autobiography, he began his public career at the age of 30 years by defeating "the veteran William S. Holman"; or that he was re-elected to the House in five of the six subsequent elections? Is it strange that he was not permanently disabled when, in a bad time, he went down before another jiner of note, Thomas Riley Marshall, in a campaign for Governor of Indiana? Or when his name was dragged into the Mulhall investigation as a legislative agent for the National Association of Manufacturers, fatally bad medicine for ordinary men in politics? Is it strange that in due course he threw off all such wounds and came majestically to the Senate?

Consider, if you please, the circumstances of his election to the Senate. He entered the 1916 Republican primary against Harry New, with the odds on New; he came within a shade of defeating New; he naturally and properly cried fraud; he gathered affidavits and was by way of becoming a great moral force in politics when one of the Indiana Senators died. Thereupon, he subsided as a reformer, allowed New to have the full-term nomination, took the vacancy and gazed benignly upon the enraptured masses while they shouted delightedly, "That's Jim!" May we not reasonably expect Indiana to leave so worthy a Hoosier with us throughout his allotted span, that he may make glad the hearts of the children of politics, or, in any event, the children in politics?

THE RIGHT TO CONSOLATION

BY WILLIAM SEAGLE

THERE is a doctrine in divorce law that is now the sole and exclusive glory of American jurisprudence. It has no existence at this date in the divorce law of any other civilized nation. This is the doctrine of recrimination, or *compensatio criminum*, as the judges, ever eager to exhibit their little Latin and no Greek, love to call it, and it furnishes an excellent example of the workings of the so-called legal mind. To state it succinctly, it is the doctrine that a person who seeks a divorce shall be refused a decree if he or she has been guilty of the same conduct alleged against the other party. Where divorce is only permitted for adultery, only adultery can be pleaded in recrimination, but in those States where it is granted for other offences also, such as desertion or cruelty, these offences, as well as adultery, are available in bar by an overwhelming weight of authority. Adultery itself is always available. It may be alleged by the defendant at all times, no matter what the allegation of the plaintiff. To this rule the judges of the United States render the homage of adherence without a single murmur of dissent. It is, indeed, assumed to be a maxim as incontestible as the law of gravity.

The judges, moreover, have not applied it more in sorrow than in anger. On the contrary, instances of common sin always move them to the most biting language, especially when adultery is set off against adultery. The crime makes the petitioner unclean. It matters not if the circumstances cry for palliation and the deepest sympathy. There is always recalled the classic remark of the New York Chancellor, Wallworth,

that an adulterous husband and an adulterous wife are "suitable and proper companions for each other." [2 Paige (N. Y.) 292. (1819).] Or that other leading case in which the court in its virtuous excitement declared: "There is no legal or moral reason why a woman who has been abandoned by her husband shall be privileged to commit adultery any more than if she were a widow or a single woman." [157 N. C. 161 (1911).] A third opinion [72 N. C. 530 (1875)] is worth quoting almost in full:

There is in the nature of things a difference between adultery committed by a husband and adultery committed by his wife, the difference being in favor of the wife. A husband who admits his wife to conjugal embraces after he knows she has committed adultery is looked on as a disgraced man—"a cuckold, a beast with horns." A wife who admits her husband to conjugal embraces after she knows he has committed adultery is pitied rather than blamed, and is supposed to yield to circumstances that are beyond her control, where she has no separate estate, and because of her dependent condition submits to this personal indignity and tries in patience to do the best in her power to hide her shame with the hope of reclaiming her husband. In our case, the wife so far from condonation, after standing the conduct of her husband as long as she could, refused longer "to hide her shame," and with strong hand drove her husband from the bed of his mistress, soon afterwards left him and went back to her mother, so condonation is out of the question, and we can only regret that she afterwards committed the same sin. Our conclusion is that both husband and wife are two miserable wretches, and the case is too disgusting to be longer entertained by this court.

But another exhibit is even sadder. A husband abandoned his wife a month after their marriage, and the wife returned to her father, and after six years commenced divorce proceedings for desertion. Unluckily, she had just been delivered of a child. Its father expressed his willingness to

marry her, and in fact bore the expense of the divorce proceeding. The petitioner's legal husband seemed *spurlos versenkt*. But the court said [4 Pa. Co. Ct. R. 100 (1887)]:

The libellant is not an innocent and faithful wife. She does not come into court with clean hands, but with the fruit of an illegal relation. Recrimination established by herself is a bar to her suit. There enters inherently and deeply into the contract of marriage an obligation before God and man that the contract shall be faithfully kept by both of the contracting parties. Divorce is a remedy provided for the innocent party and is not intended for cases where both parties are guilty. We cannot consent to the designs of the adulteress and her paramour in this case.

Thus, too, a husband guilty of adultery could not obtain a divorce for his wife's desertion, although the statutory period of desertion elapsed before his adultery. Where a wife committed adultery, and subsequently was convicted for the same and jailed, and the husband remarried while she was in jail thinking his first marriage dissolved, he was held not entitled to a divorce, for he was now himself guilty of adultery, and it did not matter that he had had a child by the second woman, and none by his first wife, even though the Criminal Court felt compelled to parole him when he pleaded guilty to bigamy. Where a woman sued for divorce for her husband's adultery, and after the hearing remarried upon her attorney exhibiting to her a paper that he alleged to be a decree, the court refused confirmation because of her own technical adultery. In the most singular case of all a husband deserted his wife and she heard nothing from him for 27 years. According to report, he had enlisted and fallen in the Civil War. After 11 years she married again, and, the military and marital deserter then inexplicably turning up, the court held that her cohabitation with the other man, after her first husband's return, barred her from securing a divorce, although her first husband was guilty of adultery as well as desertion.

Bishop, the author of the leading American treatise on Marriage and Divorce, in his fifth edition, section 74, declares: "The

doctrine of recrimination rests on the clearest reason and exact justice," and after observing that, nevertheless, it has been challenged by some, concludes sadly in a manner of infinite disillusion:

There is no form of truth or beauty or of justice which does not sometimes find revilers.

II

It is to the most ancient and venerable authority that we are indebted for the doctrine of recrimination. Originally, it came from the Roman, or civil law, whence it infiltrated into the canon law, and then was applied by the English ecclesiastical courts, in which Parliament had vested complete jurisdiction over matrimonial causes. In modern cases in the American courts, the works of two mediaeval schoolmen are quoted with approbation: Ayliffe's "Paragon" and Sanchez's "De Sancto Matrimonii Sacramento." Honorable mention is also given to one Mozzius, denominated "an eminent Italian writer of the Sixteenth Century." Pliny, too, is evoked, and so are the Mosaic law (Deut. XXII, 22), the Roman law, the laws of Constantine, the laws of the Visigoths, Burgundians and Lombards and those of Charlemagne.

But, although it arose in the civil law, which is still generally in force on the Continent, the principle of recrimination has no place in the laws of the principal Continental nations. Nor has it ever been recognized in Scotland, where the courts have always granted divorces to either of the high contracting parties for the adultery of the other, and this in spite of the fact that it was once the law of England. But, most ironically, while the precedents of the English ecclesiastical courts are the basis of the application of the doctrine in American courts, it is now quite discredited in England. In 1857, by the Matrimonial Causes Act, Parliament, in abolishing the ecclesiastical courts and vesting the jurisdiction they had exercised in a new Divorce Court, left the refusal of divorce for the adultery of the petitioner in the discretion

of the court, and this discretion has always been exercised in a wise and humane manner, and has served to prevent intolerable misery, especially in the war and post war period, when separated husbands and wives each contracted other entangling alliances. The provision of the Matrimonial Causes Act *allowing* a judge, in his discretion, to refuse a divorce because of the petitioner's guilt is no more the doctrine of recrimination than a steel band is a rubber band. The English judges have not hesitated to use their power to regularize two illegal unions! It is illuminating to note in passing that as early as 1819, Sir William Scott expressed regret that he had no alternative in the absence of legislative enactment than to sustain a recriminatory plea, although in 1790 he had confidently declared, in referring to the doctrine, "it appears a good moral and social doctrine which I have not the inclination, if I had the power to innovate," *i. e.*, to change. He had, indeed, lived and learned in 29 years on the bench.

The American judges, however, even at this late date still enforce the doctrine piously. It is true that in two States it is not actually the law. In Louisiana, a statute provides that divorce may be granted "reciprocally." Louisiana, however, is a civil law state. In Kansas, also, the statute provides merely that "where the parties appear to be in equal fault, the court may in its discretion refuse to grant a divorce." But the few interpretive decisions under this act have not been liberal; the courts have not shown themselves very eager to avail themselves of their privilege. So much might be expected under the influence of the example of the other American States. In Washington a statute provides that where the husband and wife have lived apart for eight years, a divorce may be decreed if the court is satisfied that the parties will no longer cohabit—in other words, that there is no longer hope of reconciliation. This is excellent, but eight years is a long time in a world where life is short.

In the majority of the States the rule of recrimination is specifically enacted into statute in various forms. In seventeen States, however, there is no statutory provision on the subject, but in these the rule is held applicable nevertheless under common law sanction. It is a general theory that the American States all adopted the common law as it existed at the time of the Revolution. But at the time of the Revolution our courts actually had no jurisdiction over divorce at all; the origin of our divorce laws is wholly statutory. Nevertheless, the New York Chancellor, Wallworth, who declared an adulterous husband and an adulterous wife "suitable and proper companions," felt perfectly sure that "these principles . . . are only declaratory of what the law was previous to their enactment." He continued:

In *Foster vs. Foster* recrimination was set up in bar of a suit for divorce, brought by the husband against the wife, in the consistory court of London; and the adultery of the husband was held a valid bar, although the adultery of the wife was fully established. In that case, Sir William Scott shows such to have been the settled law of England long before the American Revolution. It was, therefore, the law of this State [New York] at the time this suit was instituted [59 N. Y. App. Div. 213]. . . .

But in another case in the same State it was expressly held that "the law of England concerning divorce and causes of divorce, as it exists now, and as it existed while this State was a colony is chiefly the ecclesiastical law and not the common law of that country. It is administered by judges and courts whose jurisdiction has never existed in the State or colony of New York and it was evidently regarded as no part of the common law which they adopted" [Hop. Ch. 557 (1825)]—this, too, in spite of the fact the English ecclesiastical courts then still existed and radiated the stronger influence of living institutions. So, again, the Federal courts have held that "when it is said that the colonies and the States of the Union adopted the common law of England, it is not true that they adopted the ecclesiastical law pertaining to marriage and divorce" [225 Fed. R. 473]. On

the other hand, in Maryland, where the statute is silent as to recrimination, it has been held, in order to apply it under common law sanction, that the courts "must be governed by the rules and principles established in the ecclesiastical courts of England," and that "it has *always* been considered that the decisions of the English ecclesiastical courts in similar cases may properly be referred to as precedents" [33 Md. 401, 406].

The fact is that the doctrine of recrimination violates the most fundamental notions of historical criticism. There is a very vital consideration that has completely escaped the attention of most of the commentators on the subject, although it is strongly hinted at in one [2 Hagg. C. R. 292 (1819)] and quite clearly adumbrated in another [1 Hagg. C. R. 144 (1790)] of the ecclesiastical cases, both decided by Sir William Scott. In the earlier case, after remarking that the principle of recrimination took its origin in the Roman or civil law, Justice Scott went on to explain, however, that

It could not be applied *directly* in that system of law to the immediate subject of divorce, because, *being a matter altogether within the authority of a husband to dismiss a wife*, the magistrate could have no power to apply any such principle to that transaction. But if the wife applied for dower, of which the magistrate had the cognizance, and the husband pleaded her adultery in bar of her demand, she had a right to object to the husband his own adulteries in bar of that objection. The magistrate then applied those principles which, expressed in the general terms on which they appear, must have governed the case of divorce itself, if the magistrate had possessed a jurisdiction which related to that subject: *for there is nothing that saves that subject from the reach of the principle of compensation but that the subject itself is out of the reach of the magistrate*. The canon law, therefore, which attributed to the ecclesiastical magistrate the jurisdiction of divorce carried the principle along with it for the exercise of his authority.

This ingenuous paralogy makes it clear that the learned canonical doctors grafted the principle of recrimination upon the domestic law in spite of a plain diversity of purpose. The principle was derived from the Roman law, but divorce itself was not permitted among the Romans! The prin-

ciple therefore had no application to divorce as such. Under the Roman law, the wife's portion or *dos* became during the existence of the marriage the property of her husband. Upon her dismissal by her husband, when the wife sued to recover her *dos*, she was refused the aid of the court if she was herself guilty of adultery, but not if the husband also was guilty of the same offence. In other words, the rule of *compensatio criminum* affected property rights only; it had no effect at all upon the problem of human relations; it predicated no attitude towards matrimony. Moreover, the ecclesiastical courts themselves had no power to grant absolute divorce from the bonds of matrimony—a *vinculo matrimonii* as it is called—but only from bed and board, *a mensa et thoro*. That is to say, they had power to decree only a separation. Now, a separation is also merely an adjudication as to property rights, and perhaps also as to the legitimacy of future children. The ecclesiastical courts, if they refused the separation, really merely refused alimony. Thus their application of the doctrine of recrimination did not tend to bring matrimony into any more disrepute than it was or was not in. It is an entirely different matter to make an erring husband continue to support an erring wife. Today the rule is invoked to prevent absolute divorce, and so to force a husband to continue to support a wife whose guilt is obvious and proved.

III

The sociologist, not understanding the peculiar processes of the legal mind, attacks its conclusions with facts and statistics. The legal mind responds with the citation of a line of precedents declaring an obligatory principle. The legal mind and the sociological mind, therefore, never meet. They simply rage at each other, and the result is an instructive futility.

It is idle to urge upon the legal mind that the right to consolation is a fundamental need of human nature, or that the

flesh is weak, or that, if a husband abandons his wife, and commits adultery, she is apt to sin, too, if no more than to spite him, or that the patient wife of fable, seeking to induce an erring husband to return to the path of virtue, has become a rarity in many circles of modern life, or that it is immoral to compel a husband and wife to live together when they hate each other worse than such couples as Strindberg exhibits in his "Totentanz," or that this is especially barbarous when there are no children to complicate the situation, or that the only true and civilized test in such cases is the possibility of reconciliation.

The real problem of effecting a change, therefore, reduces itself to attempting to seduce the legal mind, that is to say, of taking its principles seriously, and proceeding to demonstrate a misapprehension of those principles, or an inconsistency in them, or best of all, advancing other principles already familiar to it that appear to be of equal validity, and so forcing it to re-examine its processes, and thus face the reality. When at the end of the Nineteenth Century there arose in this country a demand for the protection of the worker in industry by the regulation of his working conditions and hours of labor, the provision of the Federal Constitution prohibiting interference with liberty of contract appeared to stand in the way, for to provide that workers in noxious industries might not work more than ten hours a day violated the right of the employer and employé to contract for any hours they could agree upon. Briefs marshaling exhaustively all the facts relating to such industries and designed to uphold the constitutionality of the regulation fell on barren soil until sociologically inclined lawyers discovered or rather awoke to the use of the doctrine of the police power, a principle familiar to the legal mind, and capable of its respect. The principle of the police power and the principle of the liberty of contract both confronting them, the courts began to attempt to give ac-

cord to each, and hence began to take notice of realities.

Not invective, but a similar technique offers the best chance of getting rid of the doctrine of recrimination. It depends for its support upon two principles. The first is that marriage is a contract, and that it is an elementary rule of law that a party who has violated a contract has no right to hold the other party liable for its non-performance on his side. As stated by Lord Stowell, one of the ecclesiastical judges, and since constantly repeated by American judges: "It would be hard if a man could complain of the breach of a contract which he has violated—if he could complain of an injury when he is open to a charge of the same nature."

Here, unluckily, there seems to be an unfortunate misapprehension of principle, since the truth is that, in legal contemplation, marriage is not regarded as a contract at all, but as a status. There is such a thing as a contract to marry but no such thing as a contract of marriage. Indeed, except when discussing the rule of recrimination in divorce, the learned judges are always well aware of this. On such occasions they simply forget to remember the distinction. Thus, "in Christian nations," one court has stated, "marriage is not treated as a mere contract between the parties but rather as a status based on public necessity and controlled by law for the benefit of society at large." There are numerous decisions to the same effect. Thus, all contracts whereby it is attempted in any manner to change or effect the incidents of the marriage relation are utterly void. Marriage is a status, and therefore, it is not permissible with reservations. The law, irrespective of the volition of the parties, attaches its own standards of conduct to the status. An antenuptial agreement whereby a wife agreed, if the husband desired a divorce, not to make any opposition, would be unenforceable. So, too, an antenuptial agreement providing that in case of a separation the husband would pay the wife a certain amount would also

be a scrap of paper; it would set no limit to the actual liability of the husband. A husband, also, could not agree with his wife that he would not be liable for her support, for the support of the wife by the husband is one of the incidents of the status. But even as a contract marriage differs from all other contracts. The time limit set by the statute of limitations for bringing an action for breach of promise to marry is shorter than in other cases. A contract to marry may not be entered into through the agency of a third party. All marriage brokerage contracts are void. There can be no doubt, indeed, that marriage is not a contract but a status. One court has actually adduced Holy Writ to prove it [153 S. W. Rep. 1124 (1913)]:

Marriage was not originated by human law. When God created Eve, she was a wife to Adam; they then and there occupied the status of *husband to wife and wife to husband*. When God turned the first pair out of the Garden, he gave the command: "Multiply and replenish the earth," which was enjoined upon their expulsion from the garden. When Noah was selected for salvation from the flood, he and his wife and his three sons and their wives were placed in the Ark, and when the flooded waters had subsided and the families came forth it was Noah and his wife, and each son and his wife, and God repeated to them the command: "Multiply."

The second principle adduced in support of the doctrine of recrimination is to the effect that a petitioner in a court of justice must come into court "with clean hands." *Ergo*, a party asking a divorce must come into court with clean hands, or the court will wash its hands of the whole affair. A divorce will be granted only to the innocent. One burglar has no right to bring an action against another to compel him to share the loot, nor can a landlord who knowingly rents a house to be used for prostitution recover its rent, nor an illegal seller of liquor recover its price. But, here, again, it may be demonstrated, the courts have conveniently forgotten another and countervailing principle that declares that although a petitioner must come into court with clean hands, *if both parties are not of equal guilt*, or as it is commonly stated in the books, are not *in pari delicto*, the court

will, nevertheless, give relief to the party that is, under all the circumstances, the less culpable. Lotteries are wholly illegal, but where an employé in a lottery arranges to draw the winning number for himself the directors may recover the prize money. Where a physician secures hush money upon false representations that he has performed a criminal operation, his victim can compel him to disgorge. Where a wife transfers property to her husband to defraud creditors, she may, nevertheless, compel her husband subsequently to reconvey the property to her. Where a borrower has paid a usurious rate of interest in contravention of a statute forbidding such payment, he may nevertheless bring an action to recover the excess. Marriage brokerage is illegal, but a remedy is afforded to a woman who has given a fee to a matrimonial agent. In short, wherever to withhold relief would do more harm than good, the courts have not scrupled to lend their aid in spite of the fact that both parties were not as white as the driven snow. Even where both parties are in equal fault the courts have interfered where they thought that public policy required such action.

So far, alas, our courts have almost uniformly declared that public policy requires the utmost stringency in upholding the marriage relation, even under the most disagreeable circumstances. While Christianity is not part of the common law, the courts, though they never assert so specifically, still proceed upon the assumption that infidelity is the violation of a sacrament. This probably explains the readiness with which they have required blamelessness as a condition to divorce, though rejecting it in other circumstances. But if it be true, as I believe, that there is actually no legal principle that prevents the consideration of the comparative rectitude of husband and wife in an action for a divorce, then they ought to state plainly that public policy dictates that an adulterous husband shall keep an adulterous wife. If they did so, perhaps the doctrine might in time, in a favorite phrase of the courts, "shock the conscience of mankind."

AMERICANA

ARIZONA

PROGRESS of Christian enlightenment in the land of the barbarous Hopis and Zunis, as revealed by a sermon by the Rev. Dr. John B. Andrews, of University Methodist Church, Tucson:

I believe that the whale swallowed Jonah.

ARKANSAS

RISE of the tone art in the swamps along the Arkansas river, as shown by the program of a concert by the Carr Quartette at Little Rock:

QUARTETTE: "Some Folks Say a Nigger Won't Steal."

BASS SOLO: "The Life of a Married Man."

QUARTETTE: "Don't Be a Monkey Man."

TENOR SOLO: "Hush, Someone is Calling My Name!"

CALIFORNIA

FRUITS of the war for human freedom in California, as described by the San Francisco *Daily News*:

In San Quentin and Folsom Penitentiaries 96 men are doing from one to fourteen years as felons for holding political doctrines contrary to the majority and repugnant to the big industrial interests of the State. Not one of the 82 in San Quentin nor the 14 in Folsom is charged with an act of violence.

COLORADO

NEW form of divine worship among the Methodists of Steamboat Springs, as reported by the estimable *Sentinel* of that fair city:

Next Sunday an attempt will be made to read the New Testament through in one day, starting at 6 o'clock in the morning and finishing at 11.30 in the evening. Sixty-eight people will be required to do this. There will be no preaching, singing or music. The Bible will be read aloud continuously. People may come at any time and leave at any time without interrupting the reading. You may leave your offering as usual. The Marathon will be held at the Methodist church. The Rev. Maurice Habgood will start the reading.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

How the Department of Agriculture earns its \$150,000,000 a year, from page 9 of Farmers' Bulletin No. 1099:

In order to determine whether, from the money standpoint, it is cheaper to wash by hand or to buy and operate a washing machine, the cost of the two methods may be reckoned as follows: Divide the cost of the machine by the number of years it will probably be used. To the result add the cost of operation (about 5 cents an hour multiplied by the number of hours it will be used in a year, plus about \$1.50 per year for oil and minor repairs). To reckon the cost of hand work, calculate the amount paid a laundress during the year for actual washing (not starching and ironing) and add the yearly cost of any meals and car fare given her; or, if no laundress is hired, multiply the number of hours you give to this work yearly by the price which a laundress receives per hour in your neighborhood.

FLORIDA

ONE year's doings of a Christian business man in Florida, as reported to *Collier's Weekly* by Mr. L. F. Vaught, of the up-and-coming town of Bradentown:

Played tennis fifty times.

Went fishing twice.

Went hunting five times.

Made ten trips from city.

Performed in five shows and engaged in thirty rehearsals.

Elected church lay leader, supervising and planning all activities of laymen in the church.

Attended church services 125 times.

Made fifteen public addresses.

Led in ten religious services.

Attended choir practice twenty-five times.

Elected district lay leader with jurisdiction over twenty charges.

Appointed chairman educational fund and chairman of lay committee on centenary fund with the same jurisdiction as above.

Sang fifteen solos.

Taught Sunday-school class six times.

Played two ball games.

Elected president of the Wesley Federation with jurisdiction over about six thousand classes.

Served one week on the jury.

Elected president of an adult Bible class and adult superintendent in a Sunday school of about six hundred members.

Attended 135 special meetings.

Helped to take a religious census of the city.

Elected vice president of the Business Men's Evangelistic Club.

Elected chairman Board of Trustees of Public Schools.

ILLINOIS

FROM the application for membership in the Order of Bookfellows, an organization of Chicago literati:

Recognizing the solemnity of this step, I do hereby pledge myself to be a true and loyal Bookfellow, to cherish the good in literature and strive to make it my own, to revere genius, to guard and defend the truth, *to be kindly and tolerant toward those who think as I do*, and to maintain the ancient traditions *whenever I agree with them*.

PROGRESS of Christian work among Chicago total immersionists, as reported by the estimable *Tribune*:

"Women defy classification," said the Rev. H. R. Griffin, pastor of the Rogers Park Baptist Church, Hilldale and Greenleaf avenues, after he had exhibited five types of girls to his audience. His subject was "The Kind of Girl to Marry." Each one of the young women stepped into a framework of flowers and tissue paper lattice work which had been arranged in the front of the church over the baptistry, while a spotlight was turned on.

CONTRIBUTION of the *Herald and Examiner* to the same shining record:

Religious enterprises do not necessarily require a somber garb and unbending mien. At least that is the philosophy of the Loyal Fellows' Bible class of the Immanuel Baptist Church. They are going to try and win the all-Chicago Bible class attendance contest in the spirit of a jolly frolic. To that end they have divided their class of forty members into the "Sparkplugs," "Sassy Susies" and "Heebie Jeebies." Don Cunningham will be "Barney Google" for the "Sparkplugs." He will be assisted by Vincent Masten and H. S. Ruppel as "Sunshine" and "Rudy." For the "Sassy Susies," T. G. Murray will be the "Colonel" and William Robinson "chief stable boy." The "Heebie Jeebies" will be led by "Jack" Alberts as "the jockey."

IOWA

RISE of the scientific spirit in the great open spaces, as reported by the *Waterloo Evening Courier*:

Mrs. J. A. Smith, of 223 Vine street, who is interested in observing the license plates on

cars while out riding, yesterday was able to complete the observation of licenses from every one of the 99 counties in Iowa. She has seen license plates from very many States also.

KANSAS

PROHIBITION among the Kansas Methodists, as described by E. W. Howe in his *Monthly*:

Near where I live in Kansas, a certain remote county is inhabited mainly by people who are always screaming about the bad habits of the towns and cities. . . . The other day the sheriff of the county made a night raid, and in three towns rounded up twelve distillers of bootleg whisky. All the distillers were farmers. Another bootlegger captured in the same vicinity operated the largest illicit distillery ever found in the United States. The big distiller was a farmer, and for years had been indignant at town people because of their bad habits.

LOUISIANA

DEVELOPMENT and improvement of trial by jury among the Nordic blonds of Tallulah, La., in the Ku Klux and total immersion belt:

Because a jurymen failed to agree to a verdict of guilt in the case of Alvin Calhoun, a Negro accused of murder, a mob took the juror from the jury-room, whipped him, and dipped him in a mud-hole. After his chastisement he returned to the jury-room and agreed to a verdict of murder in the first degree.

MARYLAND

MORTUARY dithyrambs by the Hon. Walter G. Slappey, of 12 Boyd Avenue, Takoma Park, Md., as embalmed in print by the estimable *Takoma News*:

Woodrow Wilson is gone, gone; but his spirit goes marching on! on!!

For freedom of thought, word and speech, ho! ho!!

That was our grand President, Woodrow.

Woodrow Wilson is gone, gone; but his spirit goes marching on! on!!

Even yet his noble plans will prevail; and on Earth Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man is not doomed to fail, ho! ho!!

That is the spirit of our grand President, Woodrow.

Woodrow Wilson is gone, gone; but his spirit goes marching on! on!!

His spirit goes marching on! on!!

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MASSACHUSETTS

QUESTIONS and answers from examination papers submitted by Boston policemen seeking promotion:

Q. After an accident you find that a machine was being driven by a 15-year-old boy who has lost his life in the collision. A licensed chauffeur was riding with him and was uninjured. Of what crime, or crimes, if any, is he guilty?

A. He was illegal to have allowed a dead boy to operate that car.

Q. What is the difference between a felony and a misdemeanor?

A. A felony comes on the little finger and results in death but a misdemeanor affects the neck and is curable.

Q. You discover the body of a well-dressed person on your route. What should be your course of action.

A. Watch the body and see that it did not move.

Q. What do you understand by the term habeas corpus?

A. Habeas corpus is a disease from which human beings sometimes become unconscious.

Q. Define homicide.

A. It means death when least expected.

Q. In the course of your tour of duty you come across a man who is bleeding freely from a deep gash in his leg. What would you do?

A. If sober, I would ask him how it happened. If not, I would call the wagon and have him arrested for obstructing a public highway.

Q. You are called by the conductor of a street car to help eject a drunken man from the car. What should you do?

A. That is up to the conductor unless he has a warrant. I would tell him to eject the drunken man, for he has no right to assault him, but to throw him off the car, and if he falls on my beat I will take some action.

PROUD boast of the *Hampshire Gazette* of Northampton, Mass., the seat of Smith College, of the Clarke Institute for Deaf Mutes, and of the State Hospital for the Insane:

Few cities turn upon their neighbors greater floods of polished virginity at commencement time each year than does Northampton.

MICHIGAN

STATE of Christian civilization in Detroit, as described by the Hon. Wayland D. Stearns, a distinguished uplifter of the town:

There are ten times as many murders in Detroit as in the whole of England. . . . There are over 40,000 women here who are immoral.

There are more than 100,000 men who are "cheaters." Venereal disease has gone up to twenty times what it was a few years ago.

MISSISSIPPI

THE moral equivalent of mah jong and jazz in Vicksburg:

The Negro was hauled up five feet but slipped back. The sight of the nude body rising above the crowd increased the excitement. "Shoot him!" someone called. "No, no," came the answer, "let him die slow." Seeing that he was merely suffering discomfort, men below began to jerk his legs. Others smeared kerosene upon the body, while others prepared a bonfire below. The Negro assumed an attitude of prayer, raising his hands, palms together. The whole affair was witnessed by many ladies who followed the mob from the jail, and by others who joined it on the terraces nearby.

MISSOURI

MISSOURI's contribution to the American roster of new and unprecedented crimes, as reported by the *St. Louis Star*:

Patrolman Charles Brockhausen related how he had arrested a "suspicious character" in the Sprague Hotel.

"He acted nervous," the policeman said, "and wanted to rent a room. He said he had been thrown out of his house by his father-in-law. I thought that was funny, so I pinched him."

NEW HAMPSHIRE

PROGRESS of political science in the colleges, as revealed by the *Daily Dartmouth*:

An original Coolidge Stampede will be held in Webster Hall tonight. . . . The second speaker will be Miss Ruth Hovey, star of the "Up She Goes" company. Miss Hovey . . . will speak on "How Coolidge Appears to an Actress" . . . Miss Hovey has been termed the prettiest girl in New York.

NEW JERSEY

FROM the announcement of a People's Candidate for the United States Senate to succeed the Hon. Walter Evans Edge, LL.D:

Dr John Stuart Thomson, of 361 Bergen Av, Jersey City N. J., the China Explorer; leading authority on the U.S. Constitution & its history; literary executor of the famous WEBSTER family that wrote the Dictionary & the U.S. Constitution (official history in U.S. Senate doc 461 of 1908 Congress); author of "China Revolutionized", "The Chinese" "Fil of Philippines" & other books (Laurie Co 30 New Bridge St London 1256d), is well known in Jersey as a Zoning expert & defender of all that

raises the tone & culture of our civic life. He is internationally known as a famous critic in cultural & scholarly matters. His street-Zoning law written two years ago at the public request of Commissioner Fagan of Jersey City, was sent for & adopted by such cities as Albany, Atlanta &c. Dr Thomson was the most widely reported speaker at the great Clark University Conference of 1912 at Worcester, Mass. which gathered together statesmen, college Presdts, & experts on Far East & internat'l matters, & he dominated that Conference for official Recognition of the new Chinese republic by the Powers, overcoming Taft's opposition & securing Wilson's written promise from Bermuda in 1913, tho Thomson is a Republican, but of the Webster-Lincoln-Roosevelt sort. Thomson has known what it is to be drugged at dinners &c by his opponents at internat'l conferences &c, a favorite method of old-style diplomacy; & he urges novices to do what Cardinal Gibbons used to do, take along *your own* hard-boiled egg! Thomson is a People's Constit'l man entirely; he is not a machine tool, mannikin and exaggerated myth of the "Interests", made & unmade by them at will. Even Roosevelt came from the Rich, was rich & was always backed by a machine & its propaganda, & therefore he had to make that machine promises above the public interest. And Woodrow Wilson was named & entirely made by the Bob Davis machine of Jersey City & the Jim Smith-Nugent machines of Newark N.J., both branches of Tammany Hall of NY City. Thomson is an editors' man, a People's free culturalist, working to enforce the nation's Constitution on all. For over two years, the Chinese, U.S. & Canadian press has been recommending him to the administration for U.S. Minister to the Chinese republic; while others of his friends are urging him to run for U.S. Senator from Jersey on a Constit'l progressive platform. He is a slim middle sized man of great force, alertness, individual initiative, wide scholarship & travel; without any trace of the pedant; with red blood and not ice water in his veins. He was Manager at Hong Kong China of the largest trans-Pacific steamship line (the Pacific Mail & Toyo Kisen Kaisha) before he was 30; & he contributed to the leading magazines while still at college. He is of a loving democracy; warm frank boyish manner, full of humor, play & good spirits; in his athletic days he went in for nearly all the sports, winning prizes for track & snow shoe races. Children in his ward call him by his first name. He tires himself out on Xmas & Haloween, playing Santa and Pumpkin Man for kiddies' parties. He calls the natural acclaim of children the "purest thing in the world". He scorns the Rich Malefactor, for he says that not only the foundar'l families, but any man could get rich on their basis of graft & privilege, if he were willing to debase himself & the nation. He passed thru a 3 day typhoon on the China Sea on board the famous Japanese cruiser "Nippon" that captured Admiral Rotjstevsky. With bare-footed rope-girdled Carthu-

sian monks in brown & Araba in white, he has gazed on sacred Sinai and the paths where Our Lord, Abraham, Moses, the Pharaohs & Caesars & Joseph walked. He has sailed around the Equatorial Belt of the Globe & viewed the remains of ancient civilizations far more splendid than those of today. He has stood among epidemics and plagues & seen the dead burned & hurled into the sea. He is fearless. He saw a thief on Bergen Av attack the lady treasurer of a Sunday school & take her bag of collections. Though unarmed, he chased the armed negro thief, caught him on Union St & made him disgorge the loot. (a/c in Jersey City *Journal* June 1, 1923). He loves soldiers & is popular with the Police Dept. of his city, because he praises them as: "law in uniform". He hates spies & the private secret service and card list system of the Big Bandit Interests, & he proposes their control by Congress. He has warmed his patriotism at the homes, haunts & battlefields of our Revolutionary & Civil War heroes. He has had all kinds of experience with Big Business, law, politics & men, high & low. In China he was chloroformed in his sleep by a Sikh-chowkidar robber, who took all the gold in his room, but left the watch, because he d'd not know the white man's habit of keeping it under his pillow. For 3 years Dr Thomson sat at table at the Hong Kong Club, with generals, admirals & statesmen in the world's greatest internat'l port, Hong Kong, where all kinds of world-events are planned by those who control them.

NEW YORK

FROM an appeal for subscriptions sent out to members of the class of 1920 by their representative on the Columbia University Alumni Fund Committee:

Form the habit of endowing schools now; it may be a valuable one later on.

NORTH CAROLINA

EFFECTS of the *Bookman* School upon literary criticism in Charlotte, as revealed by the eminent *Observer* of that city:

He is a student of Yale and becomes a poet of reputation. He falls madly in love with the heartless, soulless beauty, Inez Martin, who finally jilts him. After she does this he loses every atom of decency, and sins and sins until the reader is so disgusted that he wants to throw the book away, but curiosity seizes him to see whether or not Jeffrey's illicit desires will ever cease. . . .

When Darwin was thinking up something to claim kin with, I can't imagine why he selected the ape instead of a faith-intelligent and appealing little dog.

RE-ENTRANCE of the Devil into Charlotte, as reported by the learned *Observer*:

Fifty-eight persons used the reading and reference rooms of the public library between the hours of 2 and 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon, the first Sunday of the Winter that the doors were open. Beginning of the Sabbath evening reading hours was postponed until Billy Sunday left.

THE PHILIPPINES

PROOF that the Filipinos are still barbarians and unfit for self-government, and that the withdrawal of General Leonard Wood and his cossacks would resign them to anarchy:

Manila Monday Musical Club
Twenty-second Season

1923-1924

Sixth Program

Monday, January 14, 1924

5-45 p. m.

Little Theatre Auditorium

Franz Schubert: Octette, Opus 166

- I. Adagio: Allegro.
- II. Andante un poco mosso.
- III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace.
- IV. Andante con variazione.
- V. Menuetto: Allegretto.
- VI. Andante molto: Allegro.

First Violin—Professor Bonifacio Abdon

Second Violin—Mr. Pedro Antonio

Viola—Mr. José Carrion

Violoncello—Mr. Fillipe Marin

Contrabass—Mr. Joaquin Reyes

Clarinets—Mr. Felix Bascon

French Horn—Mr. Gregorio Fernando

Baritone—Mr. Antonio Aprecio

PORTO RICO

FROM an interview with Dr. Octavio Jordan, a member of the Porto Rico Senate, in the *Philadelphia Bulletin*:

The first Prohibition enforcement officer sent to Porto Rico came into the Unionist Club in San Juan, where all the government officials and others were passing the evening. He called for a bottle of Scotch and was served immediately. The minute he got his hands on the bottle he stood up and waved it at the crowd and said like an actor, "I have the evidence." The president of the club walked over, took the bottle and said: "I am going to give you something besides the evidence, and you'll be ashamed of it for a long time to come." He laid the agent over the table, took off his dancing slipper and paddled him ten times.

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE delicate ebb and flow of race prejudice among the Nordic blonds of the South Carolina Legislature, as reported by the *Greenville Piedmont*:

When the colored president of the Colored Normal, Industrial, Agricultural and Mechanical College, a State institution, appeared before a committee of the Legislature last year, he wore a suit that had evidently been made by expert tailors. This fact stirred an unexpressed prejudice against him in the minds of the legislators, but it was quickly removed when he told them that the suit had been fashioned by students of his college who were learning the tailoring trade.

TENNESSEE

FROM a public bull by the Hon. Noah W. Cooper, an eminent Nashville juriconsult and candidate for the United States Senate:

Repealing the Sunday closing law will be a step toward Hell. Just think of Nashville opening up her gasoline stations on Sunday! The Devil has no quicker way to ruin than the Sabbath-breaking way. It hurries up to Hell. Hundreds of cities have been ruined by Sabbath-breaking.

TEXAS

PROOF that scientific research is not stopped by the triumph of Fundamentalism, from a dispatch from Canyon, Texas, in the Baptist he-man belt:

The net material value of an average human being is 98 cents, according to analytical research made by Dr. C. A. Pierle, head of the department of chemistry in West Texas Teachers' College.

Dr. Pierle has found the body of a man weighing 150 pounds, if divided into its component chemical elements, would contain enough water to wash a pair of blankets, enough iron to make a ten-penny nail, enough lime to whitewash a small chicken coop and enough sulphur to kill the fleas on a good-sized dog. All these elements, he estimates, could be purchased at a drug store for 98 cents.

UTAH

FROM a press-sheet issued by the publicist of the National Cannery Association:

Unique in the history of the National Cannery Association is the fact that its fifteenth president is a poet. Hailing from Utah, and known as the "Poet of the Wasatch Mountains," James A. Anderson, one of the most successful cannery men of the country, has made quite a name for himself as a writer of verse, as is attested by the following poem, "That Great Big United States."

When you ask what place I love the best—
There is no East, there is no West—
It's just one big, broad land to me,

With a host of friends and opportunities.
North and South both have their charm:
One is cool, the other warm.
Then, why not take the broad view
That God intended all for you?

VIRGINIA

THE latest in fraternal orders in the Old Dominion, as reported by the esteemed *Lynchburg News*:

Joppa Sanctorum, No. 233, of the Oriental Order of Humanity and Perfection, will celebrate its first anniversary Saturday evening. A. Leslie Stephens is the Grand Hyastite.

WISCONSIN

INTELLECTUAL activities among the rural Badgers, as reported by the *Oregon (Wis.) Observer*:

A very interesting program was given Monday evening at the High School by the Parent-Teachers' Association. A debate on the subject, Resolved, That a sewing machine is more beneficial to a family than a cow, was handled by Mrs. Park Ames and Mrs. L. E. Pennewell for the affirmative, and George Rasmussen and Dean Smith for the negative. The decision was unanimous for the sewing machine.

IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

LETTER to the editor of the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* from Miss Flora C. Rhees, a patriotic California lady, z. Z. in Seville:

Perhaps it would be of interest to you and my American friends, especially of Pasadena, Cal., my home, to learn that I am staying at the Hotel de Madrid, Seville, Spain. On the night of February 1, I went to the railroad station, learning that the King, who was here on a visit, was to leave for Madrid.

Taking an interpreter with me, I obtained permission to pass through the gates, where were gathered many officers and military guards. I was right in front of a happy, anticipating crowd. The King arrived and stopped and spoke to various official groups gathered

there. Then, when he reached where I was standing, he came forward, shook hands and in exceedingly good English asked me if I was an American and said he hoped to visit America some time, and of course I said he must come to California and our beautiful Pasadena, which, he said, he hoped to do.

(Miss) FLORA C. RHEES.

ASSOCIATED PRESS cable from Berlin:

Owen D. Young, American member of the expert committee investigating Germany's finances, has had a radio set installed in his hotel apartment so he can listen to concerts when not engaged in discussing financial problems with his fellow experts and their advisers.

There are four grand opera companies in Berlin, and numerous big symphony orchestras are playing Wagner, Beethoven and the moderns nightly, while a score of companies are singing lighter operas, and myriad concerts are occurring daily and nightly.

With this mass of material to choose from Mr. Young and his American associates take the course of the tired American business man and listen in on radio concerts whenever they have leisure.

STEADY progress of American *Kultur* among the benighted Mexicans, as reported by *El Excelsior*, the organ of the American colony in the City of Mexico.

The fourth quarterly fight for the Adams Ping-Pong Challenge Cup took place at the Parish Hall on last Thursday evening. There was a good entry, as well as many onlookers. After a series of well-fought heats the final was played between W. Aldford and Dr. T. M. Creighton, the former proving victorious.

The annual Parish Night at Union Church was a marked success. Miss Muriel Danner began the program with a sweet organ prelude. The church was filled and all sang heartily "We Love the Church." The male quartette, Brown, Bender, Reifsnnyder and Thomas, sang "The Holy Hour" arranged to the tune of "The Rosary," and "Nearer, My God, To Thee." . . . The pastor reported that the work of the year included 17 accessions by membership and 8 by baptism, 5 weddings and 12 funerals.

MODERN AMERICAN PRINTING

BY HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN

EIGHT years ago Alfred W. Pollard, now Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, confessed that he was looking to America rather than to Great Britain for the promotion of fine printing. He saw in the American character, as compared with the British, less contentment with ugliness, and greater hospitality to new ideas, even to the extent of experimenting with them. He was then looking back over a period of twenty-five years. But did not Barrett Wendell stand awestruck before Barlow's "Columbiad," printed so long ago as 1815? This was the book that gave a name, not to its author, as he fondly expected, but to its type-size, Columbian, now called 16-point. The truth is that every decade has had what it supposed to be fine printing, and that really good printing could be found in America all through the Nineteenth Century's middle and later years. The focus of its activity was Cambridge, Massachusetts, and John Wilson was its foremost representative. Its ideals and methods came from the splendid work of the English and Scotch printers, especially that of the Chiswick Press, as counseled or directed by Pickering, Whittingham, and Jacobi.

After the close of the Civil War had liberated the energy of the North for the arts of peace, printing shared in the general revival, but the printers did not confront their art afresh as William Morris did some twenty-five years later. Under the spell of "Lady Willoughby's Journal," with its revived Caslon type, they seem to have thought that the book designed according to tradition was not susceptible of further improvement as typography. Whatever was

to better it must be an addition. So in the late seventies they turned to engraving. Keppel, in 1878, writing in *Harper's Magazine*, lamented that the glory had departed from the graver; but even while he was penning the words a group of young men were developing a technique that was about to dazzle the world with the glamor of a virtually new type of book illustration, white-line engraving. For fifteen years book-lovers reveled in these wood-cuts, as the pages of the current volumes of the old and new *Scribner's* and of the *Century* and *Harper's* will show. Then, as some terrible blight falls upon a species and wipes it out of existence, so the half-tone process fell upon white-line engraving and destroyed it.

One of the results of introducing white-line engraving,—something not so true of black-line engraving—had been the necessity, in order to make a harmonious page, of having the typography delicate or weak. Thus this method relegated to an inferior position the very element that really makes a book. For this reason, whether white-line engraving had persisted or not—and the half-tone, which demands the same treatment, *has* persisted—there would have been a revolt against it inevitably. Such a revolt actually originated in England; it took its compelling force from William Morris, who issued his first book in 1891. It would be idle to say that the new impetus to American printing was not received from him. But we may recall with satisfaction that one of the leaders in American fine printing issued his first book also in 1891, and that, save for a single volume which was frankly an imitation, Thomas B. Mosher published his charm-

ing and significant books all on classical lines, regardless of the weight of ink and the startling types that were being employed by other American book-designers. So our discussion of modern fine printing in America may well begin with the work of Mosher.

He was not a printer in the sense of owning a press, but he worked with printers to get the results that he desired. He followed classical lines in type, paper, ink and press work, and every book of his was a genuine composition. His publications varied in size from the impressive quarto edition of Burton's "Kasidah" to the tiny quarto leaflet of John Hay's "In Praise of Omar." Mr. Mosher's printing, or rather book-design, cannot be separated from his publishing, for which he deserves no less credit. It was his service to his countrymen to introduce to them a selection of choice but not popular literature that was an excellent corrective of provincialism and of content with the commonplace. To each book chosen by him for publication he endeavored to give an ideal dress. In thought he was something of a come-outer, but in printing he was a decided conservative, so that even his innovations were always in the interest of the finest elements of the old order.

II

A printer whose work has passed out of public memory but not out of the consciousness of the best critics of printing is F. H. Day, of Copeland and Day, Boston. His brief career of six years in book-designing began in 1893. His friends know that he was not unmindful of the fact that men of his name had twice made a mark in the history of printing, John Day in England in the early Sixteenth Century, and Stephen Daye in New England in the early Seventeenth Century. It was his purpose to add a third name as worthy of remembrance, and he did so. His work has a fine, restrained, classical quality as inconspicuous and as hard to duplicate as perfect manners. The book-lover is to be con-

gratulated who has possessed himself of a complete series of Mr. Day's books.

Had it not been for William Morris's work, D. Berkeley Updike might not have become a printer, though he certainly would have left his mark on his generation in whatever capacity he might have employed his many talents. He has confessed his early subjection to the influence of Morris, though even that was rather slight, extending hardly further than to an over-heaviness in his first type. He has since followed lines of his own and always in a highly conservative spirit, as if his aim were not to depart from the traditions of the early masters except by surpassing them. He has had two types cut for his own use, the Merrymount, of which the best example is to be found in his Tacitus; and the Montallegro, which he employed in his fine Humanistic Series. It has been a proud ambition of Mr. Updike's, which he has notably realized, to succeed as a commercial printer. Whoever has a piece of printing to be done in the most appropriate manner may bring it to Updike, whether it be an announcement of Chater's muffins and crumpets or a monumental edition of the Prayer-Book. Each will be done so well that it will be hard to say which is done better. College catalogues are not usually looked upon as offering a challenge to the artistic printer, but Mr. Updike has recognized and welcomed such a challenge, and met it with his usual skill. Library catalogues are also not inspiring, but in the great catalogue of the John Carter Brown Library he has won a signal triumph. This success in the commercial field relieves Mr. Updike's work from the protest sometimes made regarding the work of other artistic printers that it is not so hard to make a fine book if cost has not to be reckoned. Beside his work as a printer, Mr. Updike has produced two genuinely monumental volumes on "Printing Types," a work written with such literary art, as well as such knowledge and judgment, that it makes a wider appeal than its title suggests. It may be safely said that no one will

venture to write on the practical or historical side of printing for a century at least without consulting this authoritative study by a master.

The work of Bruce Rogers has been treated so fully by Pollard in his address on "Modern Fine Printing in England and Mr. Bruce Rogers" that one can do little more than refer the reader to that excellent summary and judicious estimate of his printing. The volume contains a bibliography of the work of Mr. Rogers up to 1916, an array of creative design such as few men in the entire history of printing have had to their credit. Indeed, Mr. Pollard says of a single three years of his activity as designer of fine books for the Riverside Press: "No other printer since printing began could point to so varied an output or so high standard of craftsmanship within so short a time." Elsewhere he says: "Mr. Rogers is to my thinking the most vital force in modern typography." I am tempted to go on with his splendid characterization, but it will be enough to add Mr. Pollard's wish that some American collector might be inspired to present a set of Mr. Rogers' books to the British Museum to show what an American printer can do. Our other fine printers have either, like Mosher and Day, worked in the classical traditions, though endeavoring to improve them, or like Conwell, have gone back with Morris to the Fifteenth Century. Mr. Rogers has drawn his inspiration for his two great types from Jenson's Fifteenth Century roman, but for his book design he has looked to the Sixteenth Century, with what happy results Mr. Pollard has been our spokesman in telling. The point of the difference is, as Mr. Pollard indicates, that while the Fifteenth Century masters were, like Milton's lion, "pawing to get free" from the influence of script, the books of the Sixteenth Century masters were already free, and so were leading their own lives and living under their own laws. The range of Mr. Rogers is as wide as the difference between the majestic three volumes of his Montaigne and his dainty 16mos—the dif-

ference in size being merely a symbol of the variety of handling that he has given his various books.

III

The Grolier Club in New York recently commemorated its fortieth birthday by arranging an exhibit of American fine printing during its lifetime. In its cases were shown specimens of the work of the ablest American printers during that period, including names less familiar to the ordinary public than to special students of printing. The club exhibited the series of works that have gone forth under its own name, and these were particularly interesting, because while the other books had in the main been selected on the basis of present-day judgment, its own books represented what was thought at the time of their issue to be the finest printing obtainable. Up to a generation ago it may be said without unkindness that our best printers were workmen rather than artists. When they followed tradition they were certain to produce good work, and might even produce work of distinction, but when they ventured out of the bounds of tradition they were almost certain to fail. Of these master workmen Theodore L. De Vinne was the recognized chief. He was deeply learned in his craft, and wrote many books of permanent value. His press was famous. From it came, for instance, the *Century Magazine* and the magnificent catalogue of the Bishop jade collection, which ranks among the world's monuments of printing. Many of the Grolier books were from his press, and some of them were as excellent in their humble way as the great folios just mentioned. His failures, which were happily few, were as conspicuous as his successes, and as unconscious. We cannot suppress a certain gratitude for them, because they show that the American spirit in printing was not content always to play safe but was early making ready for adventures that were to succeed and rival the great achievements of the past.

A survey of the exhibit was distinctly

encouraging, for it revealed the two great elements of achievement: adventure and self-restraint. Reade's "Peg Woffington," 1887, from the De Vinne Press, and Irving's "Notes and Journal," 1911, from Mr. Updike's Merrymount Press, two little volumes in each set, both realized in different ways Mr. Pollard's idea of a favorite book to be read "with one's feet on the fender." Three of Mr. Day's books were there, including his edition of Shakespeare's sonnets with decorations by Goodhue. Many examples of the sound and satisfying work of the Gilliss Press were shown. Updike was well represented, most gloriously by his Tacitus. There was charming work done by Clarke Conwell at the vanished Elston Press. Munder, that prince of pressmen, had put his hall-mark of excellence on various books exhibited, including one of Cleland's best. Carl Rollins was represented by only a single selection, perhaps because his splendid broadside work takes up so much room. Nash, of San Francisco, appeared to advantage in several volumes. The work of Rogers was displayed in no less than sixteen examples, each one of which was so individual that it might well have been an only book. This individuality makes a decision as to the greatest of them all a matter of temperament or even of mood. One cannot go wrong in lingering with especial pleasure over the Montaigne, or over de Guérin's "Centaur," or over

Thoreau's "Night and Moonlight." One of the finest pieces of page-design in the exhibition was seen, characteristically of our age, in *Monotype*, the house-organ of the Lanston Monotype Company, in which Rogers had lavished his skill in displaying the new Garamont type designed by Frederick W. Goudy, which he calls "one of the most successful reproductions of an early type that any modern designer has yet given us." While politicians are knifing one another in the back, this spectacle of a great artist spending the labor of weeks in window-dressing a rival's masterpiece is certainly one that renews confidence in human nature.

What does such work mean? It means that American printing has in the last generation broken through into a higher level, turned its former ceiling into a floor, and, in the person of some of its representatives, is now living and moving on the plane of art. This is an achievement of the first importance. Though it has been attained mostly in connection with books and magazines of limited circulation, it has set a standard to which the commonest books will slowly be drawn or pushed; for printing has this blessed quality, that a given sum available for the making of a book will suffice just as well for making one that shall be a contribution to art as for one that shall be an eyesore. In printing, at least the Fates have not loaded the dice against art.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN AND H. L. MENCKEN

Needed Books.—Every year the candidates for the degree of *Doctor philosophiae* in America compose laboriously at least 3000 theses, and a great many of them, soon or late, get into print, but not one in a hundred contains any contribution to knowledge that is worth putting on paper. This is especially true in what is called the department of English. Several years ago, when a candidate for the white hood in one of the Western universities turned out a study of William Dean Howells that, whatever its lack of fundamental sense, was at least intelligible, the thing became a sort of marvel. For the most part the nascent doctors in this department confine themselves to puerile grammatical and prosodical studies, mainly of authors who are no longer read. A favorite field for these garbage-men of letters is that of Seventeenth Century poetry. All the most dreadful doggerel of the era—and it was almost as prolific in whim-wham as our own—has been studied passionately and nonsensically. There are whole shelves of learned and stupid treatises upon it, as there are upon the chronicles of the pre-Chaucer period, and yet all the authors that these treatises deal with are as dead as Heliogabalus.

Meanwhile, the whole field of Nineteenth Century American literature is neglected, and there is not a single comprehensive and useful work upon it. Some parts of the field, true enough, have been explored, but there is no general history that is worth ten minutes' study. Worse, the subject has been so sadly obfuscated by unintelligent pedants and romantic patriots that it has been made occult and repellant. The Emerson who is held up before school-boys probably has little more kin-

ship with the real Emerson than the school-book Lincoln has to the genuine Abe. Emerson is depicted as a hero of what has come to be called the American tradition, *i.e.*, a tradition of abject Puritanism, now chiefly carried on by Middle Western Methodists. He was actually a relentless enemy of that tradition, and did more than any other man of his time to break it down. Poe is another first-rate American who is constantly misunderstood and misrepresented. No realistic study of him exists. All the books about him fail dismally to account for his appearance in the America of his time, and most of them overpraise him as poet and story-teller and overlook his extraordinary competence and originality as a critic. Poe, of course, fell far short of critical perfection; there has never been, indeed, a perfect critic. He was often ill-natured and unjust, he pretended idiotically to a learning that he never had, and he was not above log-rolling. Nevertheless, he was probably the first American critic to show a really civilized point of view—and he has had, alas, very few successors. Unluckily, the very dolts he spent his short life denouncing are now the chief public authorities on his life and work. It is as if the fame of Darwin should be in the hands of Catholic parish priests and Seventh Day Adventists.

The brethren of the historical faculty have done better than the pedagogues in literature. Nine tenths of them, of course, are dull and dreadful asses engaged docilely in teaching Rotary Club and American Legion history, but there is also a respectable minority of more intelligent and enterprising fellows, and of late they have blown a great many cobwebs from Ameri-

can history, particularly of the early periods. Their work, however, remains to be coördinated; scattered as it is, it is largely useless. One of the fields that they have barely entered is that of the history of ideas in the Republic. What a book could be made on the development and decay of the idea of liberty! The official theory is that liberty prevails in the United States as nowhere else on earth; the fact is that it has been circumscribed and conditioned since the earliest days—that there has never been a period when any considerable number of Americans were actually free men. The Liberals always speak of the invasions of liberty in our own time—for example, under the Wilson White Terror—as if they were something new, and hence un-American. The truth is that they are of the essence of democracy, and hence of Americanism. No genuine democrat can ever grasp the fundamental notion of liberty. It always collides in his mind with the notion that the majority is sovereign and inspired, and it usually suffers irreparable damage by the collision.

In two other fields the history of ideas in the United States remains to be explored. One is the field of religious ideas and the other is that of governmental theory. The early Puritans have been studied at great length, sometimes intelligently, but there is no work showing just how the decaying Puritanism of New England got itself transformed into the fanatical Methodism of today, the true national religion of the Republic. Nor is there any work analyzing scientifically the content of the Methodist, *i. e.*, the average American mind, and seeking to account for its peculiar superstitions and hallucinations. Such imbecilities do not come into being by special creation; they have their intellectual and biological history. What is the chain of causes, for example, behind Prohibition? The question, when it is discussed at all, is usually answered too glibly, and hence far from convincingly. It presents, to be sure, difficulties that must inevitably give pause to a truly scientific investigator, for the

Crô-Magnon mind is largely irrational, but diligent study might even penetrate the secrets of irrationality. The more psychology disengages itself from metaphysics, the more clearly it is seen, indeed, that mental processes are seldom if ever strictly logical. Beethoven's preference for the key of E flat was scarcely more rational, at bottom, than a Methodist's belief that Jonah swallowed the whale.

The history of American popular notions of the character and functions of government offers another excellent opportunity to young historians of intelligent curiosity. Prof. Beard and other competent men long ago showed how the economic self-interest of the governing class has colored all our institutions, but so far as I know there is no work discussing the effect of this fact on the democratic mass mind. I have myself published a paper or two seeking to show that all the chief political theories held by the mob since the first days of the colonies have been essentially anti-capitalistic—that, whatever the fact, the delusion has always been that rich men could be made to disgorge. But I am no historian, and may be in error. The study of the mob mind, in fact, is yet in its infancy. Worse, it is corrupted by much quackery—for example, Dr. Lippmann's efforts to prove that Demos is rational. What is needed is a thorough investigation of the materials. It should begin with a careful historical inquiry, for what the mob believes today is seldom anything new but only an old imbecility in a new disguise, and the study of the early history of such imbecilities, and, if possible, of their origin, should throw much valuable light upon their present prosperity.

The English Visitor and the American Public.—Of the many English writers who have come over here to lecture or merely to visit, only one, Joseph Conrad, has been looked on and estimated by the American public purely as a man of letters. The American public has viewed the rest not as artists in varying degree, but as so many

social figures, also in varying degree. Thus, one never hears a word in appraisal of Hugh Walpole the novelist, but only of Hugh Walpole the good dresser who has such a charming way with the ladies. The one regret seems to be that Walpole can't dance. There is no talk of Frank Swinnerton the artist, but a vast clatter over Frank Swinnerton the genial dinner guest, the witty conversationalist, the good mixer. Zangwill is not mentioned as a writer; he is talked of simply as an ill-mannered, ill-natured, loud-mouthed bellyacher, which he is. H. G. Wells' talents are never discussed. All one hears of is the peculiar cockney manner of his speech and his funny looking clothes. Chesterton's embarrassing habit of fingering a certain unmentionable portion of his habiliments while being interviewed is gabbled about from one end of the country to the other, but hardly a soul has anything to say of him as an essayist. And so with the others. They manage these things very much better in England. When an American writer visits or lectures in England, the English public never mentions him at all.

Advice to Young Men Desiring to Marry.—

A close student of matrimony of many years' standing, it seems to me that the average male candidate for the honor is as greatly in need of professional advice as any other ailing man and that, neglecting to seek this advice, he lays himself open to quite unnecessary risks and hazards. When a man plans to get married—and many a man plans to enter the matrimonial state, whether by instinct, hereditary impulses, tradition, or in the interests of what he believes is his future well-being and happiness, long before he has picked out the woman who is to be his wife—when, as I say, such a man plans to engage nuptial bliss he seldom if ever seriously considers what type of woman would be the best and safest, and not only the best and safest but the most beneficent, to take unto his bosom. Love, beauty, character, position—such things he meditates upon,

but he gives no thought to subjects of much bulkier importance and, giving them no thought, often learns of them, much to his sorrow, when it is too late.

It is my belief, and I pass on the suggestion to young men contemplating holy wedlock, that an orphan is perhaps of all women the one best fitted to be a desirable wife. The fact that she is an orphan automatically gets rid of the father-in-law and mother-in-law nuisance. She is alone in the world and grateful to the man who marries her. Having no one who is very close to her, her husband will seem closer to her than he would to a wife whose parents, or at least one of whose parents, were still living. Furthermore, the orphan is always the more tractable, wistful and tender woman. She has known sorrow, and sorrow, as the old saw wisely hath it, maketh a woman beautiful in the heart. But if the young man open to the lures and splendors of matrimony does not happen to love an orphan, but loves instead, shall we say, a widow, what advice then?

My advice then—and I may be forgiven for observing that it is grounded on a study of the problem ranging over a period of thirty-five years—my advice is to marry only a widow whose first husband either beat her or who died disgracefully, as by having been hung or by being shot in a bawdy house or by getting ptomaine poisoning from a free-lunch dill pickle. If the widow's first husband is *in absentia* for other reasons or by virtue of a dignified demise, she will begin to think of him and brag about him a few years after her second marriage, and that marriage will then quickly begin heading for the rocks. Only the widow who hates the memory of Spouse I can make a happy mate for candidate number two. But, yet again, if it is neither orphan nor widow that our ambitious young man has his passion set upon, what then?

Well, let us assume that the creature of our young friend's choice is a woman possessed of considerable wealth, and who is neither orphan nor widow. In this event

my long years of investigation and research impel me to discharge the advice that our young friend consider marrying such a petitioner only if he himself be a very poor man. The marriage of a rich young woman and a very poor young man is revealed by the statistics to be generally a happy one, and for a simple reason, whereas the marriage of a rich young woman and a rich young man all too often turns out badly. The rich young man who marries a rich young woman gains nothing from the marriage, or at best little, in comparison with the poor young man. The latter's improved position and comfort operate to make his wife more desirable in his eyes and a marriage that might otherwise end in disaster is thus often perpetuated and made happy until death. There have been cases where a rich woman has kicked her poor husband out of the house, but so far as I know there has never been a case where a poor husband has kicked his rich wife out of the house.

I further always urge my protégés to marry pretty women. The best of women get homely all too soon, and it is well to have a pretty wife at least for a beginning. A pretty wife for five or six years is something: it makes, in memory and retrospect, romantic amends for the damaged wife one must live with in the many years that loom ahead of and beyond these first five or six years. The additional advantage of marrying a pretty girl as opposed to a homely one is obvious. The pretty girl will take out all her spoiled nature, whims and outside flirtations on her husband at the very outset, and thus get them over with. After a few years, when she loses her looks, she will settle down and behave herself, and give her husband no trouble. The homely girl, to the contrary, having no looks to fall back on or bother about, will begin by being twice as sweet and attentive to her husband as the pretty girl, but will end up by taking revenge on him for all the early outside flirtations that she never could enter into and enjoy and that, unlike in the instance of the pretty girl, thus

never vouchsafed to her an opportunity to let off the steam of her vanity.

I need not pursue the subject farther, at least today. If I have so much as suggested that there is some truth in my prefatory assumptions, I shall be content. I desire merely to add, in conclusion, that all the young men who have thus far followed my advice are happy husbands and fathers. Their wives never fail to remember me, with excellent cigars, at the Yuletide.

Founts of Honor.—The Census Office, or some other such agency, would confer a benefit upon the future historians of our brilliant and incomparable era by compiling a list of all the men and women who have received honorary degrees from American universities and colleges since the beginning of the present century. It would be, I believe, a genuinely astounding document, for it would read far more like a page from the "Directory of Directors" or the roll of the Elks than like a list of *Gelehrten*. Up to a generation or so ago the honorary doctorate was reserved by most American universities for men genuinely learned, or, at all events, for men eminent in avocations presupposing a certain culture. Even when, in 1901, Yale made the late Mark Twain an L.H.D., it caused rather a stir, for up to then no man professionally devoted to making people laugh had ever been so honored. But now the doctorate in all its forms is thrown about in an amazing manner, and it is almost impossible for any man of the slightest notoriety to escape it. It is conferred upon bankers, railroad presidents, owners of department stores, politicians, manufacturers, football coaches, press agents, actors and even newspaper editors. Otto H. Kahn is a double LL.D., thus beating Dr. Samuel Johnson by two to one. Judge Elbert Gary is an LL.D. of three colleges and two universities, and also an Sc. D. Otis Skinner, the actor, is an honorary M.A. of Tufts. Col. George Harvey is an LL.D. of two colleges and two universities. Myron T. Herrick, who made the late Harding President

(Herrick was actually the performer, not Harvey or Daugherty, as legend has it), is an honorary A.M. of one institution and an LL.D. *honoris causa* of six, including Princeton, Harvard and Yale. Hughes, the Feather Duster, has three degrees that he earned by hard work; in addition he is an LL.D. of eleven universities, including Harvard and Yale. The late McAdoo is far behind: he is an M.A. but once and an LL.D. but once. Giff Pinchot, the dry whooper, is an honorary M.A., an honorary Sc. D. and an honorary LL.D. His enemy, Governor Al Smith, of New York, is a double LL.D. So is Henry Morgenthau. Tom Lamont, of the J. P. Morgan firm, scores a single—from Union College, Schenectady. General Leonard Wood is an LL.D. nine times. Senator La Follette is but one-ninth as learned—his only LL.D. comes from his alma mater, the University of Wisconsin. Henry Cabot Lodge exactly equals Wood; he is an LL.D. nine times, and has covered, like Herrick, the round of Princeton, Harvard and Yale. Coolidge falls below them: he is an LL.D. but six times. William Jennings Bryan scores even worse; he can show but three diplomas, and two are from very snide universities.

Who is the champion LL.D. of the United States? One would naturally look among the university presidents, but very few of them, in fact, score heavily. The venerable Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard, is an LL.D. but nine times, thus falling short of the Feather Duster and barely equaling the records of Lodge and Wood. Angell, of Yale, is an LL.D. but eight times, but he is also a Litt. D. once. Farrand, of Cornell, is apparently not an LL.D. at all, though he is an M.A. *ad eund.* of Wesleyan and Yale. Burton, of Michigan, is an LL.D. five times and a D.D. once; in addition he is an A.B., a B.D. *summa cum laude* and a Ph. D. The late Woodrow Wilson was an LL.D. ten times, and Lowell, of Harvard, is one eleven times. Here, undoubtedly, are learned men, but all of them are vastly beaten by the Hon. Herbert C. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce in the Coolidge

Cabinet. Hoover, I suppose, has more degrees than any other man heard of since the Middle Ages. He is an LL.D., a Ph.D. or an Sc. D. of no less than eighteen American colleges and universities! And in addition he has degrees from Liège, Brussels, Warsaw, Cracow and Oxford! I match him against all comers, at any weight. He has more degrees than two Lowells, three Myron T. Herricks, four Col. George Harveys, six Giff Pinchots, seven William Jennings Bryans, eight Al Smiths, ten Otto Kahns or twenty Tom Lamonts. He is a genuine colossus—perhaps the most learned man ever seen in the world. He could give away a dozen LL.D.'s and still be twice as learned as his eminent chief, Dr. Coolidge. If he put on all his gowns at once he would be eight feet in diameter. If he bound all his diplomas into one book it would be as heavy as the Sunday issue of the New York *American*.

Artists as Friends.—Someone has said that there can be nothing between those who are artists and those who are not artists. In other words, that close friendship and social intercourse between an artist and a business man, say, are impossible. They may like each other and have certain things in common, but soon or late the artist will be unable to abide the other's conversation, point of view and general philosophy and will be compelled to ditch him. That there is a deal of truth in this, I do not presume to deny. But it also seems to me that if ever there were men who had little in common between them, artists practising entirely different arts are such men. There is infinitely less between a writer and a sculptor, for instance, less that draws them together and interests them and makes them companionable one to the other, than there is between a composer and a physician, say, or between a painter and a lawyer, or between a novelist and a wholesale butcher or movie director. The artist is interesting and close to the artist, as a general thing, only when both practise the same form of art. Thus, writers are

interesting to writers and painters are interesting to painters, but the average writer would as lief spend two weeks with a painter, however great an artist the latter, as he would with a chiropractor or a barber.

Studies in American Boobology: A Survey of Current Advertising Campaigns. Third Series—

1. "When I challenged the world in December, 1923, to find out who really is the world's most perfect man, not a single man came forth who claimed to be so physically perfect. No one *dare* compare his physique with mine! I still hold the championship as being the World's Most Perfect Man, and am ready at any time to meet all comers.

"Now, my friend, what does all this mean to you? Just this. It indicates beyond all possible doubt that physical directors and others are making extravagant statements about themselves which the public should know, and which should be stopped. If these men were all they advertise themselves to be they would at least challenge me. For what man with a physique he considers so marvelous would be so foolish as to sneeze at the opportunity of grabbing ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, which was the sum I offered to give any man if they were more physically perfect than I am? Those searching for the HIGHEST degree of Radiant Health, Tremendous Strength Power and Physical Perfection should be careful to get their instructions from the Best qualified instructor. My own, original, secret methods built me up from a puny weakling and has made me *MORE PERFECT THAN APOLLO, HERCULES AND ALL THE ANCIENT GREEK GODS.*"
—Prof. Charles Atlas, 96 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

2. "The New Healing Records. Use the Master Autosuggestion Healing treatments right in your own home by means of special phonograph records. You can now sit quietly in your own home and listen, whenever you choose, to these wonderful healing treatments by autosuggestion. Just select the autosuggestion treat-

ment you prefer—for Health, Prosperity, Happiness, Success. Turn on the phonograph and you will hear the clear, positive, electrifying voice of the Suggestionist speaking the words of the treatment—just as Coué, for instance, speaks to his patients in his Nancy Clinic and sends them away by the thousands, Healed! The suggestions given in this way sink deep into your subconscious mind, where they will tend to *come forth into reality.*"—The Elizabeth Towne Co., Inc., Holyoke, Massachusetts.

Sabbath Meditation. — My essential trouble, I sometimes suspect, is that I am quite devoid of what are called spiritual gifts. That is to say, I am incapable of religious experience, in any true sense. Religious ceremonials often interest me aesthetically, and not infrequently they amuse me otherwise, but I get absolutely no stimulation out of them, no sense of exaltation, no mystical *katharsis*. In that department I am as anaesthetic as a church organist, an archbishop or an altar boy. When I am low in spirits and full of misery I never feel any impulse to seek help, or even mere consolation, from supernatural powers. Thus the generality of religious persons remain mysterious to me, and vaguely offensive, as I am unquestionably offensive to them. I can no more understand a man praying than I can understand him carrying a rabbit's foot to bring him luck. This lack of understanding is a cause of enmities, and I believe that they are sound ones. I dislike any man who is pious, and all such men that I know dislike me.

Nevertheless, it seems to me to be plain that atheism, properly so-called, is nonsense, and I can recall no concrete atheist who did not appear to me to be a donkey. To deny any given god is, of course, quite reasonable, but to deny *all* gods is simply folly. For if there is anything plain about the universe it is that it is governed by law, and if there is anything plain about law it is that it can never be anything but a manifestation of will. Do the stars spin

in a certain way, and no other? Then it is simply because some will ordains that they shall spin that way, as the will of a juggler ordains that the balls in air shall go in certain paths. If the will failed in the one case the stars would go thundering into one another, just as if it failed in the other case the balls would drop to the stage. Has it ever occurred to anyone that miracles may be explained, not on the ground that the gods have transiently changed their rules, but on the ground that they have gone dozing and forgotten to enforce them? If they slept for two days running the moon might shock and singe us all by taking a header into the sun. For all we know, the moon may be quite as conscious as a poet or a realtor, and extremely weary of its monotonous round. It may long, above all things, for a chance to plunge into the sun and end the farce. What keeps it on its track is simply some external will—maybe not will embodied in any imaginable being, but nevertheless will. Law without will is quite as unthinkable as steam without heat.

Curiously enough, this elementary fact is often forgotten, and even specifically denied. In the United States, for example, it is common to hear law spoken of as if it were something impersonal and abstract; we are told that we live under a government of laws, *not* of men. This, of course, is sheer absurdity. Every law, however austere and dispassionate it may look, is actually no more than an embodiment of human will, and under democracy it is usually the embodiment of some group of wills that is highly unintelligent, and even criminal. Most of our laws, indeed, simply represent proximately the will of a gang of political shysters to gain and hold office, and more remotely the will of the majority, or of a powerful minority, to inflict punishment upon some person or persons they dislike. This is obviously true of Prohibition. Reduced to its elements it is no more than a legal realization of the Methodist's hatred of the civilized man. Yet we are all asked to submit to it on the ground that it is the law, and that law is

remote, arctic and impeccable. With all due respect, blah! Law is made by human will and it is executed by human will. It has no more dignity, basically, than any other manifestation of will. If I buy a drink from a bootlegger because I thirst I am quite as respectable a human figure as the judge who fines the bootlegger because he likes the lazy life of the bench and wants to keep his job, or as the legislator who voted for Prohibition because his wife ordered him to do it, or because he feared the Anti-Saloon League would prevent his re-election if he refused.

The notion that there is anything sacred about law, indeed, is one of the worst of superstitions, and it is surely no mere coincidence that it is chiefly voiced by Prohibitionists, policemen, judges, Congressmen, vice-crusaders, newspaper editorial writers, and other such persons—in brief, by men who are chiefly notable for their lack of sense. No imaginable law deserves to be respected *ipso facto*; it deserves to be respected only if it is respectable, which is not too often. Very few laws, in fact, have sound and honorable motives behind them; nine out of ten were conceived in self-seeking and cannot be enforced without a discharge of malice by someone and against someone. That this last is true is shown by the elaborate machinery that we have had to set up to prevent their too facile execution. The citizen who yearns to belabor his neighbor with a law must first convince a policeman he has probable cause for evoking it. Then a magistrate must review the act of the policeman. Then a grand jury must scrutinize the judgment of the magistrate. Then a petit jury must be convinced unanimously that the grand jury's decision was sound. Then a judge must decide that the petit jury acted honestly. Then a governor must be convinced that the judge's sentence was reasonable. Finally, the governor must be judged by his lieges at the next election. All these complex safeguards show clearly that making and enforcing laws is a mere matter of will, and that not infrequently the will

behind them is extremely dubious. Of any ten laws now on our statute books, it is probable that an intelligent and impartial foreigner would order the repeal, if he could, of nine. Of the nine, perhaps two represent mere stupidity. But the other seven represent undisguised and deliberate malice. If you don't believe it, go to a State capitol and observe the people who are there to advocate new laws. Or go into a courtroom and observe the judge growling and snarling at his victims.

Vale.—The romance of American names is fast passing into the limbo of the forgotten: streets in American cities that once were named after American Indian tribes

and American flowers and American trees are now labeled with numerals; American drinks with their peculiarly flavorful American names have been suppressed by Prohibition; hotels, once adorned with names that suggested the old trading posts and forts and frontiers, are now named after European cafés, chateaux and golf links; drinking and eating houses, once emblazoned with names racy of the soil, are now called after Spanish and French bordellos. Wyoming Avenue has become Sixty-first Street; the Manhattan cocktail is no more; the American House has become the Bellevue or the Touraine; the Silver Dollar has become the Club de Seville. . . .

LOWELL

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

WHEN James Russell Lowell was born, in 1819, social forces of great power and importance had just been set in motion in America. The War of 1812 had given an impetus to the introduction of industrialism, and although the movement was temporarily retarded at the close of the war by British dumping, it quickly revived, and at Lowell's death in 1892 the industrial system was unquestionably the basis of our national life. Equally significant and no less far reaching was the Western expansion, aided and abetted by increased immigration, the coming of the railroads, and the spectacular discovery of gold in California. These forces, it cannot be gainsaid, shaped the whole course of the national life from 1819 to 1892. At the opening of the century the States were still colonies; at its close they had won independence.

But the only evidence we have that Lowell appreciated the significance of the industrial revolution, despite the fact that his relatives were pioneers in industry, is his publication of such grewsome things as Rebecca Harding's "Life in the Iron Mills" in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and some pettish remarks he made about the coming of the horse cars to Cambridge. Henry Adams, who was searching for an education at the time, perceived clearly the decline of the old aristocratic ideal and gave us a mordant picture of Grant's administration. But Lowell thought that Jackson was an earthen god, condoned the corruption of Grant's administration as arising from the warrior's naïveté, and was inclined to restrict his reflection on all political debauchery to the politest terms. He

originally wrote the line in "Agassiz" which reads in its present printing "The Land of Honest Abraham," thus, "The Land of Broken Promises." Ferris Greenslet, his biographer, records that he was deeply pained by the farce of Reconstruction, but the pain evidently incapacitated his power of protest. The Western movement to him meant apparently nothing at all. His provincialism was extraordinary. He wrote from Rome, "I find nothing abroad which, after being seen, would tempt me away from Elmwood again."

His whole vision of fundamentals was obscured by the more obvious and pressing problem of slavery, and it was about that question that his political opinions all revolved. From the first, however, his identification with the Abolitionist movement was that of a sympathetic adherent rather than that of an ardent fanatic; his contribution was simply his respectability. There is reason to believe that his interest, even so, was not spontaneous, but that it was aroused by his first wife, Maria White. Fredrika Bremer, who spent two weeks with the Lowells found that "her mind has more philosophical depth than his." Greenslet writes of the years after 1846: "In his letters we find from this time fewer and fewer written to his Abolitionist and Quaker friends in Philadelphia and New York, and fewer references to the Abolitionists in Boston, and it is clear that he was constantly becoming more intimate with the high Cambridge circle of Felton, Longfellow, and the other Olympians that then were. This change of circle progressed more rapidly after Maria White's death in 1853." But even so, his defection did

not prevent Lowell's judging of all political questions from the single basis of slavery. He was firmly convinced of the righteousness of Abolitionism and of the evil of slavery. The contest was to him a cosmic battle of right and wrong. His "Bigelow Papers" are not valuable as history; they are no more than propaganda for one view of the Mexican War. He wrote of it as exclusively a war for "prolonging the life of slavery." And his opposition to concrete men—for example, Caleb Cushing ("Gineral" C.)—largely arose from Cushing's active participation in the war. Of Cushing's extraordinary diligence in the public service Lowell saw and said nothing. Slavery made him see red. The Civil War was a holy war. "We believe that the strongest battalions are always on the side of God. The Southern army will be fighting for Jefferson Davis, or at most for the liberty of self-misgovernment, while we go forth for the defense of principles which alone make government august and civil society possible."

At the close of the war his reform urge lapsed, and Thomas Beer has recorded that in 1870 he "found that stories of the battle line, 'obscene and horrible,' were being told before young boys by the commonplace veterans of Cambridge." Thereafter, aside from a casual interest in the Civil Service agitation and the International Copyright Act, he became more or less indifferent to the ills of the world. In his essay on Dante he reflected that Dante "did not think the Tweeds and Fisks, the political wire-pullers and convention packers, of his day merely amusing, and he certainly did think it the duty of an upright and thoroughly trained citizen to speak out severely and unmistakably." But he seldom spoke out himself. To the end of his days he was a nominal independent in politics and officially a Republican. He could record that Cleveland was a "legitimate birth of Democracy," but as presidential elector in 1876 he voted for Hayes.

Toward the scientific movements of his time, and Darwinism in particular, he was

resolutely hostile. "I hate it," he wrote of science to Grace Norton, in 1879, "I hate it as a savage does writing, because I fear it will hurt me somehow." In Spain with his sick wife he ". . . took great comfort in the Twenty-Third Psalm. I am glad I was born long enough ago to have some superstitions left." The only scientist with whom he had any intimate acquaintance was Louis Agassiz, savant of Harvard, "spoilt child of the century" and arch opponent of Darwinism in America. Of Agassiz's illustrious confrère and "the New World's most efficient defender of Darwinism," Asa Gray, Lowell does not make mention. He said of Darwinism, "Such a mush seems to me a poor substitute for the Rock of Ages." Tradition was his master. His father was a preacher and his own writings often fall into the hieratic strain. We should not, he observed, "make ourselves independent of the inextinguishable lamps of heaven." And so he could write to Leslie Stephen in 1876, "I continue to shut my eyes resolutely in certain directions."

Rousseauism and all the "modern sentimentalism about Nature" he considered a disease. His essay on Wordsworth was painfully lacking in understanding and sympathy. He dismissed Thoreau in an extremely waspish manner as a second fiddle to Emerson, completely ignoring his concern with Nature. So effective was the blow, struck in 1871, that not until the eighteen nineties did Thoreau revive. His views on the leading force opposed to the new industrialism, Socialism, were conventional in the extreme. Its aim, he asserted was, "to cut off the very roots in personal character—self-help, fore-thought and frugality." These opinions are indistinguishable from those of thousands of lowly and forgotten Babbitts of the period. What man-in-the-street was not blinded by the slavery issue to the vastly more profound movements, the rise of industrialism and Western expansion? What rural gentleman of God could not have written the comments on Darwin? And what news-

paper reporter could not have rendered the judgment of Socialism?

II

"She is," wrote Lowell of the lady who became his first wife, "more familiar with modern poets than with the well-springs of English poesy." Unluckily, familiarity with modern poetry rated for very little in Lowell's eyes. Even his laudation of Keats was rather a laudation of the Keats who copied the Elizabethans than of the original genius. "It is not merely that he has studied the Elizabethans and caught their turn of thought, but that he really sees things with their sovereign eye, and feels them with their electrified senses." Lowell stood four-square for tradition. He studied technic in Sidney and Puttenham. His critical essays are chiefly studies of firmly established reputations, and about them, as Mrs. Browning complained, he says over again the things everyone already knows. Even the arctic Brownell is moved to remark that when Lowell argues, the conclusion is in sight when he begins, and is the usual one. Never does a line of idea cut through an essay of his; all is drowned in a plethora of mere data. These data are mainly a college professor's compilation of the minutiae of textual criticism. The Dryden essay consists of pages of meticulous verbal analysis and a deluge of quotations. It is a summary of Dryden, but certainly not a valuable one. One never quite grasps the significance of that rough hewn figure lying athwart the Seventeenth Century. Lowell was lacking in the ability to apply an idea to a figure. He could not criticize; he could only admire. "The higher criticism," he wrote, "lies in the capacity to admire." Most of his essays are essays in adulation.

Their source explains their weakness, for they are either summaries of college lectures or book reviews used as excuses for lengthy discussions of authors often read. "Read" is used advisedly, for Lowell read rather than criticized; in writing, he

simply summarized his marginal comments and observations. Mr. Scudder has said that "as a practical matter the work done for his classes in the way of direct preparation was the foundation of a good deal of his published criticism," and Mr. Greenslet is no less explicit when he says that the essays resulted from "working over and combining old college lectures." Those college lectures were the products of his marginal notes. "I suppose," he observed in 1868, "I must have read the *Divina Commedia* of Dante at least thirty times with minute attention." About the same time he expressed to R. G. White the hope shortly to have "time enough to follow up a doubtful passage in Shakespeare or a bit of dilettante philology." No man was more interested in the details of verbal criticism; no man less in ideas. He had been reading Chaucer when he wrote to a friend: "thirteen hours, for example, yesterday, collating texts and writing into margins."

To Lowell, tradition was the Christian tradition. When he traveled in Italy he found it easy to bridge the centuries to medieval times but difficult to catch the spirit of paganism. In his essay on Dante he argued that Greek art ends in aesthetic completeness and "rests solidly and complacently on the earth, and the mind rests with it." It is the element of upward striving that makes Christian art superior, and its chief glories are the Gothic cathedrals and Dante's works. Moreover, "its highest conception of beauty is not aesthetic but moral." Morals, to Lowell, were those of Boston. A curious sidelight on his niceness is found in a letter commending a diary for publication in the *Atlantic*: "So far as he [the author] is concerned, the journal might be printed verbatim, for there is not an indiscreet word, much less a breach of hospitality, from beginning to end." "No man can read," he observed, "the 'Faery Queen' and be anything but better for it." From the same general impulse came, I presume, his distaste for cynicism, the meaning of which he

interpreted loosely. He wrote, like Thackeray, of the "filthy cynicism of Swift, who delighted to uncover the nakedness of our common mother." Carlyle, he opined, lost heavily in value because of his cynicism, and Thoreau, bludgeoned on other counts as well, was found to be "more cynical as he grew older." Of the age of Dryden as compared to the earlier Seventeenth Century he made this observation, so illuminative of the biases of his mind: "That movement was, on the whole, a downward one, from faith to skepticism, from enthusiasm to cynicism, from the imagination to the understanding." One has here a key to his opposition to Darwinism, his preference for Gray, and his lukewarm attitude toward Pope.

The myopic vision of the textual critic largely springs from his lack of knowledge of history. Lowell's disrespect for history was colossal. He could set down in an essay considered his best that "one almost gets to feel as if the chief value of contemporary Italian history has been to furnish it [the Divine Comedy] with explanatory footnotes." This of an age when the new towns were completing the disruption of feudalism! But that is as nothing compared to the vapidness of his conception of historiography. "The true historical genius, to our thinking," he wrote, "is that which can see the nobler meaning of events that are near him, as the true poet is he who detects the divine in the casual, and we somewhat suspect the depth of his insight into the past, who cannot recognize the godlike in today under the disguise in which it always visits us." With literature, of course, history, to such a mind, had nothing to do, and Taine's "English Literature" would have been incomprehensible to him. Rather he inclined toward that peculiar perversion of Platonism which abstracts an author from his age and judges him *in vacuo*. A poet, he recorded, "must be judged by [his poetic qualities] absolutely, with reference, that is, to the highest standard, and not relatively to the fashions and opportunities in

which he lived." This attitude of mind is excellently illustrated by the essay on Milton, in which many pages are devoted to disparaging the diligent Masson's belief that the circumstances of the age influenced Milton's poetry and ideas. I do not think Lowell is ever more petulant than in this essay. Milton's "only importance is a literary one"; he contributed nothing in other fields. That other fields contributed something to him seems never to have been recognized. After twenty years' study Lowell was content to record: "Dante seems morally isolated and to have drawn his inspiration almost wholly from his own internal reserve. . . . He marks the era at which the modern begins . . . the founder of modern literature." How his eyes must have been glued to the text to miss the true significance of the Divine Comedy! It is not, as he peculiarly believed, the starting point of modern literature, but the summing up, the apotheosis of the medieval intellect. It grows out, and is an adequate expression of, a passing civilization. Lowell, to make such a mistake, must have neglected absolutely to examine historically the intellectual and social *milieu* of his author.

His disparagement of "understanding" has been noted. On several occasions, notably in the essays on Pope and Dryden, the Eighteenth Century is cried down because of its "scepticism," "cynicism," and "understanding." The virtues standing opposite these vices are faith, enthusiasm, and imagination. So it is obvious why Pope goes down and Gray is elevated—why Dante and Milton, being Christian, (although how differently!) moral, enthusiastic and possessed of imagination, are approved. Dryden gets a high mark from the Professor on another score; he is full of "literary," bookish qualities. Gray also gains praise for the same reason, and then, of course, he also had imagination, but just how is he to be called enthusiastic? Carlyle is disapproved because of his cynicism. Thoreau is completely underestimated, largely because of Lowell's previously men-

tioned distaste for "this modern sentimentalism about Nature." Wordsworth suffers for the same reason and for his verbal infelicities. Spenser is commended for his sound morals, and "no man contributed so much to the transformation of style and language." The essay on Shakespeare was written "not in the hope of saying anything new." The hope was not violated.

On the original title pages of the three major volumes of criticism the author is styled James Russell Lowell, professor of *Belles Lettres* at Harvard College. Nowhere does an idea emerge from the welter of detailed fact, nowhere does keenness of insight emerge from commonplace of observation, nowhere does the professor cease to summarize his lectures and the critic get to work.

III

When Whittier received a copy of "Leaves of Grass" he burned it in his fireplace because it was a vile book. Lowell growled in the offices of the *Century*, "It is not poetry at all." But earlier a Sappho of the period seduced him into writing, "M. W. lent me a 'sweet' book . . . 'Philothea' by Mrs. Child. If you ever come across it read it. It is, as Mr. Emerson called it, a *divine* book." Mr. Emerson fell hard, and Edgar Allan Poe was on the same sidewalk. Mrs. Maria Child must have been amazingly charming to conquer both Emerson and Poe! Later on Lowell wrote of "tenderly loving Maria Child, the author of that dear book, 'Philothea,' a woman of genius." But it was not all as bad as that. Lowell was simply not comfortable when writing of his contemporaries. History had not spoken, and he might make a mistake. "What a sense of security in an old book which time has criticized for us! What a precious feeling of seclusion in having a double wall of centuries between us and the heat and clamor of contemporary literature!" His recorded comments on contemporaries, setting aside the "Fable for Critics," are chiefly praises of members of

the Saturday Club written for the *Atlantic*.

When he went to Philadelphia to work on the *Pennsylvania Freeman* he came into contact with a fellow Bostonian, Edgar Allan Poe. For *Graham's Magazine* he wrote a paper at the request of the editor and said: "Mr. Poe is at once the most discriminating philosophical and fearless critic upon imaginative works who has written in America. It may be that we should qualify our remarks a little, and say that he might be, rather than that he always is, for he sometimes seems to mistake his phial of prussic acid for his inkstand." But Poe soon put his foot into it. Lowell was offended by the "grossness and vulgarity" of the attack on Longfellow, and particularly by the scurrilous reference to a supposed Mrs. Longfellow. And, to cap the climax, when Lowell went to call on him, Poe was in his cups! "Poe, I am afraid," he wrote sadly, "is wholly lacking in that element of manhood which, for want of a better name, we call character."

Another bizarre figure of whom he ran afoul was Margaret Fuller. So bitter was his feeling in this case that he considered leaving her out of the "Fable." "I shall revenge myself amply by writing better. She is a very foolish, conceited woman, who has got together a great deal of information, but not the knowledge to save her from being ill-tempered." Certainly La Fuller had given Lowell a sad blow when she wrote, "His interest in the moral questions of the day has supported the want of vitality in himself; his facility at versification has enabled him to fill the ear with a copious stream of pleasant sound. But his verse is stereotyped, his thoughts sound no depth, and posterity will not remember him." William Cullen Bryant, the "smooth, silent, iceberg," had reviewed a book of Lowell's and commended but one poem, "Morning Glory," and that was an unsigned contribution by Mrs. Lowell! To add insult to injury Bryant hinted that Lowell's "To the Past" was suggested by a poem of his own with the same title. *Ergo*, Lowell wrote of him in

his "Fable" with great animus, and he confessed in 1855, "I am quite sensible now that I did not do Mr. Bryant justice."

With the members of the Saturday Club, however, he had no collisions. Thoreau attended one meeting and thereafter stayed away in disgust. Hawthorne was "The rarest creative imagination of the century, the rarest in some ideal respects since Shakespeare." One day in January, 1859, he wrote for the *Atlantic* that Longfellow was "a man of true poetic genius," and then went around and spent the evening with him discussing Dante. Of "Evangeline" he set down his opinion that "though encumbered with too many irrelevancies, it is full of beauty, pathos and melody." But to offset that reservation he burst out: "We doubt if, since Chaucer, we have had an example of more purely objective narrative than 'The Courtship of Miles Standish'." Such was the quality of his logrolling!

By some curious quirk of his mind he was convinced that George Eliot, Tennyson and Browning were Jews. Moncure Conway, who was enthusiastic, found that he "showed no interest in Browning." He sneered at Byron in the Dante essay. Swinburne was annihilated because he crossed one of Lowell's prejudices, against moderns writing on pagan mythological subjects, an outgrowth, no doubt, of his distaste for the earthiness of Greek art. He saw in Dickens and Thackeray no essential difference. "Wuthering Heights" was a look at Nature "through a crooked pane of glass." He "rather liked" Trollope as a personality, but was somewhat repelled by his mode of composition, which he had elucidated to Lowell at a dinner. Carlyle had that distasteful cynicism and needed idealism to "train him to the habit of seeing the harmony rather than the discord and contradiction of things." The Continental writers fared worse. "He [hated]," wrote Greenslet, "all the works of the Continental realistic and naturalistic schools with a bitter and communicative hatred."

When Lowell came to the editorship of

the *Atlantic* the short story was not yet recognized in New England, but from the first he put it in, usually three in each number. These primeval fictions are all characterized by a Dickensian realism and strong doses of moralizing. Rebecca Harding's "Life in the Iron Mills" is more solid than the bulk of the work of her notorious son, Richard Harding Davis, and if Mrs. Stowe's "Mourning Veil" is rather disgustingly Sunday-school-like, Rose Terry's "Too Late" is a discerning and valuable analysis of New England character. But all are deficient in technic. Poe's review of Hawthorne was quite forgotten in those days and not until the time of H. C. Bunner did the mechanics of the short story reassume importance. The diligent Professor Pattee has summed it up well: "During the critical decade after 1857 he [Lowell] did more than any other person to raise the new short story form to a place of dignity and to give it reality and substance."

In his old age Lowell helped Aldrich and Howells on their way. But it was Howells the poet steeped in Goldsmith, Irving and Cervantes, with a dash of Heine, that he chiefly blessed, not the novelist. And Howells came with bowed head into the presence of a god. Dear Mr. Aldrich could offend no one—his confections were therefore praised. Grudgingly and with reservations Lowell linked Mark Twain with Aristophanes. But he thought Bret Harte should stay in California because his chief value was in his local color.

IV

Speaking of the Romans Lowell wrote, "Our art, our literature, are, as theirs, in some sort exotics." This notion that his business was exotic and not indigenous often recurred. Of his major essays but two are concerned with Americans, Thoreau and Emerson, and the former is crushingly unfavorable. His constant reading of old French and Spanish, his erudition in medieval romance, all indicate his absorption in extra-American culture. "Our litera-

ture," he said on November 28, 1887, "is a part of English literature and must always continue to be so." Curiously enough, he became acquainted with the early literatures of France and Spain before acquiring any knowledge of the contemporary languages. When he went to Spain as ambassador he could not conduct a commonplace conversation, and to Leslie Stephen he sighed, "I am become a pretty thorough master of it [old French], and wish I knew the modern lingo half as well." When all was said and done, he recorded in 1889, "I cannot see exactly what good it has done me or anybody else."

But at least he earned the approval of the Saturday Club, and he valued that immensely; Greenslet, indeed, sets it down that "he cared more for what the club might think of any piece of his writing than for any other criticism or popularity." In the club was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, author of the "Psalm of Life" and the Lowellian ideal, for he achieved what

Lowell chiefly desired: "I would rather be a fireside friend and the Galeotto of household love than anything else." And it was this incredible group that gave the amusing farewell dinner when Lowell left for Spain, the group that inspired the pathetic observation, made to T. B. Aldrich, "It is better to be a good fellow than a good poet." Lowell tried to get Aldrich a job at Harvard, but instead he took the editorship of *Every Saturday*, of which the caustic *Nation* said that it printed "a kind of literature which is produced apparently for the perusal only of the class which writes it, which is to say, the young ladies." For this valiant service Aldrich was later promoted to the *Atlantic*.

So Lowell came to his end, "old and gray and full of sleep." As he died a new, swift and vivid career was under way. Stephen Crane wrote: "One need respect nothing in art except one's opinion of it." Professor Lowell would not have understood that.

THE SOUTH TAKES THE OFFENSIVE

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

THE MURDERER revisits the scene of his crime. On no other hypothesis can one account for the morbid interest which, for fifty years and more, Northern publicists have exhibited in the South. From the Hon. Albion W. Tourgée, author of "A Fool's Errand" and—with collaborators—of the financial insolvency in which North Carolina lay for forty years, down to Frank Tannenbaum, who did, indeed, leave the spoons untouched, they have come for two generations, not single spies but in battalions. With Christian joy they have prowled among the ruins of Louvains which stand as memorials to an earlier von Kluck named Sherman. With vast perseverance they have baled out every cesspool they could find south of the Potomac. Every discreditable thing that the South has ever done, or said, or thought has been made the subject of detailed reports in the public prints.

The business of a critic, of course, is to criticize and the Northern critic who finds himself in the South naturally criticizes what comes under his observation. Were Northern criticism of the South confined to those who have been trained to the business and know what they are about, that would be a phenomenon strictly in the course of nature, not to be enjoyed, perhaps, but to be endured philosophically, as one endures hot weather in July or the insolence of Jamaica Negroes in New York. But it has gone far beyond that. It is not confined to professional writers. It is not confined even to professional uplifters, including the infinitely repulsive females who move Northern audiences to tears by accounts of their labors in the

South, where their meddling makes life a burden to honest mountain moonshiners, or insures to young Negroes who would otherwise spend their lives as humble toilers in the cotton-fields a dignified and impressive end, quietly seated in the electric chair. Go to Asheville, or to Pinehurst, or to one of the Florida resorts which Northern squatters have converted into cities as typically Southern as Bangor, Maine, and listen to the comments on the wretchedness of the South. Travel every day for a month on one of the through trains between New York and New Orleans, and twenty-nine times one will be regaled in the Pullman smoker with a detailed account of all the errors, beginning with Secession, that the South has ever committed. Now and then, of course, one encounters a man of the North so sensible and so polite that were it not for his accent he would be indistinguishable from a Southerner. But he is a rare exception. The hordes of Yankeedom plainly regard themselves, not only as thoroughly competent critics, but in some measure as missionaries told off to preach the gospel violently in a heathen land.

This is remarkable. When the messianic delusion infects an entire population, causing it to spend fifty years, and incalculable tons of paper and ink, not to mention spoken words, in discussion of a section that but rarely pays the slightest attention to its critics, the thing is surely traceable to some definite cause. That cause I believe to have been stated in the opening words of this paper: the murderer revisits the scene of his crime.

To be sure, the South has not been

murdered outright, but her survival is not due to any lack of homicidal intent on the part of her assailants. After she had been beaten and severely wounded on the field of battle, the gentle order of political Assassins was loosed upon the terrain whence the Northern hordes had withdrawn; and it was the work of their poisoned knives, not that of the sword of Grant, that kept the South financially and politically bed-ridden for half a century. It was murder in intent, if not in effect, and the volubility of the Yankee on the subject of the sloth, the wickedness, the general depravity of the South is simply the ordinary reaction of the second-rate criminal too feeble of soul to face the consequences of his own iniquity, which he must justify to himself by endless abuse of his victim. The murderer, in spirit, revisits the scene of his crime.

There is, of course, an apparent objection to the theory, namely, that that is precisely what the murderer, if he is sane, does not do. The objection, however, is only apparent, for the condition is not met. Yankeedom is lunatic, has been so for years, and appears to be growing wilder every hour. Dismiss its attitude toward the South entirely. Conduct the clinic along other lines. Examine its politics, religion, business, sport, manners and customs, social intercourse, speech, deportment in public. The stigmata of insanity are numerous, conspicuous and unmistakable.

II

Since we are now feeling the first tremors of that quadrennial epilepsy known as a campaign year, consideration of the subject in detail may as well begin with Northern politics. When the Southerner reflects upon the number of evidences of defective mentality that each succeeding Presidential campaign exhibits to a startled world, he ceases to regret, and even finds comfort in, the political *déclassement* of his native section. Since she was so misguided

as to take the Constitution of the United States seriously in the sixties of the last century, even to the point of drawing the sword in its defense, the South has been rigidly debarred from effective participation in the conduct of the affairs of this Union except for a very brief period. *Passim* it is to be noted that during the year and a half that she did enjoy undisturbed control, in spite of sixty years' disuse of her powers, she ran this government with a vigor, intelligence and skill unprecedented in its history for two generations. But her fatal propensity for going to war involved her in a second row almost as disastrous in its political effects as the first. Now she is back in her old position, her vote already counted; and able therefore to observe dispassionately the cavortings of the North in its efforts to unearth two nonentities sufficiently free of the glimmerings of an idea to act as heads of the two tickets.

Now, politics in a democracy is not an edifying spectacle in any of its manifestations, but in the South it has some intelligibility, some traceable relation between cause and effect. The South elects a candidate to achieve certain results, and as a general thing they are achieved. The desirability of the end aimed at has nothing whatever to do with the reasonableness of the process. The election of Blease as governor of South Carolina, for example, was deplorable from the standpoint of literate Southerners; but there was reason in the process by which he arrived at the chief magistracy. The rapscaillon element simply rose up and demanded the right to rule, and it had the votes to back the demand. Furthermore, it got what it demanded. Did Blease, immediately after his election, turn to the silk-stockings and repudiate his platform pledges to the wool-hat boys? Not a bit of it. He stuck to his crowd; he released such of their friends and brethren as were in the penitentiary—many hundreds of them; he whooped for the lynching-parties; he gave South Carolina precisely the sort of government he

had promised to give it, as an honest man should.

Is it remotely possible that a candidate with a program as plain, as candid, and as sincere as that of Blease would be regarded with favor by either of the two great national conventions, both dominated by Northerners? It is not. The qualifications of an ideal candidate for President, in Northern eyes, have nothing to do with lucidity, candor, or sincerity. On the contrary, political leaders would be more apt to regard them as hopeless disabilities. The ideal candidate would be absolutely devoid of them. This ideal candidate would be instantly nominated if he could be found. Fortunately, he does not exist. The fallibility of humanity renders impossible the production of so perfect a fraud. But he can be imagined better, perhaps, by a Southerner than by a Northerner, since the Southerner has no hand in prescribing his specifications. The Southerner's vote, I repeat, is already counted. If he is white, he is a Democrat by predestination; if he is black, he is a non-voter by request. In either case, his ideas are of no moment.

The business is thus determined by purely Northern standards, and the ideal candidate becomes a man able to make the New England manufacturer believe that his election will mean the issuance of letters of marque to all New England manufacturers to practice on the public the utmost piracy that their villainy can conceive; able to make the Northern labor leader believe that his election will mean unlimited license to walking delegates to black-jack employers and public and to strip them to their most intimate lingerie; and at the same time able to make the embattled Bedlamites of the wheat belt believe that his election will mean that Magnus Johnson would be turned loose in the United States Treasury with shovel and pitchfork, to the end that no corn-fed peasant of the Middle West need ever do honest labor again. In short, the Northern idea of a fit person to grace the office once held by Lincoln, Taft and Chester

A. Arthur, is simply that of a colossal liar.

The South submits that that is an insane notion.

III

From time to time a Northern critic rises to speak slightly of Southern theological teachings. Many of them have gone so far as to cite the noticeable smell of sulphur that permeates religious practice below the Potomac as evidence of a certain irrationality in Dixie—"the Baptist and Methodist barbarism that reigns down there." It is, of course, no uncommon thing for a victim of hallucinations to insist that he is the only sane man in a raving world, so this peculiar attitude should, perhaps, excite no surprise; nevertheless, Southerners have not yet become so philosophical as to feel no shock at having cited as an eccentricity the most conclusive proof of the clearness of their thinking and the logic of their practice. If the South believes in hell, hanging and calomel, it is because all three have justified her faith by their works. Could there be a sounder or more rational basis of faith?

Souls not necessarily distraught but merely oversensitive revolt at the practice of Southern divines, particularly those of the more uproarious cults, in reclaiming the errant brother by dangling him over the fuming mouth of the Bottomless Pit and threatening to drop him in unless he "comes through." But sensitive souls revolt at vivisection, and at the execution of murderers, and at everything else that is unpleasant, no matter how necessary. Their revolt proves no more than that the Southern process of reclamation is somewhat ruthless. It is no indication whatever that it is illogical.

As a matter of fact, if the Southern assumption is right and Jonathan Edwards was correct in his belief that Sin involves moral turpitude on the part of the sinner, the logic of the brimstone treatment becomes inexorable. But it can be defended even if one accepts the contention of the

modernists that Sin is a disease of the soul, a parasitic infection contracted from a morally insanitary environment. Where is there a better vermicide and disinfectant than the fumes of burning sulphur?

The proof of the pudding, in this case, is in the effect of religious exhortation and admonition on the masses of mankind in the two sections. Superior men may not be much impressed, North or South, but are they *ever* impressed by rites and ceremonials, religious or other? Superior men's premises do not require the attentions of the board of health, either, but that is no argument for the dismissal of sanitary inspectors. The man who will deny that religious admonition is the most powerful influence for public decency in the South simply does not know the South. Has it any perceptible influence in the North? Southerners venture to doubt it; and they ascribe that failure to the fact that Northern religious leaders have lost their understanding of their mission. They have gone in for thurification, whereas they should have stuck, like their Southern brethren, to fumigation.

They are a little mad.

IV

When one begins to consider the matter even cursorily proofs of the mental incompetence of the North crowd to the mind in bewildering profusion. The appalling phase of the situation is the fact that certain forms of Northern aberration are infectious. The South, cut off from contact with the rest of the world by vast distances, is in the position of an ancient lady living in a remote farmhouse with a maniac sister. It would be miraculous if her own mind were not affected slightly, and it is. The South is distinctly off her balance in some respects.

For instance, the imbecile Northern idea that baseball, as the industry is operated in the United States, is a sport, has permeated the South so thoroughly that scarcely a hamlet large enough to dispense with a mail-crane fails to present the lamentable

spectacle of grave citizens spending long summer afternoons watching eighteen manual laborers at their toil, and paying for the privilege of watching. This is surprising to an intelligent man, but when he realizes that the citizens aforesaid are under the delusion that they are indulging in sport it becomes staggering.

The Bokification of America in respect to domestic architecture is another pernicious influence that has spread from the North to the South. The South half a century ago had developed the only American architects who built with an eye single to making their houses beautifully comfortable, and without the slightest desire to make them conform to the architectural standards of Wops, Greasers, Bohunks, Frogs or Squareheads. Then the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which, naturally, had found no reference to the South in its naturalization papers and therefore was unaware of its existence, proclaimed the dictatorship of the proletariat in the architectural world, and broad verandas, great windows, and high ceilings, exigently demanded by the Southern climate, were swept into the limbo of forgotten things. Mount Vernon and Monticello were despised and rejected of men, and the prosperous residential sections of Southern cities broke out in a loathsome rash of imitation Dutch, Spanish and Italian atrocities as perfectly adapted to the landscape and to the climate as an igloo in the heart of Senegal.

For the most part, however, this influence is confined to Southern cities. The bulk of the South, the countryside, is not much affected, but the great towns have gone over, lock, stock and barrel, to the invaders. In the rural South the arts may be derided, and learning held in low esteem, but at any rate a man is not measured by his bank account. The Southern rustic is sometimes held in villein socage by a man's reputation for carrying a wallop in either fist, or for having a nervous trigger-finger, or even for being on a footing of intimate familiarity

with either God or Satan; but he is impressed faintly, or not at all, by a man's possession of a million dollars. The rural South has its zoölatry, but, like that of all uncontaminated peoples, it is explicable, if not reasonable. After all, the strength of the bull, the ferocity of the wild-cat, the cunning of the serpent, are worshipful attributes. One must go to such places as Atlanta or Birmingham to find as the dominant cult that inexplicable and reasonless new religion of the North, the apotheosis of the hog. But there one finds it developed to a degree of refinement hardly surpassed in Lowell, or Detroit, or Omaha, or even in San Francisco. There are cotton-mill sweaters who have learned and applied most of the devildoms practiced on their serfs by the cotton-mill sweaters of Massachusetts, just as their great-grandfathers learned and applied most of the atrocities invented for the benefit of Negroes by New England blackbirders, before the blackbirders begat Abolitionists and were gathered to Abraham's bosom. There are municipal politicians who have learned all that Tammany ever had to teach regarding public office as a private graft. There are statesmen who have sat at the feet of trans-Mississippi Gamaliels, and from their mouths, those great open spaces of the West, where men are wind, have heard as zealous disciples the proclamation of the political gospel of vacuity and fatuity. There are luncheon clubs of business men, tireless as any in the North when it comes to praising their own spirit of tolerance and equity, and equally with those of the North of the type that attained its dizziest height of fairness and liberality when Pontius Pilate washed his hands.

There are even—God save the mark!—city-bred men, born in the South, who carry their Yankee-mimicry to the point of altering, with prodigious and painful labor, their native speech into the frenzied goose-cackling of the North with its tormented r's, its whanging g's, the general cacophony of its consonants and the

horrible mutilation of its vowels. They would actually change the soft and mellow English of the South, still faintly reminiscent of the stateliness and dignity of the Elizabethan age, into the current speech of the North, aptly described by an Elizabethan poet's line: "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Fortunately, the South is still predominantly rural, so the Yankeeification of its large cities has not deeply affected its life. In fact, even in the Southern townsman there seems to be still a flicker of the spirit of the old South. In one respect he has stoutly refused to yield to the insanity that otherwise has overwhelmed him almost entirely. As a rule, he refuses, with finality and strong language, to eat jelly with his meat.

V

But there is one respect in which the tables were turned, in which the lunatic was affected by her keeper, with results practically as terrific as when the mimicry went the other way. The North imitated the South in the adoption of Prohibition.

Yet here is perhaps the clearest proof of that lack of sanity characteristic of life north of the Potomac. The North, dragged by Anti-Saloon League agents, cowering at every crack of the moralistic lash, apparently never thought of making intelligent inquiry into the real reason for the success of Prohibition in the South. Doubtless any such inquiry was beyond its intellectual powers in any case. Victimized by its own megalomania, it could hardly have been expected to realize that there existed a section superior to it in character and courage and therefore animated by different motives. Frightened out of its wits by professional reformers, and conceiving itself as the boldest of the bold, how could it imagine that in the South fear of those reformers played only a trifling part in the affair?

As a matter of fact, it was not the Anti-Saloon League that made Prohibition in-

evitable in the South, but the madness of the North. In its moment of wildest frenzy the North had written into the supreme law of the land that the Negro is only a sun-burnt white man, and must be treated accordingly. This lunatic provision the South had to accept to humor the maniac, who was then armed to the teeth and in a homicidal frenzy; but of course without the slightest illusion as to the hopelessness of attempting to make it true. Ever since, she has quietly ignored the provision where it might have come into jarring collision with reality; but there are times and occasions when it cannot be ignored, and then the South patiently accepts the handicap and does the best she can under it.

One of those occasions arose when the South could no longer evade the issue presented by the combination of the United States citizen of African descent and the stuff that Northern manufacturers were selling him under the name of gin. The sensible and right thing to do would have been to recognize the Negro's status as similar to that of the Indian, that is, the status of a ward of the nation, incapable of withstanding the blandishments of the rascals in the liquor trade and therefore to be protected against them by appropriate legislation. The Negro would have benefited in health and morals, the South would have benefited by the removal of a menace fifty per cent worse than a Moro *juramenta-do*, and the North would have benefited by having immense numbers of its liquor dealers hanged in lawful and orderly fashion.

But that was impossible. In dealing with the Negro the Southerner is

a discontented gentleman

Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit

and he must e'en do the best he can with what facilities the mad gods of the North provide. One thing was certain, namely, that the Negro and gin must be divorced permanently and effectively or life in the South, especially in the poorly policed rural sections, would become a nightmare

fecund of unimaginable horrors. Prohibition was the only recourse. Prohibition, accordingly, was adopted. The South went dry because the North had first gone crazy.

It is to be feared that after the policy had been forced upon them some Southerners took a malicious delight in fomenting strife in the North over the liquor question. It is certain that some Southerners in Congress voted for submission of the Eighteenth Amendment with grim satisfaction, realizing that as boot-legging was already firmly established in the South they would suffer little personal inconvenience. Such a revengeful spirit is to be deprecated, but it is entirely natural.

VI

There is one manifestation of Northern civilization that the South finds hard to forgive, even on the excuse of unbalanced mentality, and that is the North's abominable treatment of the Negro. We have our own methods of handling the Negro and they are sometimes rather too summary; but we at least admit that he is a human being, and the cold ferocity with which the North oppresses, tortures, and not infrequently butchers him sickens the South. We know the Negro. We are honestly fond of him. We know that as a race he is incapable of exercising wisely all the functions of citizenship, but we also know that under firm, but just, control he makes an honest, peaceable and efficient workman; and to see him hounded like a dangerous beast and slaughtered for no other crime than being a Negro infuriates us.

It is not to be claimed for a moment that the South is guiltless of occasionally subjugating reason to passion in dealing with the Negro. On the contrary, Arkansas courts recently treated a group of Negroes almost as abominably as Northern courts treated Eugene Debs. To be sure, the Negroes were suspected of having committed murder, whereas no suspicion of

that sort ever attached to Debs; but the Arkansas case is indefensible, nevertheless. It is also true that in the course of the year 1922 the South lynched almost as many Negroes as the number of non-union workmen that the Herrin miners lynched in one day. But the Negroes were all suspected on strong evidence of having committed infamous crimes, and without doubt some of them were guilty; whereas no single victim at Herrin was even accused of anything except of trying to earn an honest living by his honest trade. There have been outbreaks of mob violence in Southern cities in which perfectly innocent Negroes perished; but every such outbreak was provoked by Negroes who were not innocent, and it never occurred to the wildest of the Southern mobs to butcher Negroes as they were butchered at East St. Louis, simply in order that white men might have their jobs. None but an imbecile would deny that the South inflicts wrongs upon the Negro. But the point is that the wrongs that the South inflicts invariably have some reason, if a flimsy one, while the similar wrongs that the North inflicts have all the appearance of outbreaks of homicidal mania provoked by nothing but the sight of a black skin.

The stigmata of sanity and insanity likewise mark the treatment of the Negro in the two sections in the matter of his civil rights. The South assumes that if the Negro is protected in such rights as are essential bases of his continued existence and prosperity, he can easily sustain the loss of certain privileges of which it is necessary to deprive him. The North assumes that if he is permitted to enjoy those privileges, he can sustain the loss of the basic right to earn a livelihood in free competition with white labor. The comparative rationality of the two theories needs no comment.

The Southerner will not permit the Negro to sit beside him in a theatre or a public conveyance, but that refusal is based, not on any theory of racial superiority, but on two extremely practical considerations—

his own protection and the Negro's. When a Southerner pays money for a railway or theatre ticket, he expects to enjoy his journey or the play in a reasonable degree of security and comfort. If a Negro occupies the adjoining seat, he is assured of neither. The reason is that most white Southerners have attained a standard of civilization at which a bath is a matter of routine of reasonably frequent occurrence, and most Negroes have not. That statement can be verified to his entire satisfaction by any Northerner who will, about thirty minutes after the curtain has gone up, thrust an inquisitive nose into the restricted section of a Southern theatre colloquially known as "nigger heaven." So much for comfort. As for security, well, there exist in the South, as in the North, certain elements of the population that can never be trusted to attain their ends by due process of law. When such a precipitate citizen's olfactory organs are assailed by the aroma of a Negro far gone he is practically certain to register his objections in a manner not consonant with the peace and dignity of the State. This was brought home forcibly to the South in the latter part of the last century, when the Negroes began to travel in considerable numbers, and coincidentally the railway rights of way began to be littered with erstwhile Negro passengers in bad order from being cast through the windows of moving trains by stifling and nauseated whites. There followed the enactment of Jim Crow laws, and since whites and Negroes have traveled in comfort and security and the railway companies have saved vast sums formerly expended in replacing shattered window panes.

But the Northerner objects that while all that may apply to the common laborer, what about the exceptional Negro, educated, civilized, and as clean as any white? Should not the rule be relaxed in his favor? In theory, yes. But we are facing a condition, not a theory. In practice how shall we distinguish him—by smelling him? In that case, every Negro ticket-holder

would have to be smelled, and what the Order of Railway Conductors would say, were any such duty imposed upon its members, I shudder to think. Furthermore, the South has the knowledge, born of bitter experience, that if it permits one educated, cleanly, and entirely inoffensive Negro to enjoy facilities provided for whites, a horde of the other kind will demand the same privilege with an insistence that will yield to nothing but shotguns. Why precipitate rioting and bloodshed upon an entire community simply for the convenience of an individual?

The North is not devoid of the maniac's cunning. It made the Negro a full-fledged citizen of the United States before he had been prepared for such citizenship but it had a good enough idea of what sort of citizen he would make to take care to keep him in the South, until circumstances forced it to permit him to cross the Potomac in numbers. When the war cut off European immigration altogether, and the post-war policy of restriction held the old flood to a trickle, scarcity of manual labor induced the North to begin offering work at high wages to Negroes at the very moment when the arrival of the boll-weevil was making existence unprecedentedly difficult for him in the South.

This, however, is purely a concession wrung from the North by its own necessities, and is in no way indicative of a change of heart toward the Negro. Indeed, as early as last September the inevitable reaction was beginning to be felt. The mayor of a Pennsylvania town had felt impelled to solve the Negro problem in his own community by ordering the newcomers out, and rumblings were being heard in other cities, notably Chicago, where the Negroes had congregated in masses. Yet at that time only a small proportion, probably between five and ten per cent. of the total Negro population of the South, had risen to the lure. From the beginning the South has known with absolute certainty what the movement portended—rioting in the streets of Northern

cities, probably marked by frightful massacres of Negroes, followed by a stampede of the luckless blacks back to the section where they are treated with rigor, but with reason.

It could not well be otherwise, for on the negro question the North is insane.

VII

But the perfect evidence, clear, cogent and convincing, the final irrefutable proof that the North is mad, is its gait. The philosopher who could (metaphorically—only Civic Virtue can actually) stand in City Hall Park, New York, when the offices close and believe that the beings who pass him are guided by reason must be mad himself. The horrid scenes that are enacted daily in the subway stations I do not choose to review, even in imagination.

Certainly there are times and occasions when running is no indication of a mental defect, but rather the reverse. The imperious demand of Nature for exercise of his muscles accounts for the running of a child. The running of a man after a football, or along a cinder track is, I am assured by psychiatrists, susceptible of explanation on other grounds than the obvious one of insanity. There is ample reason for a man to run when his house is afire, or his train is due, or an irate householder is after him with a lethal weapon. But when men continually run not for exercise, nor for sport, nor to catch a train, nor to avoid peril or humiliation, nor for any other ascertainable reason except that all their neighbors are accustomed to run, how is one to avoid the conviction that such men are a little insane?

As if to render this melancholy conclusion entirely inescapable, the Northerner generally ascribes as a reason for his grotesque and fatuous haste the necessities of business; and his business usually turns out to be some picayune and inconsequential affair which, as often as not, had as well been left undone.

The extent to which this aberration has

affected the Northern mind is mournfully apparent in the conduct of those Northerners who come South. Even after they are removed from the pernicious influence of the daft mob, and brought into an atmosphere of calmness and sanity, it requires some time to cure them of the obsession that they must tear through the streets at maniac speed in order to maintain their status as respectable business men. Even more striking is the fact that Southerners who have lived for years in the North become infected, and when they revisit their native places exhibit, unless restrained, a tendency to run like fools.

Now the very word "deliberation" expresses two ideas that are essentially indivisible—sanity and leisureliness. Idiotic Yankees are continually pointing out to the South that it is slow. So it is, and, *D. v.*, slower it will become as the rest of the nation speeds up. *Somebody* must keep his head, if the rest of the world is not to be forced to combine to put these United States under the restraints of gags and strait-jackets; and how is the South to fulfill its great mission as the saving remnant of sanity in a nation threatened mentally with total eclipse unless it continues deliberate in order to deliberate?

We take no particular pride in the South in our lack of haste. We take no particular pride in the fact that when it rains we are accustomed to get under cover. But were a visitor to gibe because we showed sense enough to come in out of the wet we should regard him with the same mild surprise that we exhibit toward those Yankees who

betray scorn when they refer to the South as slow. To jeer at what are the most obvious dictates of common sense is not the best evidence of one's own rationality.

VIII

But why pursue the distressing inquiry further? After all, no one is compelled by statute to live in the North. There are below the Potomac vast areas only partially occupied—for instance, Georgia. As I write, the evening paper lies before me. It carries a front page story announcing that since the Georgia Legislature has forbidden use of the lash in state convict camps, the scrupulously law-abiding, but ingenious, convict guards in Georgia have substituted for whipping the method of hanging obstreperous convicts by their thumbs for hours. The same newspaper tells the fascinating story of Mr. Farrington, a citizen of my own North Carolina town, who, when he was twenty-three, had measles which "settled in his throat and left him with a hoarseness. 'Let your beard grow long to protect your throat,' the doctor advised the convalescent and for forty years now Mr. Harrington has been obeying orders. His beard is all hair and a yard long, coming below his waist."

A tractable people, a people amenable to reason, ready to listen to and to be guided by competent authority. What more conclusive proof of the fundamental rationality of a race could be offered than evidence that it practices sadism only in strict conformity with the law and sinks into imbecility only on medical advice?

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Mathematics

MATHEMATICS IN THE UNITED STATES TODAY

By R. D. CARMICHAEL

THE body of new mathematical truth made known in the last fifty years is greater in bulk than all that had been discovered before. Every year witnesses the appearance of thousands of new propositions and theorems, and from time to time whole new branches of the science are developed. "Mathematics has a large household and there are always rumors of prospective additions, despite her age and her supposed austerity." Writing at the end of 1915, Professor G. A. Miller, of the University of Illinois, said:

While it is very difficult to measure mathematical values and while quantity is one of the least reliable standards of measurement, yet it is interesting to note that as regards the amount of mathematical literature it would be very conservative to state that the first decade and a half of the present century produced at least one fifth as much as all the preceding centuries combined. Hence it appears likely that the Twentieth Century will produce, as the Nineteenth Century has done, much more new mathematical literature than the total existing at its beginning.

Mathematical history has been divided into three periods. To the first belong those discoveries which preceded the founding of the chief universities of central and western Europe in the Thirteenth Century. The second period extends to about the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. The third was brought in by the establishment of the earliest mathematical periodicals. Since then the rate of growth of the science has been closely correlated with the number of these periodicals. At the present time more than two thousand original articles are published annually. Some of them are short notes making only slight additions to

knowledge; others are extensive memoirs requiring months and sometimes years for their preparation and demanding weeks of study on the part even of a trained mathematician to understand them fully.

The marked permanence of mathematical truth gives peculiar importance to its rate of development. "Mathematics is the only one of the sciences to possess a considerable body of perfect and inspiring results which were proved two thousand years ago by the same thought processes as are used today." Some other sciences grow new branches to replace those which have to be removed, but mathematical truth is permanent and endures without diminution or change. Mathematics and poetry lie, if not on, then at least not far from the extremes, the one of systematic, the other of unsystematic thought, and thus are about as far removed as possible from each other; nevertheless, in the matter of permanence, they have a remarkable common property. No other departments of thought have acquired extensive bodies of truth which have retained their values essentially unimpaired for two thousand years, not in a stagnant state, but in one of vitality and effectiveness. Greek geometry and Greek tragedy, surviving through the ages, retain the power to excite our admiration and increase our happiness today. Literature has a great advantage in the breadth of its appeal; but it is restricted by the barrier of language, as every one realizes who reads a translation. With mathematics this is not so. It is not bound to the language in which it was first expressed. It may be set forth in any cultivated language without loss of beauty or power. Thus it has a universality which is not possessed by any other art or science.

There are two senses in which a living science may be said to exist: in one its existence is objective, in the body of its literature; in the other it is subjective, in the minds of its devotees. The first existence is like that of a stone or a mountain; the second is like that of a living organism, delicate in structure and highly susceptible to its environment. Both existences are necessary to progress. A science will not keep growing if it exists only in printed records, nor will it be enough to add to this the uncertain vitality which it achieves in the minds of experts; it must also have a sure place in the thought of cultivated people in general. The primary business of the research worker, perhaps, is to afford his specialty its objective existence in the body of scientific literature, but he is also under obligation to see that it takes root in human thought and human life.

Modern mathematics, unluckily, is still the heritage of only a select few. It is notorious that the great body of educated folk are unashamedly ignorant of it; in fact, one sometimes fears that they take a strange sort of pride in their ignorance. The fault must be laid at the door of those whose function it is to instruct them. With all the teaching of mathematics in American schools and colleges it has not taken firm root in the minds of cultivated laymen. Even the experts in other fields in the universities often have no conception of what their mathematical colleagues are doing. We mathematicians teach too much the mechanical aspect of mathematical reckoning and emphasize too little the great basic and fundamental notions which give to the science its vitality. It does not live as it should.

Xenophon tells us that Socrates urged "that the study of geometry should be pursued until the student was competent to measure a parcel of land accurately in case he wanted to take over, convey or divide it, or to compute the yield," but that he was opposed to "carrying the study of geometry so far as to include the more complicated figures, on the ground that he

could not see the use of them." In his diary Pepys tells us how it was necessary for him to study mathematics in order to perform his duties as chief of the secretariat and a member of the administering body of the British navy; in his entry of July 4, 1662, he says that he has employed a Mr. Cooper as his tutor, his "first attempt being to learn the multiplication table." In 1700 a graduate of Harvard College might be an utter stranger to all algebra; today we give it in the first year of the high school. In two centuries there has thus been a great increase in the amount of pure mathematics commonly taught and used. As the body of truth known to the mathematician has increased the general level of mathematical knowledge and interest has risen. But it is still true that much remains to be accomplished before an adequate sense of the nature of mathematical thinking will be widely diffused.

Since mathematics has been carefully cultivated for twenty-five hundred years and since its achievements are permanent, it is natural to expect that new researches will tend to lie in remote and sometimes almost inaccessible parts of the field. This is true of a large portion of the current work. But now and then new and striking discoveries are made in the very foreground of the subject. For example, one of the oldest subdivisions has been recently extended by the development of a new theory of wide extent, and this so near the fundamentals of the science that the youngest mathematician may quickly gain possession of it. It has to do with an extension of the notion of integers. When primitive man learned that a stone and a stone would kill a snake while a single stone would not he had already dimly distinguished between one and two. His successors made great progress with the process of numbering or counting and the race after a long time came into possession of the whole set of positive integers, presumably the first infinite class of numbers to be conceived by man. This number system grew by the conquest of fractions, and then of irrational numbers, and

then of negative numbers, and then of the complex (the so-called imaginary) numbers. After these advances a long period of assimilation followed, but progress in the concept of number did not rest. Many new sorts of algebras have been invented in the last generation and various new types of numbers have been introduced in connection with them. As soon as fractions came to be recognized as numbers the total class of numbers was conceived as consisting of two parts, or subclasses, the integers and the numbers which were not integers. The former included only those numbers which arose in the process of counting, as one, two, three, etc. For a long time, indeed until recent times, no one conceived any other sort of integers than those which arose by counting. But about a century ago it began to be realized that certain of the irrational numbers had properties very closely akin to the properties of ordinary integers; and these new numbers were called algebraic integers, since they arose in the solution of certain algebraic equations. These new integers turned out to be much more extensive in number than the totality of the usual integers of counting. By their introduction the total range of integers became greatly extended and arithmetic was much enriched.

Now, in the new classes of numbers brought to our notice by the extensive algebras developed in recent times there are subclasses which have all the fundamental properties of simple integers, and this fact has been established for the first time within the last few months. The new theory was developed by Professor L. E. Dickson, of the University of Chicago, and an exposition of it is to be found in his "Algebras and Their Arithmetics" recently published by the University of Chicago Press. Here we have an example of a new and very recent investigation in pure mathematics which has to do with the oldest subject of the science, namely, integers, and which yet marks a fundamental advance. It represents one extreme; at the other stand the researches which rest on

a large body of detailed results and employ a great variety of methods borrowed from earlier investigations. Outstanding examples of these two extremes are afforded by two recent prize-winning works by American mathematicians. One is that of Dickson, just mentioned; it was awarded the Cincinnati prize of a thousand dollars at the Cincinnati meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, late in December, 1923. The other award was that of the Bôcher memorial prize to G. D. Birkhoff of Harvard for his paper on dynamical systems with two degrees of freedom. This work can be understood only by those who have made an extensive and detailed study of a large part of the theory of motion.

"Mathematics," it has been said, "is very hospitable to a large number of other sciences and as a consequence some of these sciences have become such frequent visitors that it is difficult to distinguish them from the regular members of the household." But the most important growth of any independent science must take place within itself, and the vitality of mathematical progress depends ultimately upon the development of new theories and new results in pure mathematics. Those who are unacquainted with the facts have sometimes supposed that nothing important remains to be done in the discovery of mathematical truth. That this is a gross error will be seen from what has already been said about the recent growth of the science. And the facts warrant a still more emphatic statement: "The astronomers may be led to the conclusion that the universe is probably finite, . . . but the mathematician finds nothing which seems to contradict the view that his sphere of action is infinite." There seems, indeed, to be no bound to the fields yet to be developed; and even the oldest subjects again and again spring into new growth. The science whose "aim is to think rigorously whatever is rigorously thinkable" may apparently count upon an unlimited development.

The mathematician, especially in recent

times, has been criticized for devoting so much attention to the development of abstract and technical theories, far removed from the immediate concerns of humankind. It has been argued that the useful parts of mathematics are very elementary and have little contact with most of modern mathematical research. But it is really questionable "whether the ratio of developed mathematics to that which is finding direct application to things which relate to material advantages is greater now than it was at the time of the Greeks." In those far-off days many mathematicians were giving attention to the theory of conic sections, a subject which remained remote from other human interests for two thousand years; then it suddenly helped to the discovery of Kepler's laws in astronomy and to that of the somewhat later law of gravitation by Newton. In this way a piece of knowledge existing without application for two milleniums became eventually one of the corner-stones of science. So, in our own generation, a certain part of the abstract theory of invariants became the essential mathematical tool by means of which Einstein was enabled to build up his revolutionary theory of relativity. We are, indeed, so little able to see the ultimate value of a truth when it is first brought to light that we should be slow to oppose any exact and precise advance, however far it may seem from any apparent application.

But most of the civilized world, as I have said, is still indifferent to advanced mathematics. In only a few countries, indeed, is there even a small number of workers devoted to its development. Of the six continents, four have never made any contribution to it, namely, Asia, Africa, Australia and South America; the only marked exceptions are those afforded by recent activity in Japan and a small but significant stirring of interest in India. Europe has carried forward the principal work; and the main bulk of it has been confined to France, Germany, Great Britain and Italy, with a few notable contribu-

tions from other countries. During the past fifty years there has been a considerable and rapidly growing interest in North America, but it has been confined almost or quite entirely to the United States and Canada. In 1898 the French mathematician Laisant wrote as follows concerning the mathematical situation in America:

Mathematics in all its forms and in all its parts is taught in numerous universities, treated in a multitude of publications, and cultivated by scholars who are in no respect inferior to their fellow mathematicians of Europe. It is no longer an object of import from the old world, but it has become an essential article of national production, and this production increases each day both in importance and in quality.

Prior to 1850 there was little advanced work in mathematics in America, but a few years later a development began. The enthusiasm which J. J. Sylvester brought from England to the Johns Hopkins University was communicated to some of his students and they became the center of a growing interest. Other active circles sprang up at Yale and Harvard. The *American Journal of Mathematics* was founded at the Johns Hopkins in 1878, and national mathematical organizations were formed for stimulating progress. But mathematics is too cosmopolitan in character to partake largely of national characteristics. "The great mathematical advances soon become great world movements, and while the study of the relative contributions of the various nations is of interest, the main interest should center in the movements themselves." As regards recent mathematical progress it may be said that America has taken a worthy place in the growth by which the total literature of the subject has been doubled in fifty years, that she now has some of the more profound mathematical spirits of the world, and that her position is such as to justify her in aspiring to a greater absolute and relative service to further progress than she has rendered in the past or is rendering now.

The value of any science becomes apparent only if the truth it discovers is humanized by being brought into intimate

relations with daily life and thought. In the case of mathematics this is particularly necessary if there is to be any adequate conception of its place in our general culture. That the problem is a difficult one renders it only the more important that an attempt should be made to solve it. It requires more skill for its solution than the similar problems arising, let us say, in biology, but the thing must be accomplished if it is to grow properly. Unluckily, most mathematicians seem to shrink from the task of trying to humanize their science; it can hardly be doubted that as a whole they have shirked their duty in this matter. But

their failure has not been complete. One notable book by an American makes an important contribution to the humanizing of mathematics. This is Cassius J. Keyser's "Mathematical Philosophy" published in 1922. For more than forty years, as he tells us, the author of this work has "meditated upon the nature of mathematics, upon its significance in thought, and upon its bearing on human life." In his book he has presented the fruits of this study in the language current among educated men and women. It appears to be the greatest single recent contribution, known to me, toward the humanizing of mathematical truth.

Photography

ALFRED STIEGLITZ AND HIS WORK AT 291

BY HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

AMERICA is the button-pusher's paradise. Machinery everywhere. Fine machinery; not much brain required to run it. Someone presses a button. And we—millions of us—we do the rest.

Along comes a man—more, a photographer—who is not a button pusher. He uses his hat for a shutter. He works under hotel tables, stripped naked, at common sinks, at bath tubs and in public wash-rooms. He becomes internationally famous at 26. Despite the fact that he secedes from everything in sight, and fights officialdom day and night, officialdom showers him with medals—150 of them—in Vienna, Munich, Calcutta, Berlin, Paris, London, New York, Boston, even Philadelphia. He not only arranges exhibitions of photographs in the chief art museums of Europe; he even does so in America. Directors awake to his activity and invite him: the Corcoran Galleries of Washington, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Albright Museum of Buffalo, the none-too-bright Museum of New York.

Photography? What is it? This photographer—by the way, his name is Alfred

Stieglitz and he was born in Hoboken—undertook to inquire. His plan was to get the best of everything else he could find and compare it with photographs. Accordingly, he introduced what goes by the name of modern art to America before even London had heard of it. Fifteen years before upper Fifth Avenue had learned to roll up its eyes at mention of Cézanne, Picasso, Matisse, Henri Rousseau, Picabia, African Negro sculpture, Eli Nadelman, Gordon Craig, Agnes Ernst Meyer, Marius De Zayas and others now equally famous, this photographer was exhibiting their work and the work of other revolutionary Europeans and Americans at No. 291 in the same street. He did it in a room 15 feet square, originally the gallery of the Photo-Secession, later known, together with the whole movement, simply as 291. All this, that he might compare photography with "art." For photography to exist, there must be photographers; so Stieglitz helped photographers the world over. He gave their first chances to Gertrude Käsebier, Clarence H. White, Eduard J. Steichen, Annie W. Brigman, Joseph T. Keiley, Alvin Langdon Coburn, Paul B. Haviland, Frank Eugene, Strand Smith. Meanwhile, he fought gallantly for the new painting and sculpture. Some of the best young American painters owe their oppor-

tunity to his insatiable curiosity: Marin, Weber, Hartley, Wright, Dove, Walkowitz, Alfred Maurer (the modern), Oscar Bluemner, Georgia O'Keeffe. All had their first American exhibitions at 291.

Having left the photo-engraving business because he wasn't a button-pusher, Stieglitz became editor of the *American Amateur Photographer* in 1892. He did it, like everything else he does, without pay. Then he founded the Camera Club of New York, and published and edited its quarterly—21 sumptuous volumes called *Camera Notes*. Later he founded, edited and published 50 numbers of *Camera Work* over a period of thirteen years. The Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain, the oldest photographic body in the world, has lately expressed itself about *Camera Work*. On January 7 it awarded to Stieglitz, by unanimous vote, its highest distinction, the Progress Medal: “. . . in recognition of your services in founding and fostering Pictorial Photography in America, and particularly of your initiation and publication of *Camera Work*, the most artistic record of Photography ever attempted.” The Society had no other honor it could confer on him. He is the only man who ever has held three of its medals, awarded for his photographs in 1895, 1896 and 1898, beside an honorary fellowship (1905). The Society had to break a rule to give its Progress Medal to him, for in the past that medal had gone only for scientific achievement.

The files of *Camera Work* not only constitute the most complete existing pictorial history of photography; they record too, the introduction of modern art to America. Stieglitz stirred up new critics as well as new artists, and taught them how to write in the spirit of modern painting. Gertrude Stein, for instance. Stieglitz was the first to publish her essays on Matisse and Picasso, in *Camera Work*,—beside contributions from G. B. Shaw, Maurice Maeterlinck, Galsworthy, De Zayas, Charles H. Caffin, Fiona MacLeod and hosts of others. He has himself written innumerable books,

standing behind their authors. He has the knack of starting something in people, often against their will, by talking to them, or by showing them paintings, or his photographs. Ernest Bloch, the composer, and director of the Cleveland Conservatory, once insisted he could *bear* the Stieglitz photographs. Bloch said he was going to compose music to express what he felt about a Stieglitz cloud picture. It was one of ten that were shown at the Second Stieglitz Exhibition of Photography in the Anderson Galleries. Stieglitz found the whole world in the clouds. If there is anything akin to a race horse, a tree, a live human being, lurking under no matter how sour, crabbed, unpromising an exterior, he quickly discovers and reveals it. Out it comes! More books! More articles! More paintings, etchings, poems, sonatas, photographs! A chance for everyone to speak his mind and do his work, freedom to speak and to be spoken to! One of the best contributions to “What is 291?”, a number of *Camera Work*, in which 65 people of all walks of life, from J. P. Morgan's librarian to a man in jail on Blackwell's Island wrote for themselves and each other what they felt—one of the best contributions to that unique document was written by the Negro elevator man at 291.

All of his work has been done and his energy and money spent without seeking or accepting any remuneration. He has never been rich; and is now very poor; he has no place to work, nor a place any more to show the work of others. He is slender, active, and can talk sixteen hours daily for a week and has often done so; he has brown eyes, a sensitive skin, a broken nose, and spiky hair, even in his ears. For forty years he has been a world force, but his triumphs and achievements he regards in no personal sense. It has mattered not the least to him whether his work or another's was preferred: if that other's work was honest and pertinent, he fought for it though it was diametrically opposed to his own feeling and belief.

THE CAMPAIGN OF B. C. 588-86

BY K. C. McINTOSH

THE General Staff account in the Book of Jeremiah has been garbled by civilian transcribing and translating and annotating, but it still remains a clear, concise military document. It tells the same story twice, once from the point of view of the service of supply at Jerusalem, the capital, and again from the viewpoint of a division commander at the front. The importance of the principal actor in the narrative is gauged by the fact that while both authors evidently hated him they could not eliminate him from the record. The last phase of a long and terrible war revolved about his activities. His voice was dreaded in the Legislature. He was consulted by the commander-in-chief, but secretly and by night, for while his counsel was considered necessary, open negotiations with him would have caused a national panic at a time things already looked hopelessly black. The record, as we have it, was collected and set out in fair copy by a corps of writers nearly a hundred years after the last actor in the drama had died. The motive of these redactors was not military, but theological, so both narratives have suffered. But not all their inept reporting of technical details has sufficed to cloud the military character of the two original authors. The Book of Jeremiah is to this day a model report of a long campaign. The military reader feels at home after the first chapter. The story speaks his language.

The present discussion is not an effort at the so-called Higher Criticism. Concerning Jeremiah's philosophy I make no effort to judge. We have the assurance of the Book itself that it is not his work, for it is re-

corded that his own book was burned by the king's officers. Moreover, his political opponents are given too much sympathy and the captain who apprehended him too much favorable notice to permit the supposition that this is his story. As it is here rehearsed, it is taken from no source but the words of the Book of Jeremiah itself, which is accepted as literally true in every respect.

II

At the time the story opens, Zedekiah was king in Jerusalem. Nebuchadnezzar, barely returned from his victory over the Egyptians, had recently mounted the throne in Babylon, and the Chaldean ascendancy there, visible in his person, was a new thing in international politics. Solomon's empire of four hundred years before had shrunk away pitifully, first through the revolt of the Ten Tribes of the North, then through gradual loss of territory to the Assyrians. The war had begun when the hard-riding columns of the Assyrians had annexed and claimed exclusive rights in the markets of Palmyra, thereby ruining a number of Israel's merchants. In the desultory fighting which followed, Israel first lost all rights in Palmyra, then the kingdom of Damascus, and at last the old territory of the four northernmost Tribes. Both Israel and Judah had played a losing game in politics as well as in war. They sought alliances first with this power and then with that, but to no effect, and in the end they were alienated from all their neighbors and sunk to the estate of bruised buffers between the Chaldean Empire to the North and East and Egypt to the South.

When the Chaldean dynasty overthrew the Assyrian family that had reigned in Nineveh, a brisk campaign was undertaken to consolidate the empire. Jerusalem had been taken in the early days of Zedekiah's reign by the simple expedient of attacking on the Sabbath when no good Jew would bear arms. Little or no damage was done, however, and Zedekiah was confirmed on the Jewish throne, annual tribute was arranged, and provision was made for the free passage of Chaldean merchandise to the seaports of Phoenicia. Peace seemed in sight, but politics soon intervened. Zedekiah, weighing Chaldea against Egypt, decided wrong. On the promise of a military alliance and backing, probably strengthened by an agreement for a reduction in tribute, Judah declared herself vassal to Egypt and free from Nebuchadnezzar's yoke. Now the war began in earnest.

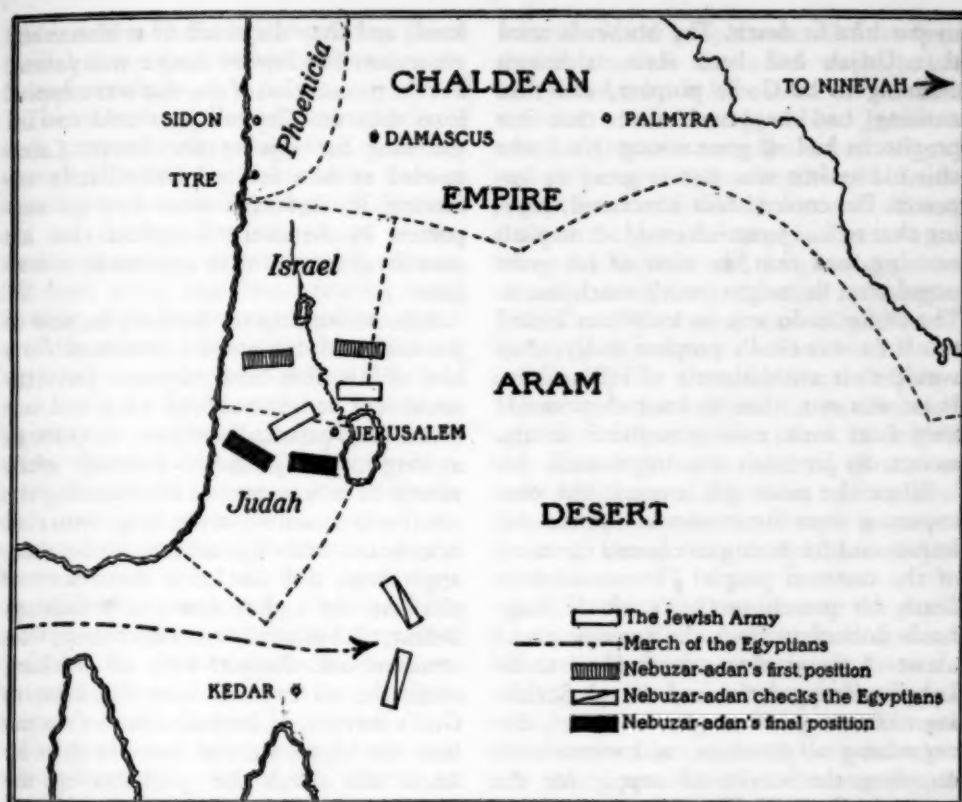
Himself too busy as an administrator to again lead troops in the field, Nebuchadnezzar chose a commander wisely. Nebuzar-adan was his name, and he knew his business. His first blow came from the North, through the harried, wasted territories of Israel. The people were scattered and discouraged; they had borne the brunt of war after war for a century. No cohesion was left between the decimated Tribes; the cities were broken husks without commercial activity or industry. The peasants had fled to the hills or perhaps migrated to neighboring states, intermarrying with Phoenicians, Aramæans and other small peoples. Nineveh was the Chaldean's principal base, located as it was at the commercial and transportation center of the rich food-producing country of Mesopotamia. Palmyra, once a battleground but now well within the borders of the empire, was chosen as the advance base. From there two columns set forth, one striking straight for the eastern Jewish border along the edge of the desert, the other hurrying through Damascus and down the sea-coast, thus isolating Judah from any sea-borne

assistance through Phoenician ports.

The double blow came sooner than Zedekiah had expected, but he met it bravely. His character, as shown in the record, inspires both respect and pity. As a ruler he was a nonentity; as a politician he was vacillating and unwise. But as a general he was above the average, and fought a really wonderful campaign with inadequate tools. First and last, he was brave. He was soldier enough to see the inevitable end, and more than once he had a chance to save himself at the expense of his people, but he fought on, a stumbling-block to the efficient Chaldeans out of all proportion to his power. When his people fell, he fell with them.

Runners were hastily dispatched to Egypt, and, leaving instructions to the General Staff regarding paying and provisioning the troops, Zedekiah went to the front. He skillfully avoided getting his army pinched between the converging Chaldean columns. A more headstrong man would have entered the wide zone temptingly open in the hope of beating his enemies in detail. Presumably the remnant of patriotic Israelites, realizing that without a Judean alliance there was no hope, had furnished him with accurate information regarding the strength and position of the raiding columns. At any rate, he feinted on the flank of the column inshore, evaded its enveloping movement, and then massed on the front of the sea-board column, forcing it to swerve inland to a juncture with the Chaldean landward army. Then Zedekiah beat both columns in the race southward for the hill country and occupied the heights to the North of Jerusalem.

From here he could not be dislodged. He dared not risk a pitched battle in the open field, but his command of the heights and of the numerous outlets to the plain halted his enemies. They could not mass for a frontal attack in force without laying bare their wings. They could not start an enveloping movement without stretching their line dangerously and



opening a gate for a raid on their communications. They did the proper thing. They sat down to a war of attrition, holding Zedekiah where he was and wearing him down. Inasmuch as he was playing for time, he made no objection whatever.

Now Jeremiah begins to appear in the picture. A zealot for the old, pure religion of the Jews, he could see nothing in his own country but corruption and vice. Like many another zealot before him and since, he applied local reasoning to matters beyond his ken. Judah, having turned away from God, was bound to fail. Babylon (*i.e.*, the Chaldean Empire) was evidently succeeding. *Ergo*, Babylon was serving the true God according to the old, pure, Jewish lights. *Q. E. D.* Jeremiah thus became a defeatist in the Legislature, and worked actively for a program of submission and reform. First, he introduced a bill freeing all the bond-servants of the

kingdom. Consummate as a politician, he had the fanatic support of the lower classes, but the merchants and bankers naturally regarded him as a traitor, and they were apparently in the majority in the House. When his bill was read pandemonium broke loose on the floor. The bond-servant system was the basis of all Jewish production, both of food and of manufactured goods. To propose the disruption of this system in wartime, when production was strained to the breaking point already, was plain treason, and the chamber rang with demands for Jeremiah's head.

The earnest, gray old man was hustled severely; but he never ceased shouting the wrath of God and hurling imprecations at his opponents. Some of the more timorous suggested that while his program was plainly impossible, he was, after all, a prophet of God, and it might not be safe

to put him to death. The hotheads cried that Urijah had been slain, although claiming to be God's prophet, and that nothing had happened—save that his prophecies had all gone wrong. No doubt this old traitor was just as great an imposter. But cooler heads intervened, arguing that to kill Jeremiah could accomplish nothing, and that, in view of his great popularity, it might work much harm. The thing to do was to keep him locked up. If he was God's prophet really, they would thus avoid the sin of killing him. If he was not, then at least they would keep him from sowing sedition in the streets. So Jeremiah was imprisoned.

When the news got around, the consequences were instantaneous and serious. Imprisoned for daring to espouse the cause of the common people! Threatened with death for preaching God's word! Shepherds flocked in from the country round about. Artisans threw down their tools. Laborers dropped pick and shovel. Shrieking mobs surged through the streets, disorganizing all business, and worse still, crippling the service of supply for the troops in the field. The General Staff sent for the king to return at once.

III

Had Zedekiah been a politician, or even a mere orator, he might have quieted the storm, but his talents were all for direct action. As he rode into the capital, crowds of rowdy apprentices and skin-clad farm laborers roared in his ears for their freedom from bondage and the immediate release of their prophet. He found the legislators frightened, cowering in the Parliament House. Zedekiah could not speak, but he was statesman enough to know that already his hand was forced. He signed the decree of manumission, but he seems to have stipulated that it should not take effect until the end of the war. However, the rioting people did not hear the last of the announcement. All they heard was that bond-servants would be

freed, and they dispersed to celebrate the great day. The instant danger was passed; but the prosecution of the war was crippled from then on. Capital grew cold toward the king for signing the decree. Labor snarled at him for not immediately enforcing it. Zedekiah now had no supporters in the entire kingdom save his own loyal troops, who apparently adored him.

Before returning to the field, he sent to Jeremiah and demanded a statement from him of his aims and purposes. Jeremiah could not write, and the king had not called for a personal audience, so through a long night Jeremiah dictated while young Baruch wrote. In the morning the scroll was presented to the king, who read it closeted with his officers. Only then, apparently, did he learn what sort of platform the Opposition was preaching. Defeat, submission, non-resistance, destruction and despair! Free all workers, confiscate all capital, bow the knee to God's servant, Nebuchadnezzar—(we can hear the king's startled snort at this. He knew all about the godliness of the Chaldeans!)—sheath the sword, hide the head and howl! The paper was too explosive even to file away in the archives. Burn it! Burn it at once! And keep watch on that old man! The people will not brook his close imprisonment; but restrict him to the Temple grounds. Don't let him loose; he talks like a Chaldean spy!

So Zedekiah rode back to the hills and resumed the game of keeping the Chaldeans busy in front while the ponderous Egyptian chariots rolled through the deep, sliding sands of the Isthmus of Suez, nearer, nearer every day. Against a lesser man than Nebuzar-adan, the device would have succeeded. One day couriers on staggering, sweating camels dashed into the Chaldean headquarters and gasped that the Egyptian army was to the southward of the desert of Aram in full force, slowly ploughing its way across it to the East. While Nebuzar-adan, with the flower of the army, was stalled on Zede-

kiah's front, Pharaoh was striking direct for Babylon, where Nebuchadnezzar sat in fancied security!

The move that followed marks the Chaldean general as one of the earth's daring ones. Behind him lay his elaborate lines of communication, leading through Damascus and Palmyra into the heart of the wealthiest section of his country. But to fall back along this line, securing it as he went, would take too long. The capital would be already invested by the onrushing Egyptians before he could arrive. Nebuzar-adan aroused his men, each one looked to his weapons, and with a bag of grain and a water-bottle for each as their only baggage, the Chaldeans swung in a single night from a long front into a narrow column and ran to the Southeast. Right across the hot, bare, blinding desert they ran, mile after weary mile. Horses might go mad with glare and thirst—the riders slashed their throats and ran ahead on foot, strengthened a little by a long draught of horse's blood. Speed! More speed!

The world has sung for centuries the twenty-three mile run of the Greeks at Marathon; but here was a forced march at top speed that lasted all across the scorching Arabian Desert, not of three hundred men, but of at least forty thousand. History shows no more splendid feat. Out into a desert where single travelers seldom ventured without a long baggage train, these swart, wiry Chaldeans, led by a general of fire and iron, ran through the days and hot dry nights, blinded by sand and sun, sweltering in their thick padded mail coats and burdened with heavy swords and metal-shod javelins. And they got there in time. Lean, sunken-eyed, and mad with thirst, they hurled themselves on the surprised and straggling Egyptian column and utterly routed it. Babylon was saved!

Back in Jerusalem the fickle populace had swung to a new extreme. The Chaldeans were gone; they had vanished before the valor of Zedekiah and his skill in getting Egyptian assistance. Jeremiah's stock fell far below par. Had not the king

intervened, the prophet would have been torn by the mob that a few weeks before had yelled for his liberation. In the mad rejoicing of the first few days, Jeremiah saw his precarious situation and slipped out of the capital, heading North. At the Judean border he was recognized. Almost clear of the Jewish troops, a heavy hand fell on his shoulder and the growling voice of a captain of the guard cried accusingly, "Hail Thou fallest away to the Chaldeans!" In vain did Jeremiah protest that he was bound only for a nearby Northern city. The army had considered him a Chaldean agent ever since the affair of the labor bill, and he was brought back to Jerusalem under heavy guard. The king again placed him in captivity in the Temple grounds. To have loosed him would have meant his death.

But Zedekiah did not share in the popular rejoicing. He had correctly diagnosed Nebuzar-adan's movement, and he was waiting anxiously for news. If the Egyptians failed—! This terrible gray old man must be taken care of, for he was undoubtedly in the confidence of the enemy and might prove valuable.

IV

Then one day the Chaldeans reappeared. Not this time to the North, but to the South, where there were no Israelitish hill-men to bring the word, no safe, narrow, hill-passes to occupy!

There was no time to reorient the service of supply of the Jewish army. Nebuzar-adan, already bountifully supplied with the loot of the Egyptians, swiftly occupied the fertile food-district of Southern Judah and had the Jews cornered. Now the true results of Jeremiah's labor bill began to become manifest. The wealthy land-owners and manufacturers saw nothing but ruin for themselves in victory and hoped that the Chaldeans would restore to them their slaves. The laborers, seeing freedom indefinitely postponed, slacked and sulked. The unexpected reappearance of the Chal-

deans crushed the last vestige of spirit from the civilian population. Zedekiah had nothing left but his army, already too small and badly found for the work in hand. He began to think of saving as much as he could.

What happened then apparently confirmed the army's opinion of the fierce old prophet. It is probable that when he began his labors for submission, nothing was in his mind but the, to him, apparent righteousness of the Chaldeans and sinfulness of the Jews. But his preaching could not fail to reach the ear of Nebuzar-adan, valuable as it was in assisting the Chaldean cause. By the time the enemy appeared to the southward, there is no doubt that a thorough understanding existed between Jeremiah and the enemy commander-in-chief. Zedekiah now had to move very warily. His army would have mutinied had he shown any sign of open treaty with the Chaldeans or their agents; so he went stealthily by night to consult the prophet. That he had no doubt of Jeremiah's status is evidenced by his plump beginning of the interview; "If I surrender now, what terms will Nebuzar-adan grant me and my people?"

Neither is there any lack of assurance in the terms which Jeremiah outlined. Zedekiah and his sons would be spared, to become "life guests" of Nebuchadnezzar. Immunity from harm might also be extended to a few other powerful and influential Jews. But for the masses of the stiff-necked, godless Jewish people, no mercy could be expected. They had fought God's servant Nebuchadnezzar; they had turned away from God. Let them take their medicine! "And Jerusalem?" asked the king. "Jerusalem must be destroyed! Her walls will be cast down, her temple sacked and the city looted and burned!" Jerusalem sat astride of the Chaldean trade routes to the sea, a menace to Chaldean trade and a hard nut for Chaldean arms to crack. Jerusalem must go.

"So," said the king slowly, "I can save my own neck and the lives of my sons by

turning over my people to rapine and pillage?"

"Exactly," replied the prophet.

Grimly Zedekiah rose and threw his cloak around his shoulders. "That is not my notion of a king's duty," he said; and we can imagine him adding to himself, "They will know they have been in a battle, anyhow!" Cautioning Jeremiah to keep the visit secret,—"If they have marked me and ask what has the king said to thee, tell them thou hast supplicated me not to return thee to the house of Jonathan to be killed,"—the king was gone, his last hope dead.

From that time began nearly two years of hopeless, last-ditch fighting. As Zedekiah's men fell, there was none to replace them, and the circle of swords he threw around his doomed capital grew steadily smaller. The remnant of the Jewish army fought with the courage of desperate and broken men. Awake at last to the destruction hanging over their heads, even the civilians in Jerusalem seem to have recovered the stoicism of their fighting ancestors and to have stood the rigors of the siege like patriots. But it was too late.

The end came suddenly. A gradual movement of the Chaldean reserves, well masked behind the encircling containing force, a smashing, unexpected blow, and the cordon of the defenders was broken. Through this gap poured the chariots and the cavalry, full fed, perfectly appointed, shouting with joy at their chance at action after so many months behind the entrenched lines. The king made a brilliant effort to mass his troops and take refuge in the city. He succeeded in marshaling all but a small remnant, but there was no time to withdraw them inside the walls. They were not for a moment disengaged, and as the last, gasping, bleeding little band of soldiers reached the city gates, the Chaldean cavalry was upon them, riding over them and forcing open the portals. Jerusalem was won,—and lost.

During the butchery and the burning, not a hair of the prophet's head was

touched. He sat on his stone in the Temple yard impassively, as he had sat for two years, listening to the screams of the tortured, terrified people and the crash of falling buildings. Nebuzar-adan rode by and recognized him.

"What do you do now, old man?" asked the conqueror.

"I go to abide in my home at Mizpah (God-be-with-ye—a fitting name for the home of such a man!), there to serve the Chaldeans!"

And to Mizpah he went, as the flames roared over the shattered city and the king, his eyes gouged out and his back bending under the weight of his bloody chains, was led out a captive.

V

When Nebuzar-adan broke through, a few of Zedekiah's outposts had been isolated. In one of them was a field officer named Johanan, a burly fighter, but an ignorant man. The battle had swept roaring into the city too rapidly for him to join and die with his comrades. It was apparent that the capital was lost, and with the capital the war. Hardly had the day passed, however, before Johanan was gathering stragglers for a forlorn hope. He set up his standard near Jeremiah's home at Mizpah, and for days little groups of panting men poured into the village to join him. He had collected a considerable force, enough to make his wild plan almost feasible. He decided, while the bulk of the enemy were sacking the city and securing the northern hills, to cut suddenly through to the South, make for Egypt, and perhaps return with another, better Egyptian army at his back.

Johanan's guerrilla troops were already beginning to move when Jeremiah reached Mizpah. Had Johanan been better schooled as a leader, he would have hastened the step of his tiny column to get away. But he was just a soldier, a patriot and a frantic man. Before him stood the arch-

traitor, the defeatist, the Chaldean spy, and he could not contain himself. "Do thou come with us, at any rate!" and Jeremiah again found himself a captive to his own countrymen.

It is likely that Johanan and all his battered, half-crazed little crowd of refugees would have perished in the desert sand even had they won through the Chaldean rear guard; but they were never put to the test. Jeremiah held his peace until the evening, but at the camp fire that night his tongue began to lash and sting and his shrill ringing voice to overawe the hysterical, weary men as it had overawed better men than they in the Parliament House. As he railed away the last of their courage oozed out of them, and they began to slink away by twos and threes. In the morning Johanan, nearly alone, knew at last that the war was truly over. There was no Jewish army. Jeremiah had talked the last of it away.

So the bitter old man, surely a little crazed by this time, went back to speak of God and his truths to the Chaldeans, the followers of "God's servant Nebuchadnezzar." We know what he found—the pomp and glitter of a military empire, slavery, drunkenness, hard business, scoffing, idol-worship. Perhaps his reason held, but be sure his starved, bleak old heart broke. He goes out of the picture as he came in, wailing, wailing; but this time it is Babylon that must howl, Babylon the wicked, the sinful, Babylon that has denied God. Perhaps the deepest pathos lies in the fate that he called down upon Babylon—to be destroyed by a risen Judah, to be overcome by the restored people whom Jeremiah himself had helped Babylon to eliminate from the list of independent nations for all time! With this curse of Babylon, Jeremiah apparently died, bitter to the end.

Howl, Babylon! My servant Judah —

But it was too late.

RACHEL AND HER CHILDREN

BY FRANCES NEWMAN

EVERYONE agreed that a perfect stranger could not have seen Mrs. Foster's funeral without realizing that Mrs. Foster had lived a well-rounded life. There was her husband in the front pew, vainly struggling to conceal his grief so that he could console Mrs. Foster's mother, old Mrs. Overton. There were her two sons, vainly struggling to conceal their grief so that they could console Mrs. Foster's daughters-in-law, their wives. There were her four little grandchildren, as downcast as anyone could ask. There were her six faithful servants, as heart-broken as her daughters-in-law. The society of Colonial Dames was there, in a body, and the Daughters of the Confederacy were there, in a body. The Woman's Club was there, in a body, and even the Chamber of Commerce was there, in a body. There was all of the Social Register which did not happen to be on its yachts, or in sanatoria, or abroad. And there were the wreaths, and the harps, and the cressents, and the sheaves of all those bodies and of all those personages.

The hearts of the community went out to every member of Mrs. Foster's stricken family, so the rector told his audience and his God. But in particular it went out to Mrs. Foster's mother, for not a month before she had stood by her only son's open grave, and now she was about to stand beside her only daughter's open grave. She sat among them in the church—as the rector said, like Rachel weeping for her children. But she was veiled in English crêpe of excellent quality and so the most acute eyes of the community could not count the number of her tears. It was for-

fortunate indeed, that Mr. Foster could afford that excellent quality of crêpe, for old Mrs. Overton was not actually weeping like Rachel—in fact, she was not weeping at all.

Old Mrs. Overton had dreamed indirectly of Mrs. Foster's funeral on at least a hundred different nights. Thus, she had now no difficulty in realizing that her brilliant daughter's mortal remains were reposing in that gray coffin which was so magnificently concealed by its blanket of lilies and pink roses. Old Mrs. Overton was seventy-four years old; she belonged to a generation which believed that dreaming of a funeral was a sign of a wedding, and that dreaming of a wedding was a sign of a funeral. She had never read the works of Dr. Siegmund Freud—she had, in fact, never heard of Dr. Freud—and so she had no idea what Dr. Freud's disciples would have entered on the card describing her case. Old Mrs. Overton sat comfortably in the best corner of the cushioned pew and, in the pleasant shelter of her well-draped veil, thought about things.

She thought of the time when she was sixteen, back in 1864. She thought of Captain Ashby, with his black plume and his black horse. They had stood in the box garden, and she had fairly ached with adoration of his six feet, his black hair, his black eyes, of the wound in some vaguely invisible spot that no Southern lady could even think about, of his gallant war record, not yet embalmed in the Confederate Museum. She was familiar with the works of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray and Sir Walter Scott, but she had never been allowed to read the story of

Jane Eyre and Mr. Rochester. She flutteringly expected . . . she flutteringly hoped . . . that one night soon, perhaps that very night, Captain Ashby would drop on his grey-trousered knees, and implore her to do him the great honor of becoming his wife. She would accept the great honor, she would beg him not to kneel before one so unworthy, and Captain Ashby would rise. He would timidly bend down and kiss her respectfully on the forehead. And then Captain Ashby and his betrothed would walk in to his betrothed's father, and Captain Ashby would ask her hand in marriage. That was what Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray led one to expect, and that was what her mother, who had been twice married and therefore twice engaged, led her to expect.

But that was not what happened. Captain Ashby stopped talking. Even eager questions about his recent heroic deeds were barely answered. The moment might be approaching. Sally had no desire to postpone it, and so she stopped asking the eager questions. Captain Ashby seized her in a passionate embrace, he covered her face with passionate kisses, he kissed her under her soft chin, and just below the brown curls on her neck. It was instantly obvious to Sally that Captain Ashby did not love her. Ivanhoe would never have kissed the fair Rowena like that; David Copperfield would never have kissed the angelic Agnes like that, or even Dora who could not keep her accounts straight. Sally's heart was broken. She tore herself from the embrace of this man who had proved that he did not love her by kissing her, she rushed into her father's house, and up the stairs to her own four-poster. She wept there until her mother came to find her, and to hear the tragic tale. And her mother, though she had been twice married and twice engaged, confirmed Sally's belief that she had been insulted. And Captain Ashby rode away on his black horse.

Mrs. Overton sighed a little under the crêpe veil. She had waited six months for

the black horse to gallop back up the avenue between the magnolias, but it had been years before she discovered that a kiss before proposal did not necessarily insult a great love. Meanwhile, her mother had decided to marry her to a certain Colonel Overton, and had had no great difficulty in overcoming Colonel Overton's intention of being legally faithful to the memory of his Julia. Sally's heart, of course, was broken, but that was no reason for being a forlorn old maid, and she thought it would be rather pleasant to decide for herself what frock she would wear, and whether she would go to the Springs in the Summer, and how she would do her hair. Elderly husbands were said to be tractable, and Sally had been very tired of talking only when mama didn't want to talk, or only to people mama didn't want to talk to, and of always sitting with her back to the horses like an inconsequential Prince Consort. She had been convinced that the dignity of marriage would offset its disadvantages, and, besides, she had no very clear idea of marriage except that it meant a change of name and of residence, and sitting at the head of one's own table, behind one's own silver tea-service. People hardly talked then of the boredom of sitting at the other end of the table from the wrong man every morning; certainly they never talked of the occasions when there wasn't a table between one and the wrong man.

II

The choir was singing "Lead, Kindly Light," which had been Mrs. Foster's favorite hymn, and which, she always mentioned, was written by the late Cardinal Newman before he became a Catholic, much less a Cardinal. Old Mrs. Overton shivered a little under her veil when they came to

And with the morn those angel faces smile
That I have loved long since and lost awhile.

Mrs. Overton had no doubt that mama, tulle cap, black bombazine, and all, and

Colonel Overton, beard, temper and all, would be smiling among those angels, and the idea was not cheering. She had been an old man's darling, but she had also been an old man's slave, a carefully treasured harem of one. Colonel Overton had been fond of saying, of declaiming, that he did not believe in the honor of any man, or the virtue of any woman. Sally had never thought of deceiving him even about the price of a new gown, but even if she had been the most abandoned creature she would have been saved in spite of herself. When she went to a dentist, Colonel Overton was beside her. When she bought a new hat, Colonel Overton was there to protect her from the shop's manager and also from an unbecoming bonnet. Sally had never danced even the Virginia Reel or the Lancers after the morning when Colonel Overton had confirmed her idea of respectful proposals by asking the honor of her hand in marriage and then kissing her chastely on the brow.

Now she looked at the lilies and pink roses that concealed Mrs. Foster's coffin under their expensive fragrance. She was thinking of the day Mrs. Foster was born—something less than a year after the respectful proposal. It was not a coincidence that the baby, now a corpse, had been christened Cornelia for the maternal grandmother whose capacity for being obeyed she had inherited. Mrs. Overton's mother had not waited to receive a namesake with that pleased surprise which ordinarily greets namesakes and proposals and legacies. She had taken the name for granted, quite audibly, on the day when a granddaughter's probable advent was announced to her. The younger Cornelia had justified her grandmother. She allowed her mother to sit in her own carriage facing her own horses, and she allowed her to continue filling her own cups with tea and coffee from her own silver urn. That was the correct thing, and Cornelia always did the correct thing, in all matters from sleeves and shoes to husbands and religions. But after Cornelia was four

years old, her mother was never allowed to talk to the people she wanted to talk to about the things she wanted to talk about—not even when her husband permitted her the luxury of an unchaperoned feminine visit. And when Colonel Overton very unwillingly died, Cornelia had seen that her mother was faithful to his memory.

Cornelia was nineteen when that event took place, and just in the process of marrying herself to a rising young lawyer named Henry Foster. The marriage took place shortly afterward, with a simple elegance which the newspaper notices attributed to the recent bereavement in the bride's family. But the simplicity of the elegance at Cornelia's marriage was really due to the disappearance of the late colonel's prosperity rather than to the disappearance of the late colonel himself. His wife and his daughter and his son knew that their acquaintances attributed part of this disappearance to the colonel's extraordinary gratitude to a prepossessing colored—just barely colored—nurse, who had been the comfort of his declining years. But Mrs. Overton had never been so indiscreet as to mention this theory to her daughter, even on the most tempting occasions.

III

Mrs. Overton had been as faithful to her husband as her sex required in the days when a good woman had no history except that recorded in the parish register. Her husband, she supposed, had been no more faithful to her than his sex will continue to require until nature changes her ways. But her daughter was unexpressibly shocked when she began to show signs of considering a second alliance.

Mrs. Overton, at that time, was still sufficiently under forty not to have begun comparing the corners of her eyes and the line under her chin with those of her contemporaries. The aspiring Mr. Robinson was not an Overton, but the war had been over long enough for prosperous Robinsons and impoverished Overtons to

marry each other without scandal. Mrs. Overton would have liked to sit behind her own silver tea service again, and in her own drawing-room, and Mr. Robinson would have been so honored by the gift of her hand in marriage that she would at last have been able to talk to the people she wanted to talk to about the things she wanted to talk about. But Cornelia disapproved of second marriages so positively that people who did not know her might well have thought she was sorry that she had been born. Cornelia was then expecting the birth of that son who was now trying to conceal his own grief so that he could console her first daughter-in-law. And Cornelia had been thrown into such a state by her mother's announcement that Mrs. Overton had felt obliged to give up the idea.

So she had continued to sit on the side of her daughter's table for nine months of every year, and on the side of her son William's table for three months of every year. Even when tea-services on breakfast tables went out, and round tables came in, tables continued to have a head and a side, and Mrs. Overton had continued to grieve for her own tea-service and her own table. She had never ceased to long for a house where a ringing telephone would mean that some one in the world wanted to talk with her badly enough to go through the trouble of getting a telephone number; where a ringing door bell would mean that some one wanted to see her, if it were only a book-agent, or the laundry man.

For thirty-four years, Mrs. Overton had spoken to Daughters of the American Revolution and Daughters of the Confederacy and newspaper reporters and officers of those clubs which seem to exist chiefly to elect officers. But she had spoken only to tell them that Mrs. Foster was lunching or dining or presiding at some house or some club where she either could or could not be called to the telephone. She had talked to a great many callers, but she had talked to callers of no con-

sequence while Mrs. Foster talked to callers of great consequence—local, if not international. And then Mrs. Foster had fallen ill. And William Overton had fallen ill. And old Mrs. Overton began to be Rachel weeping for her children.

Mrs. Foster was ill, desperately ill, for six months. For their convenience, if not for hers, the doctors decreed that Mrs. Foster must be in a hospital, and that she must receive no visitors. Old Mrs. Overton suffered with her daughter, but she revived the pleasant old custom of pouring the breakfast coffee from her own silver urn, and Mr. Foster was delighted. She carried the pantry keys, and the silver closet keys, and the linen room keys; she went to market alone; she went shopping alone. All the ladies of high position, and all the officers of all Mrs. Foster's clubs came to call on Mrs. Overton—to ask about Mrs. Foster, of course, but even on such occasions other subjects are discussed, and Mrs. Overton must be cheered and strengthened for the ordeal she was undergoing. Then William Overton was mercifully released from his sufferings. And then Mrs. Foster was mercifully released from her longer sufferings.

Old Mrs. Overton had received hundreds of notes. She had scores of callers, and she had felt herself able to receive them all—decorously, in her own bedroom, one or two at a time. Her fortitude was considered remarkable. She had ordered delicate lunches for the faithful friends who were downstairs receiving the wreaths and the sheaves of Mrs. Overton's other friends and of all her societies. And she had ordered her own veil of the best English crêpe.

IV

The choir was singing "Asleep in Jesus," and Mrs. Foster's funeral was nearly over. Mrs. Overton began to look about a little, under the shadow of her veil. She was thinking of all the visitors she would have the next day and the next week; of the days the granddaughters-in-law and the

great-grandchildren would spend with her, of the birthday party she would give for little Cornelia in the Spring—Mrs. Foster would want her namesake to have the party she had promised her. She was thinking of all the people who would beg her and Mr. Foster to come and have dinner with them, very quietly—since they, too, had loved Mrs. Foster.

And then Mrs. Overton happened to look across the aisle at Mrs. Turner, and Mrs. Turner was looking beyond her at Mr. Foster. Mrs. Turner's look was only a decorous look of heartfelt sympathy, but Mrs. Overton suddenly felt cold and forlorn. She remembered how attentive Mrs. Turner had been to her and to Mr. Foster. And she remembered that Mrs. Turner had lost Mr. Turner three years before. And she remembered how many of the kind women who had come to cheer her for her great ordeal, who had received the flowers that were banked about the chancel, had lost their husbands three or four or five years before. She remembered

the statistics of the number of widows in the State that she had read for one of Mrs. Foster's erudite club papers. The whole church, the whole world, seemed to be filled with widows—widows whose daughters would not discourage their mothers from taking names different from their own.

Mrs. Overton had no doubt that in a year she would go back to the side of another Mrs. Foster's table, that she would receive telephone messages for another Mrs. Foster—and that this Mrs. Foster would not even be her daughter.

The last prayer was over. The eight eminent pallbearers were gathering. Mr. Foster rose and offered his arm to his mother-in-law. Mrs. Overton stood up, shaking with bitter sobs, and took the offered arm. She walked up the aisle behind the blanket of lilies and pink roses that covered Mrs. Foster's coffin. All the hearts of the community went out to old Mrs. Overton, weeping like Rachel for her children.

AMERICAN BOOKS IN FRANCE

BY LEWIS GALANTIÈRE

IN America and in England, as much as in Greece and in Rumania, acquaintance with the French language is deemed, at least superficially, to be an essential element in the intellectual baggage of a cultivated person. This is true everywhere in Europe except, I believe, in the Scandinavian countries, where for purposes of business as well as of culture English takes precedence over French. As a consequence, the Frenchman who is not a st pkeeper in the international hotel quarter of Paris has no need to learn our language. His gift for foreign tongues is even more slight than that of the American, his ambition in this regard is almost *nil*, and the satisfaction and pride he feels in his own tongue are so great that to study a foreign language seems to him to study an inferior one; it follows naturally that to his mind the effort is not justified by the result and he doesn't make the effort. Exceptions to this statement fall into three groups: those Frenchmen who learn English for business reasons, those who study to become teachers of English, and those who have in their mental composition an extraordinary amount of intellectual curiosity. The first class is not our concern; the second may offer some interesting figures; examples of the third are rare.

Every attempt made to create a permanent organ for Franco-American intellectual coöperation has been concerned with these exceptions, and most such endeavors have originated in the minds, not of Frenchmen, but of Americans, some of them looking for soft swivel-chair jobs in Paris. It is not my intention to catalogue

all the institutions, defunct and living, that have been thus created for the exchange of ideas and ideals. I refer by way of example to the American University Union, which appears to have for its purpose the intelligent comprehension of France by Americans studying in French universities, but has nothing to offer the Frenchman interested in America. For the same reason, but with some regret over the way in which it has been managed, I mention the American Library in Paris. This library was organized during the war as a *dépôt* for the dissemination of books to the American army and as a lending library for American civil and military units in Paris. When peace broke out its organizers, the American Library Association, turned it over to an inept board composed of local notables, members of the American colony, who were charged with the duty of collecting in Paris an amount of money sufficient to assure its continued life. Factional fights and ignorance resulted in the sabotage of an unparalleled opportunity to create an effective medium of Franco-American exchanges. The library still enjoys a small subsidy from the American Library Association, but it is supported principally by the annual subscriptions of American and English residents of Paris, and is patronized, nearly altogether, as a lending library of fiction, by the children and idle women of the Anglo-American colony. Save for an occasional French student and such professional Americanophils as Professors Cestre and Roz, Léon Bazalgette, and Maurice Bourgeois, I have never encountered a Frenchman who knew of its existence.

Despite the incapacity of the board, successive librarians have been able to stimulate the interest of the French authorities in American free-library methods, but they have not yet succeeded, after five years, in making the library a bureau of liaison between French and American intellectuals. Instead of interesting Gide, Larbaud, du Bos, Jaloux, and other such critics of influence, they have gone to the Sorbonne; instead of sending publicity notes to the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, the *Nouvelle revue française*, the *Mercur de France*, *l'Europe*, or the *Revue européenne*, they have bombarded the Paris editions of the American papers, the *Figaro aux Etats Unis*, the *Bienvenue française*, *France-Amérique*, etc. As a result, the intelligently conducted bookshop of Miss Sylvia Beach (Shakespeare & Co.) is visited daily by French and American writers and readers interested in contemporary literature, while the American Library has become a kind of *Times Book Club*. This comparison is employed advisedly. The American Library is not free like the New York Public Library; circulation for home reading is limited to paying members. That this is made necessary by the limited budget I do not doubt, for I am well aware of the generous ideals—as regards free service—of the American library world. But even as a "business proposition" the library is a failure, showing incredible gaps in its reference collection and a lamentable paucity of currently published books. The blame for all this, I should like to say again, must fall upon the board. No librarian, however inventive and resourceful, can render effective service in the face of a half-hearted, lackadaisical board.

This moribund institution illustrates a number of the weaknesses and limitations of those Americans who habitually undertake to serve as the self-appointed agents of Franco-American understanding. Their gravest faults are two: they always seek out Frenchmen with preconceived and generally erroneous notions about America (notions comparable with their own

misconceptions of France), and they invariably present the American ideal as one the French must adopt. Their lack of judgment leads them to play into the hands of propagandists who try to make a good thing out of them, and their ignorance obscures from them the fact that they are in the presence of a people who, whether for good or for ill, do *not* want to be Americanized. This goes for hygiene, libraries, juvenile courts, the cinema, office buildings, sport, advertising, business methods, drinking, cooking, table manners, marriage contracts, breakfast foods, government, janitors, dentistry, what you will. Paris, as everyone knows, is not all there is to France. Consider that more than half the French nation still wears sabots, has never worn laced or buttoned shoes, and reflect that not a sabot is manufactured in the United States! There are the intellectuals, you say. But they are not so different from other Frenchmen. All Frenchmen are alike in this, that they enjoy being adored or admired by other nations but can very well dispense with these sentiments if they are to cost one centime or one little effort. French propaganda is a joke except where its results may be material rather than moral, e.g., in Poland, in Czechoslovakia, in Rumania, in Yugoslavia. Indeed, the Frenchman succeeds in substituting for the fact that he isn't adored and admired a belief that he is, and this usually satisfies him fully. It is only when the newspapers report that America has rejected one of M. Poincaré's syllogisms, that the British are trying to do him in the eye, or that the Scandinavians are working at Geneva for the admission of Germany into the League of Nations, that he becomes rather naïvely aware of standing at one end of a darkened stage while the spotlight is bathing some one else at the other end. At that moment he discovers the other fellow to be an enemy, *i.e.*, a Britisher, usually, or an Italian—for aside from the German, the Frenchman's enemies are ordinarily his former allies,

while his friendships are contracted among the second-rate and third-rate peoples of Europe. He has then a moment of fury, rushes off stage slamming the door behind him, and is heard to declare loudly that he at least can live without false friends, he at any rate is not a sycophant.

And it is a fact that the Frenchman can live without anybody. Apart from a few pseudo-internationalists and a handful of Anglomaniacs and Americanophils, France is inhabited by a people to whom the idea of looking for an instant beyond the borders of the country occurs only when a new alliance is announced, or when a reigning prince visits the capital. France is sufficient unto itself: it needs nobody, wants nobody, is interested in nobody who is not French. This and the trait we call individualism furnish two good reasons why so many Americans go home disgruntled, complaining that the shopkeepers and chauffeurs of Paris are a rude, impertinent, thieving set of scoundrels.

II

Thus we come back to the exceptions, the intellectuals, those Frenchmen who might learn something of America out of books. But for them, alas, America is still a British dependency in the field of literature!

The comparative study of literature, indeed, has never been a strong characteristic of French criticism. Though Saint-Evremond lived in England, and Voltaire admired Congreve; though Richardson and Byron were once idolized in France; and though in later years Mallarmé lectured at Oxford and Verlaine and Rimbaud lived in London, Taine's "Littérature anglaise" and "Notes sur l'Angleterre" are isolated phenomena. The discussion of English literature by Frenchmen is almost altogether a matter reserved to philologists. I doubt very much that Sainte-Beuve appreciated Matthew Arnold at his real worth, or ever read his English friend's lectures. Our modern mentors, Huneker, Symons, George Moore, Pol-

lard, Vance Thompson, and the others, were known to the French literary world of thirty years ago only because they went to Paris. Wilde himself, who has always been greatly admired by the French, had to make the Channel trip to collect homage, and even the great Kipling was introduced to French readers with some difficulty (by Robert d'Humières, I believe). In the 'nineties, Marcel Schwob corresponded with Stevenson and visited Meredith; André Gide, then unacquainted with English, interested himself in the young Germany of the day; Paul Bourget was an admiring friend of Henry James. Rémy de Gourmont was influential for the publication by the *Mercur de France* of a number of translations from English, notably three volumes of selections from Havelock Ellis' "Psychology of Sex." More recently, Valéry Larbaud has served as the exceptional Frenchman who proves the rule, the single French traveler to bring back from England a Landor and a Samuel Butler, from Spain a Gomez de la Serna. But apart from monographs and university theses, Chevalley's "Roman anglais de notre temps" (first published by the Oxford University Press in the original French) and three critical essays by André Chevrillon are the only works on English literature which I remember as appearing in the past two or three years. The simple fact is that French criticism has no Saintsbury, no Gosse, no Symons, no Brandes, no Curtius, to devote whole volumes to the literature of other peoples. Taine, Vogué, and Texte are long dead; Jusserand (on Elizabethan England), Legouis (on Chaucer, Spenser and Wordsworth), Bazalgette (on Whitman and Thoreau), and Bourgeois (on Synge) have done their work; there is left only a handful of professors and a scattering of occasional essayists. These (as we shall see) know nothing of America. The best of the lot is Larbaud, whose judgment of literature in English I should trust before that of almost any American or English critic. He has written with great penetration of Landor, Pat-

more, Joyce, Eliot, and his beloved Samuel Butler, whose complete works he proposes to translate, paralleling Baudelaire's performance for Poe. He has given us also a charming version of L. P. Smith's "Trivia." André Gide has himself translated "Antony and Cleopatra," Conrad's "Typhoon" and Blake's "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," and has doubtless been instrumental in securing the publication by the *Nouvelle revue française* of further translations of Conrad, Meredith, Hardy, and Stevenson. Hardy, by the way, is almost without appreciation in France, but Meredith is revered as a prophet and Kipling admired as a genius whose greatest performance is assumed to be "The Light that Failed." After such judgments, it is not surprising to find that M. Edmond Jaloux writes of George Eliot as though she combined the qualities of Dostoievsky and Balzac. A volume of Ruskin was translated by the late Marcel Proust; Pater is represented by "Marius the Epicurean," "Studies in the History of the Renaissance," "Imaginary Portraits" and "Plato and Platonism"; Wilde has been translated *in extenso*. Stevenson, who was first introduced to France by Marcel Schwob (the talented translator of "Moll Flanders") has become a popular author, with "Kidnapped" and "St. Ives" running simultaneously in two daily papers. Galsworthy is both read and exalted. Bernard Shaw, translated by a Swiss business man and his wife, is grotesque in his Swiss-French dress. H. G. Wells was greatly read before the war and is still in favor as fantasist and *sociologue*. George Moore is almost unknown, though part of his "Memoirs of My Dead Life" was published recently in the *Cahiers verts*. Synge has been translated; Yeats was unknown until the award of the Nobel Prize; a few verses of Dowson have been done into French. There is, too, a translation of Clive Bell's "Art" and one of Percy Lubbock's "The Craft of Fiction." The publication of a biography of the late Mrs. Florence Barclay, author of "The Rosary,"

leads to the assumption that she must have been widely read in France. "If Winter Comes" was published serially in that most highbrow of newspapers, *Le Temps*.

This list of British authors translated into French is fairly complete if we take no account of the classics. It is thrown out only as a bridge between my remarks on French criticism and the mention which follows of American books in translation. I commence of course with Cooper: every French schoolboy knows *le vieux Bas-de-cuir* as well as he knows Gulliver and—forgive my untutored phonetics—*Rub-an-zohn Cru-zo-ay*. The Leatherstocking is as greatly beloved of the French child as D'Artagnan is of the American. Emerson is read with scrupulous attention. Poe, in one of the great translations of literature, is as much a classic in Baudelaire's tongue as "Daphnis et Chloe" in the version of Amyot. Indeed, in the collection called "Les Grands écrivains étrangers," published by Bloud & Gay, which includes critical biographies of as many as thirteen foreign poets and philosophers, Poe is the only American to whom a volume has been devoted. Not only Baudelaire, but Mallarmé also translated Poe; there is likewise a translation of the poems into exquisite French prose by Mme. Jenny Serruys-Bradley. Thoreau, too, is beginning to be appreciated. Washington Irving's "Alhambra" is not altogether ignored. Whitman is a god. Mrs. Stowe's "La Case de l'Oncle Tom" is a children's classic which sells wonderfully at Christmas time. William James is greatly admired. Ambrose Bierce's "In the Midst of Life" was published recently in a superb translation by Victor M. Llona. Dreiser's "Twelve Men" has appeared in French. Sherwood Anderson's stories have been published in the *Revue européenne* and in the *Figaro* (where the appearance of "Hands," a story out of "Winesburg, Ohio," was adjudged shocking, causing the suppression in this paper of the other stories which were to have appeared). Waldo Frank's "Notre Amérique" was widely

read, and his "Rahab" has just been published. There exist a half-dozen translations of "Jurgen," though the book has not yet been published in France. Some one is always offering to try his hand at a translation of "Main Street" or "Babbitt," but they have not yet appeared, so far as I am aware, on the shelves of French booksellers.

And still we are not on the right trail. For the great American novel before the war was (and may be again) Upton Sinclair's "Les Abattoirs de Chicago," the only American story which has a French reputation comparable to that enjoyed in America by "The Mysteries of Paris." There was a time when Sinclair, seen in perspective across three thousand miles of water, towered like Pike's Peak over all other American composers of fiction. Later a brighter sun arose, and Jack London eclipsed the author of "The Brass Check." It has been impossible, in recent years, to go into a bookshop of Paris without seeing the books of Jack London, or to open a Paris newspaper without coming upon the serial publication of one of his stories. Almost every literate Frenchman has read London and considered his work great literature. But even the popularity of a London must decline, and now his successor's name has begun to be pronounced. It is not Stewart Edward White, whose "Terres de silence" was published a couple of years ago in a *de luxe* edition with excellent wood-cuts at 66 francs; it is not Hal G. Evarts, from whom we have had, running in the *Temps*, "La Double bête" which seems to be called in English "The Cross Pull"; it is not Zane Grey, nor William McLeod Raine, nor Harold Bell Wright, nor the author of "Hop-along Cassidy," nor anybody else than James Oliver Curwood. Curwood is, for the purposes of the French reader, better than even Edith Wharton, literary ambassadress to France, whose novels are published in French in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and never elsewhere, not even—so far as I can say—in books.

III

To the generality of Europeans, America is still the land of the cowboy and the redskin, the prairie-schooner and the bad man. Impossible to get away from it. Only a year ago, I saw an Englishman in "chaps" in a London theatre who pulled a gun and declared with conviction, "as we say in Wisconsin," while at the same time I read in an English monthly a story whose scene was laid "on an extensive sheep-farm near Akron, Ohio." "The Covered Wagon" delighted all Paris when it was shown at the Ciné Madeleine because it confirmed everybody's idea of American life. Of course there is the ubiquitous product of Henry Ford, there is Prohibition, there is *fabrication en série*, the life of the machine, the roar and bustle of fabulously rich cities lined with incredibly high *gratte-ciels*, in the shadow of which white-faced midgets eat indigestible lunchcons in ten minutes, and then bob back into hives where they spend eight hours daily sweeping up gold-dust. Stories of the Ku Klux Klan, the lynching of Negroes, the idiosyncracies of the evangelical churches, the tyranny of the American police, the American Legion's loyalty to the cause of France, drift across the Atlantic and are duly reported, to the accompaniment of appropriately humorous comment, in the Paris press. But these penetrate the consciousness of only the more curious, the more alert Frenchman; the fellow in the autobus or in the *métro* sees the land of the free only through the eyes of Jack London and James Oliver Curwood. He is fascinated by stories of grizzlies and snowshoes and gold-rushes; a two-gun man in a red shirt is his conception of a proper President of the United States.

The literary elements present in France to combat this romantic idea of a pioneering America are few and almost totally ineffectual. There is the *Revue anglo-américaine*, whose circulation might be placed optimistically at one thousand. It is a

revival of a pre-war philological journal, the *Revue germanique*, whose name was dropped in deference to American and English susceptibilities. The new review was founded last October by a group of university men for the purpose of informing the French reading public of philosophical, social, and literary progress in England and in America. Two very interesting numbers have thus far been issued, but, as may be imagined, both the aspect and the contents of this journal are without popular appeal. The best criticism to be read in France of contemporary American writers is published in the weekly *Europe nouvelle* and is signed by M. Charles Le Verrier. *Vient de paraître*, published by Georges Crés, comprises an Anglo-American department which is in the capable hands of Mr. William Aspenwall Bradley. Messrs. V. M. Llona, Bernard Faÿ, and others write occasionally of American books in the *Nouvelles littéraires*. At distant intervals, the *Mercure de France* publishes articles and remarks on American literature. The *Figaro* prints an inane and inconsequential page on Fridays entitled *le Figaro aux Etats-Unis*, which contains expressions of Franco-American amity, Ford jokes, and the comments of M. Maurice

Bourgeois. *The Books of France*, published in English by the Librairie Gallimard, is intended primarily to interest readers in French publications but contains also articles about America. The European edition of the *Chicago Tribune* includes a weekly magazine section on Sundays in which American literature is discussed and reviewed. *Ex-Libris*, the monthly paper of the American Library in Paris, contains articles of literary interest. The new *Transatlantic Review*, edited by Messrs. Ford Madox Ford and Ezra Pound, would be a valuable and interesting monthly for French readers if foreign exchange rates did not make its price of fifty cents prohibitive. In addition, Shakespeare & Co., the Three Mountains Press, and the Contact Publishing Company are active publishers of the writings of James Joyce, Ford, Pound, William Carlos Williams, Mina Loy, Robert McAlmon, Ernest Hemingway, and others. . . . You are to imagine a Frenchman, desirous of understanding America and faced by a choice between William Carlos Williams and Mr. Curwood! But there is a way out, for though Ayer's Almanac is not sold in all the kiosks of the Paris boulevards, the *Saturday Evening Post* is.

THE SUBSTANCE OF POETRY

BY JOHN McCLURE

POETRY, as a form of utterance distinct from prose, is simply music in words—an attempt to create beauty in rhythm and tone. Its sole distinguishing characteristic is its harmonization of syllables in rhythm. There is no such thing as a poetic idea. Whatever claims they may advance to the contrary, poets have no monopoly on imagination, sentiment, or tropes. These belong equally to prose, and they characterize any good creative writing.

It has been the habit of poets to designate as poetry—or anyhow as poetic—anything that is charming and impressive, and the world is by no means too wide for them. Thus they speak of poetic justice, and of the poetry of ships or of churchyards, and they found schools to exploit the poetry of machinery. Any delicate sentiment, any arresting or colorful conception, any dramatic event they lay claim to as belonging to their art. If you show them excellent imagery in the jagged prose of Carlyle they at once say that that, too, is poetry—that Carlyle sometimes attained to the beatitude of being a poet. Conversely, they are usually very chary about defining the status of scurrilous, obscene or frivolous verse, which most poets (intent upon preserving a dignity which is, after all, unimportant in this world) say is not poetry at all. Yet they admit caricature and the grotesque to the plastic or graphic arts without a quaver. All this is absurd. They have carried the term poetry to a point where it embraces anything that they wish it to embrace, and therefore means nothing intelligible.

This confusion of subject matter with

the art itself has not occurred in the case of any art except poetry. Indeed, the history of aesthetics offers no other such example of greediness as that of the poets. Painters know very well that their art is in its essence one of color and form. Musicians know that theirs is one of sound. But poets have advanced the preposterous theory that their art is anything which they may at the moment be talking about. The result has been lamentable. Many men and women of ability, deluded by all this rigmarole into believing that the essence of poetry is imagery, or self-exposure, or hysteria, or metaphysics, or gospel, or something other still, have produced beautiful imagery in gargling sounds or advanced surprising and beautiful conceptions in rasping diction that would be disdained even by a cowboy. Such work may be interesting reading, and, as such, respectable literature, but it is unquestionably bad poetry.

The intellectual approach to the problem of poetry such as we find, say, in Mr. Prescott's work on "The Poetic Mind," proves generally to be an approach not to poetry, but to the whole problem of aesthetic creation. All that Mr. Prescott and other similar investigators assert about poets (their processes of thinking, the mental state which accompanies or induces creation) applies equally to painters, sculptors, musicians, dramatists, and writers of creative prose. It probably applies equally to intuitive physicists and mathematicians and to all inventive geniuses. Such inquiries do not assist us in defining the art of poetry any more than they assist us in defining the art of paint-

ing. A poem is a product—like an amphora, a novel, a picture or a fugue—, not a state of mind. It is a definite creation in a form selected by an artist who from choice or inner necessity preferred it. That form is a sound-form.

There is properly no such thing as a poetic idea. There is, however, such a thing as intellectual beauty. Supreme art can be manifested in the arrangement, juxtaposition, sequence or coincidence of ideas, images or concepts. We find it in the novel, the dramatic plot or situation, the essay, and, more concentrated, in the trope, pun and slang. This art of ideas can, but need not, be applied to music, painting or sculpture. It can, and generally does (since language is "thought incarnate") appear in poetry. But this question of ideational content is a problem separate from that of poetry. It cannot be localized. When an aesthetic ideational vista is opened coincidentally with the exercise of a sensuous art the synthetic effect, of course, is more impressive than would be the effect of either the idea or the creation (visual or auditory) alone. We find in this fact of synthesis the explanation of why the Laocoön is more impressive than an amphora; why a crucifixion is more satisfying than a still life, and why "La Belle Dame sans Merci" is more charming than "When Daisies Pied and Violets Blue," and "King Lear" more overpowering than either. Ideational beauty confronts us multifariously in all the arts, suffuses them in fact, and we encounter it throughout our lives, in dreams, on the street, and in the newspapers. It is the last problem in aesthetics to be solved. But idea is not poetry, nor is it the essence of poetry.

There are two types of literature (this term comprises all that is written): the literature of fact, or supposed fact, and the literature of art. The first is simple assertion, as, "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points." The second we generally term creative writing. It includes every exercise of the

imagination and of the aesthetic impulse toward structural form, as "When the sky falls, we shall catch larks"; "Old Ross of Potern, who lived till the world was weary of him"; or "It is no easy task to preach to the belly, which has no ears." The creative writer endeavors to produce a "new work of nature" in symbol or sound or both, or to emphasize an idea by art in a manner not possible by simple assertion. He exercises aesthetic selection in his choice of words and images, and in the arrangement of his words and concepts. He employs tropes, associative double-entendres, condensation, omission, structural design in phrasing, and a multitude of other means to enrich the fabric of the language in which he works and to get from his subject-matter the maximum aesthetic effect. Whether he does this consciously or unconsciously is immaterial to an examination of the art produced. Such creative writers may work in either prose or poetry. Poetry is an advance beyond prose as painting is an advance beyond hieroglyphics, and as music is an advance beyond poetry. The idea is the substance of prose, which is simply speech, an array of symbols evolved to communicate thought. Sound is the substance of poetry, which is an aesthetic arrangement of words evolved to please the ear. The language, the prose, is used as an instrument on which the poet plays as he might play on a flute or a viol, producing a form in sound disconnected entirely from the substance of the thought. The distinction between prose and poetry is thus not one of mental attitude or of ideational content. Beautiful conceptions can be expressed by means of algebraic symbols, if these symbols have been previously defined.

Poetry must be sufficiently rhythmical to be a form of music. It was the mother of music. It must have an intrinsic beauty of sound which would be perceptible even if the words were gibberish. This is absolutely its only distinguishing trait. It differs from prose as singing differs from

declamation. The latter depends upon idea for its effect, the former upon sound. If a sequence of words, without violence to the natural stress and intonation and with pleasing effect, can be played on a pipe, whistled, chanted or sung, it is poetry. But since the instrument used by the poet to produce his harmonies is language and not a violin or a French horn, the product is charged with ideas, partaking inevitably of the attributes of language (all words are symbols, most are tropes). This charged character of the instrument gives to the finest poetry an effect which, one is sometimes tempted to believe, places it at the pinnacle of the arts. The fusion of two glamors—the glamor of ideas and the glamor of music—is not, however, present in all, or even in most poetry, which often is intellectually very dull indeed and not infrequently absurd. Within the mold of form, the poet attempts to be as intelligible and as much an artist in ideas as a dramatist, epigrammatist, essayist, novelist, letter-writer, or metaphysician. But the "obstetric of the idea," the elucidation of a concept by syllogism or trope, is a prose process, a speech process, like talking. It is dissimilar from the aesthetic process of poetry. It is at most merely accessory to the fact: the fact is music.

II

In the belief that the art of poetry lies in its subject-matter, critics and verse-writers have got the personality of men who happened to be great poets so intimately entangled with their theories of the art that most books of criticism dealing with poetry are, from the standpoint of aesthetics, mere nonsense. They devote much more attention to the question, which should come last, whether a versifier is a democrat, a hedonist, or a Platonist—whether he is philosophically or economically or morally sound—than to the question whether he can write poetry, which should come first. If the verse-

writer seems to the critic to be a true man (that is, a good Presbyterian, a good Platonist, a good Panurge, or a good democrat, depending upon the preference of the critic) he is a good poet; if he is not a true man, he is an execrable poet. Many bad versifiers who have contributed importantly to the literature of ideas, or who have evinced a charming outlook on life, are seriously discussed as good poets, even though the critic, if he has any ear, must know that their verses are mediocre or bad. Poetry is really extremely simple. Anyone who is pleased by the sound of children's voices chanting:

Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is so green,

appreciates the art. If he enjoys "The Lion and the Unicorn" he has very nearly penetrated whatever mystery may be in it. There is more of this mystery in the French nursery-rhyme "Au Clair de la Lune" than in Whitman, Browning or Arnold. It is not an intellectual quality, and we need no more attempt to explain it than we need attempt to explain the charm of music, which is also a charm of sound.

Poetry has fallen into disrepute with a multitude of readers because of this subject-matter heresy, which has been promulgated by a number of very brilliant men. Especially in the last century these theorists (most of them poets, and good ones) have endeavored to prove that poetry is the most intellectual branch of literature—a sublimated gospel or criticism of life. Nothing was easier than to convince the poets themselves that, because they were able to make jingles or invent figures of speech or allegories, they were very clever theologians. For a long time we have had verse-writers actually believing that, because they have an ear for cadence and rhyme, they are in communion with Deity, and therefore qualified to explain what the world is about, and to dispense wisdom. Worse, all instruction in poetry which has been forced upon unwilling youth is designed to im-

press upon him that poetry will make him wiser and better, that the poets are Teachers from whom he must learn. As a result, ninety of every hundred who are introduced to good verse in their school-days cannot abide the thought of it thereafter.

In the time before this heresy sprang up the popular songbooks contained some of the most exquisite poetry in the language. The Elizabethan airs are pure poetry, and a multitude of people liked them well. Now the popular songs are drivel, and the mass even of educated people refuses to read verse. It was evidently a serious mistake to tell men and women that poetry would improve them. Perhaps when this fallacy is forgotten, the mass of men will appreciate good poetry again. Certainly even now a cowboy who would be nauseated by a lecture on or by Matthew Arnold enjoys and sings "The Cowboy's Lament":

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a poor cowboy wrapped up in white linen,
Wrapped up in white linen as cold as the clay.

Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
Play the dead march as you bear me along;
Take me to the green valley and lay the sod over
me
For I'm a young cowboy and I know I've done
wrong.

And the Southern American who could never be persuaded to read Thomas Campion or Walter De la Mare is thrilled when he hears black men and women singing:

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' fo' to carry me home

We must remember that poetry is an art just as drawing is. In the graphic arts we have modulations in technique from caricature and the grotesque to the keen edge of Ingres, the ecstatic vigor of Blake, and the superb beauty of the Renaissance masterpieces. Poetry, too, has its caricature, still containing the essential magic of art. Consider these lines from Thackeray:

Swain the bold sea-king with his captains and
skippers

Walked on the sea-beach looking at the dippers,
Walked on the sea-beach in his yellow slippers.

And recall the jingles, always favorites of children, in which

Nebuchadnezzar, the King of the Jews,
Slipped off his slippers and slipped on his shoes.

The essential charm of such verse is akin to that of

Beauty is but a painted hell!
Ay me! Ay me!

Full fathom five thy father lies

or,

I said to Dawn: Be sudden—to Eve: Be soon.

For the essential charm of the art of poetry is the charm of sound, and the substance of this art, the mother of music, is sound. Here we can do no better than to glance at a few titles or phrases of songs, some of which have come down for hundreds of years. The entire spirit of poetry, as an art of sound, is condensed into them. Consider "Fortune my Foe" (this is the hanging-tune which was sung by thousands of spectators at executions in England four centuries ago); "Ladye, Lie Neare Me," "Lull Me Beyond Thee," "Labor in Vaine," "Green Sleeves," "All in a Misty Morning," "London Ladies," "Oh, London is a Fine Town," "Lilliburlero," "Tom Tinker's My True Love," "I Would I Were in My Own Countrie," "All in a Garden Green," "Bonny Sweet Robin," "John, Come Kiss Me Now," "Highland Harry Back Again," "I am a Man Unmarried," "Gilderoy," "Jamie, Come Try Me," "I Rede You Beware at the Hunting, Young Men," and "Whistle and I'll Come to Ye, My Lad."

We can select from a would-be humorous poem by Thomas Gray, "A Long Story," most of which is wretched doggerel, two stanzas in which are lines of rare art:

In Britain's Isle no matter where
An ancient pile of building stands;
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the pow'r of fairy hands

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

"Employ'd the pow'r of fairy hands" exemplifies what I am talking about. It is a blossom of sound. Poets, even the rudest, work in sound as their first principle. Here is a passage from "Git Along, Little Dogies," a cowboy ballad:

Whoopee ti yi yo, git along, little dogies,
It's your misfortune and none of my own.

The cowboy, in arriving at such a fluent expression as appears in the second line of this stanza, was doing precisely what Gray did when he formulated the line quoted above, and precisely what Thomas Campion did when he wrote "I Will Go No More a-Maying," and Burns when he wrote

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie.

He was fiddling on the strings of his larynx.

In Negro folk rhymes we find excellent examples of music-making in words:

Jawbone ring! Jawbone sing!
Jawbone, kill dat wicked thing.

Oh, don't you see dat turkle dove
What mourns from vine to vine?

De ole hen sot on tucky aigs,
An' she hatch out goslings three.
Two was tuckies wid slender legs
An' one wuz a bumblebee.

Whatever form they choose, all poets are doing the same thing fundamentally—weaving each his own sort of music out of syllables.

III

A great deal of controversy, most of it ridiculous, has raged over regular and irregular rhythms, and over cadences and rhyme. Those who attempt to prove that rhyme is not allowable in poetry are as foolish as those who contend that it is necessary. And those who would tolerate only regular rhythms or only irregular rhythms are equally stupid and bigoted. In various languages (English certainly) rhyme in the vulgar English sense of final coincidence is an ornament because such rhymes are scarce. In Latin such rhymes

were a defect because they were common and wearisome. One must remember here that rhyme is any recurrence of similar sound and that there is rhyme in *Canterbury* and *cantaloupe*, *splendor* and *splash*, *mahogany* and *geography*, *asp* and *astonishment*, *dig* and *dug*, *strenuous* and *strategy*, which is as truly rhyme as that in *cat* and *rat*. The vers librists use all the forms of rhyme except their private *blé noire*, the English final rhyme. Beautiful verse has been written in every form. All are welcomed by the real lover of poetry. Consider for example the following quotations, some from free verse and others from conventional metrical prosody, including rhymed verse:

I have loved a stream and a shadow.—*Ezra Pound*.

Love prickt my finger with a golden pin.—*Herrick*.

This is the passing of all shining things.—
E. E. Cummings.

I saw three witches
That bowed down like barley.—*De la Mare*.

I have known the stone-bright place,
The hall of clear colors.—*Pound*.

Cor meum conturbatum est,
Death with Hounds of Fear stirred in the
darkness . . .

Formido mortis cecidit super me,
Such is the doom of Death, none may escape it.
—*Margaret L. Woods*.

My Love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object, strange and high;
It was begotten by Despair
Upon Impossibility.—*Marvell*.

Thou art not fair for all thy red and white,
For all those rosy ornaments in thee;
Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,
Nor fair nor sweet, unless thou pity me.—*Campion*.

Him the almighty power
Hurled headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky.
—*Milton*.

I got me flowers to straw thy way;
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But thou wast up by break of day
And broughtst thy sweets along with thee.
—*George Herbert*.

I fain would take the zither,
By some stray fancy led,
But there are none to hear me
And who can charm the dead?—*Cranmer-Byng*.

The black panther treads at my side,
And above my fingers
There float the petal-like flames.—*Pound*.

The dawn's grey eyes were troubled grey.
—*Francis Thompson*.
We desolate lost ladies of Greece!—*Elizabethan air*.

All these forms seem good to me. But poetry, of course, can be bad writing as well as prose. Intellectually, there is a distinction that cannot be too much emphasized: under the spell of music readers not only accept but enjoy more nonsense than they would accept in Augustan periods. Therefore a certain amount of it is allowable. And nonsense we find in the greatest poetry as well as in the jingles of children. The best poetry is that in which, combined with beautiful sound, we find charming sentiment, beautiful conception and beautiful imagery. This is incontrovertible, but, as I have pointed out, it is equally true of prose. If the following quotations lacked their distinctive rhythmical movement and harmony of syllables, they would still fall into the general category of literature as splendid prose, but they could not—if the term means anything definite whatsoever—be considered good poetry:

But his face
Deep scars of thunder had entrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek.

Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose, like an exhalation.

From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A Summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling star.

Thou still unravished bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time.

magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

I tread upon dangerous ground when I attempt to elucidate this contention. Nevertheless, I shall do so. In a translation from Heine by Ezra Pound, is the following line:

O wounded sorrowfully!

If that is not poetry, I am a horse. But if it is recast: "O sorrowfully wounded," it loses a large part of its poetic magic while

retaining its prose magic complete. Coleridge startles us in "Christabel," with

Beautiful exceedingly!

Recast that into "exceedingly beautiful" and what has vanished? Plainly a spirit of beauty that secreted itself in the sound. It is useless to attempt to explain the charm of "beautiful exceedingly" on the theory of surprise resulting from the transposition of words. On that theory "attractive somewhat" would be charming too. Burns' magical line:

O poortith cauld, and restless love

can be recast "O cauld poortith, and restless love," and the poetry has got away in a flash. Consider, again, this line from T. S. Eliot:

Phlebas the Phoenician, a fortnight dead.

Recast it into "The Phoenician Phlebas, dead a fortnight"!

The following quotation is from Margaret L. Woods:

In cloisters dim and haunted
She met me and I said:
"Art thou the queen enchanted
Of whom long since I read?
Whose heart a great magician
Has hidden from her birth,
Either in the deep ocean,
The forest or the earth?"

Imagine the opening lines recast: "She met me in dim and haunted cloisters, and I said: 'Art thou the enchanted queen of whom I read long since?'" Nothing is lacking here but sound. . . . These examples should be sufficient. They are poetry, because they are beautiful, to a greater or less degree, in sound. In each recasting nothing intellectual or visual has been lost. That which disappears is sound—an auditory creation distinct from content, beautiful in itself. That sound (it is nothing vague, or theoretical, but a definite fact like color or physical form) is poetry: the rest is prose.

PEDAGOGUE: OLD STYLE

BY JAMES M. CAIN

His appearance suggests the esoteric purity of the cloister. Particularly the eyes, which have the liquid depth of clear opals. They are lambent, melting, fine. They have none of the cold penetration of a banker's eyes, nor the craftiness of a tradesman's, nor the heavy-lidded dreaminess of a musician's, nor the suspicious squint of a proletarian's. They are not masculine eyes, nor yet feminine: their sexless glow is like the look you associate with adolescent girls, or maiden ladies of forty-five. They are monastic, upturned eyes, which sometime, maybe years ago, maybe yesterday, have glimpsed the word *Excelsior*.

His face harmonizes. It is not the face of this vulgar day, but calls up, by style of eyeglass or parting of hair, memories of yesteryear. Whether young or old, it is fresh and ruddy. If here and there are wrinkles, then they are not deep cruel seams, but fine, lightly traced lines. If there are gray hairs, then they are not the streaks of soul-wracking years, but an even, rich powdering. A face finely chiselled, young at twenty-five, youngish at thirty-five, at fifty, at seventy; boyish at eighty, its owner *emeritus* for a decade. A face habitually relaxed in a sunny half-smile. A face that Time has laid on a special shelf and taken great pains with, has etched carefully and stained delicately, burning in one pigment at a time. A face clear, mellow, and serene, like a meerschauum pipe.

When you meet him, you find him charming. His welcome is sunny and genial, like his smile. He plays golf, and will invite you into a foursome. He plays

billiards and will take you to his club, set you up to a rickey, trim you neatly, and console you like a gentleman. He canoes, and always has a place in the boat. He is ready at your whim: he never has any special dressing to do. In the Summer he idles in flannels and soft shirt. In the Autumn he wears the trick breeches prescribed for golf. Other seasons he wears rough, comfortable, collegy-Englishy looking clothes. He is always ready for play, and delighted you have come. Delighted as a nice-mannered boy is delighted when another nice-mannered boy has moved into the block—another boy to play with, and while the time away.

He is cultured. If you are a scientist, he knows something about science, and has a new magazine he would like to show you. If you like music, he has been to concerts, and will tell you about them; possibly he will confess humorously that he plays the violin or clarinet himself, though not as a professional, simply for his own amusement. History, politics, art; he likes to talk of such things. About some of them, he admits, he doesn't know much, but he believes that every intelligent man ought to take an interest in them, if for no other reason than that they affect us all vitally, and beside, a man can't very well afford to ignore any great field of human thought, as he often tells his classes. Your discussion, you will find, will always end on a resolved chord, though you might prefer a dissonance. You will argue at length, about it and about, and admitting for the sake of argument Kant's great postulates concerning Space and Time. Then you will find yourself warped slightly

out of your original position by way of doing justice to the concept of the French Realists, and you will see him edge slightly toward your side, as he will have to admit that there is some measure of validity in the Renaissance idea; in turn you yield a point to the basic theory of constitutional government. Then, *Presto!* Three chords from the full brass choir and the argument is over. He discovers that you both have essentially the same point in mind, but have approached it from different angles. If you grant him his attitude (you nod gracefully), his view of the question is precisely the same as your own, and you are back where you started. . . . After he has brought the canoe to port and put it to bed he thanks you for a stimulating afternoon and hopes the discussion can be continued some time in the future. As you mumble a pleasantry you stare at him incredulously. His eyes give off a glow of unusual brightness: obviously he means every word he says. He did enjoy it, and devoutly hopes you will go out with him again. You go your way puzzled. You have a vague feeling of dissatisfaction; you don't think he got your point at all clearly. Yet when you think of the staggering amount of dialectic involved in restating it, you are glad you didn't try. Beside, you have a curious impression that it doesn't matter much, anyhow. You inhale deeply, blow a cobwebby sensation from your nose and cheeks, and pray that you may meet some ribald lout who will hie with you to the bootlegger's and tell you in plain language, without syllogisms, that you are full of fleas.

II

If you seek his society often, the cobwebs thicken and a feeling of weariness overtakes you. In spite of his humorous quips, you feel you are being wrapped in strange, stifling folds. These, were it not for his eyes, which perpetually haunt you, and the discourtesy involved, you would like to rip off, and dance naked in the

wind, at grips once more with reality. For you see, if you grant the premise that there is a Creator, and hardly any sane man would deny that, you immediately posit a purpose, since it is inconceivable that a Creator would have made the Universe and Man without having some purpose in mind. This brings you directly to the common problems of Ethics, Science, and Religion. The next question, of course, is what purpose. . . . In vain you wave your arms and kick your feet, recalling that the whole point at issue is whether or not there is a Creator: you are a paralyzed bird, drowning in the python's spittle. In vain you think hotly to yourself that the Creator may have had no purpose whatever, beyond possibly diverting a bored Creatress for an afternoon of Eternity. In vain you wonder querulously what in hell are the problems of Ethics, and who pays to have them solved. You are caught, and struggle as you may, you are held. You have granted his premise, and out of this seed he has reared a stately bean-stalk of logic and irrefutable conclusions. The oppressive folds, you perceive, are made of bright green leaves, and willy-nilly you try to chew your way out. On the bright green leaves you chew and chaw, and your belly tells you there is no sustenance in them; but why can't you chew your way out?

If your hobby is literature or aesthetic things, no doubt you hailed him as a boon companion after that first genial, delightful five minutes. As you mentioned Poe or Kipling or Nietzsche or Tolstoy his face lighted up and he besought you to come around, since those who have heard of such writers are all too few. . . . But after accepting his invitation you are as oppressed as though you had discussed less interesting things. Poe, he will tell you, he feels is really the greatest of all American writers, particularly in the realm of poetry. He is aware that Poe's fame is well established as a critic and short-story writer, but not so well as his fame as a poet, which he feels is a pity, since so far as he knows

Poe is the only poet who was ever able to give any account of how he did it, and of course this is scarcely less important than the ability to write it. Maupassant, he thinks, is the greatest of French writers, since his stories are such marvels of technique. Of the modern Americans he does not think much. Of course, Cabell has a very charming style, whatever that counts for, but any student of medieval legends knows that two thirds of the allusions in his stories have no historical justification whatever. As for Lewis, if you grant that the aim of the artist is to make a photograph, why then you have to concede that Lewis is a great artist. But if you grant that he must instill some spiritual quality into his books, that rules Lewis out of court, absolutely. Beside, Lewis has never demonstrated that he has mastered the novelist's technique, and with so many poor novels crowding the catalogues at present, that much at least ought to be insisted on.

So, repeatedly, lured by his fine eyes and delightful sunniness, you quest eagerly into him, and at each seeking you find only stalky green leaves and bright shining shells with no kernels in them. He quickly becomes a sort of problem with you, even more absorbing than the problems of Ethics. Why is he such a disappointment? Why does he blight every subject with his mouldy, cobwebby logic? Why so much dialectic and so little sense?

III

Possibly I presume in diagnosing his trouble, but I think it is his incurable hankering for the posture of wisdom. Sometimes he would be a stern, impressive wise man. He stands up before his defenseless classes and lectures them on the necessity for doing their thinking by Rational Processes. He spouts much foggy gas about the World Ground, the implications of Free Volition, the Categories of Consciousness, the difference between the Mathematical Conception of Solids and our ordinary conception, about *a priori*

and *a posteriori* methods, the successive steps in Scientific Investigation, the fundamental distinction between Economic and Statutory Law, the nature and principles of Physical Phenomena. He is insistent on exact definitions, and is impatient when his students cannot prove that when two variables each approach a limit they are the shortest distances between two given points. He is sharp, and hard to fool. The boys are stupid and poorly prepared. Or else, granting the boys are about average, the subject must be uncommonly deep, and the man who understands all about it must be uncommonly sagacious. . . .

More often, however, he is humorously, tolerantly, whimsically wise. When he catches one sophomore whispering the translation to another sophomore, he deposes that the blind are leading the blind, and gets quite a hand from the rest of the class. If he is among his colleagues, he recalls that many students have received their diplomas by the grace of God and the faculty, and on the whole it hasn't been his experience that such students have reflected discredit on the institution. Many of them, indeed, have turned out to be fine young men, and beside, he feels that if a student spends four years at college and applies himself reasonably well, he is entitled to a diploma, particularly when you consider it from the point of view of his parents. So, gentlemen, this student was not one of those who were born great, and certainly he has not achieved greatness, nor is he likely to. The question is, do we want to thrust upon him such measure of greatness as goes with the Bachelor of Arts degree. . . . I think this player ought to be made understand that in the general scheme of things there is a distinct superiority of mind over matter, and to that end he should be kept off the team until he becomes satisfactory in his studies. . . . Well, on the whole, I don't think we are making a mistake. Justice should be tempered with mercy, and I suppose this is one of those cases where the poor in spirit shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven

and they that mourn shall be comforted.

Thus the early stages of the Faculty Meeting. But it is in the later stages that wisdom blossoms into full efflorescence. A thick haze of cigarette smoke, an atmosphere of mellowness, of quips, whimsies, and salty proverbs. Then, out of the haze a buzz of talk, and out of the talk a recurring *Leitmotif*, sounding over and over in many keys: On the other hand, I very often feel. . . . In thinking the matter over, though, I can see. . . . It has been my experience, however. . . . Well, of course, I suppose I shall have to concede you that. . . . I have often thought of that particular point myself. . . . But hasn't it been your observation. . . . I believe, however, in a case of that kind. . . . But I often tell myself, looking at it from that point of view. . . . Well, I can certainly go with you that far. . . . After years of observation of students in that subject. . . . As I see it, it comes down very much to this. . . . I had rather err, of course, on one side than the other. . . . Well, if we are going to demand that, then I think we should insist. . . . But do you feel, considering it from that angle. . . . I should sum up the whole question by saying. . . . But you must remember. . . . To put the whole thing into a nutshell. . . . Well, I confess I have often wondered whether. . . .

The very quintessential distillate of wisdom: the judicial review! The delicate balancing of one side against the other side! That delicious, teetering moment before it becomes apparent that both sides (in the last analysis) are right!

IV

But *a quoi bon?*—all this wisdom that always hangs on dead centres, this profundity that never adds to the sum of human knowledge, this culture that never produces anything? If you except the slight service it does in ramming information into the heads of the young, it is doubtful whether it is of any use whatever. *Has* wisdom of any heft ever stopped at the

balancing point? *Can* there be real profundity that adds nothing to the sum of human knowledge, but only defines and classifies what other men have thought? *Is* there such a thing as pure, non-productive culture? I doubt it. Even men of real culture who are non-productive have a fierce sort of partisanship about it. It matters deeply to them. They may not write music, but they get sozzle-eyed drunk and go to hear Wagner, drenching themselves in beer, whisky, and the music of "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger." They may not write essays, but they roll Schopenhauer under their tongues. They may have no theory of art, but they roar at "Babbitt," and care not a whit whether Lewis is a photographer or a sign-painter, or whether he has mastered the novelist's technique. They know little of the World Ground, and less of Metaphysics, but they have sense enough to know there is no such thing as a Science of Ethics. The culture of such men is lopsided, incomplete, and far from pure. But it has life and blood in it, so far as it goes; it is no wan and ghostly cellar-plant of postulates, premises, and conclusions.

So, as I say, I doubt whether all this pother of logic and erudition has much substance behind it. But there the gentleman is, in any college or university of the land. Having, by four years of servitude, come into possession of his Ph.D., he sits back and allows nature to take its course, his face growing pinker and fresher, his hair grayer and grayer and whiter and whiter, and his commencement robes more gorgeous, as D.C.L.'s and Litt.D.'s and LL.D.'s descend gently upon him, like manna from Heaven. Sometimes he writes a book, whereof the opening sentence is "Literature is self-expression through words." And as he lectures and smiles and rebukes contumely and memorizes bright quips out of Latin grammars and the Gospel of St. Mark, so his eyes glow brighter and brighter, at the thought of what a wise man goes there, and that after all, it *is* worth while. . . .

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

ALTHOUGH O'Neill's "All God's Children Got Wings" has not yet been produced as I write—it is scheduled for presentation within the next few weeks—I may be forgiven for venturing a few words on it in view of the copious flood of ga-ga that followed its publication in these pages. Participants in the emission of this drool have included everyone from Prof. Dr. Arthur Brisbane, of the Bibliothèque Hearst, to Colonel Billy Mayfield, of the Benevolent Protective Order of the Ku Klux Klan, Texas Lodge, from the dramatic critic of the *Windgap*, Pa., *International News-Herald* to the shepherd of the Baptist flock at Horsecough, Va., and from a member of the faculty of Princeton University to the owners, publishers, editors, and editorial writers of half of the Southern newspapers. Black men have protested in the press that the play is a libel on their race, since it shows an educated Negro taking for wife a drab of the streets. White men have protested in turn that it is an insult to their race, since it shows a white woman, no matter what her morals, taking unto her bosom a coon. The heroic Colonel Mayfield, in an editorial in the *Fierce Cross*, demands the immediate dispatch of the author on the ground that he is a Catholic and hence doubtless trying to stir up the Negroes to arm, march on Washington, and burn down the Nordic White House. The always passionately sincere Brisbane, in an editorial in the Hearst journals, says Look Out! There Will Be Race Riots! The New York moral-morons are hot with indignation because O'Neill shows a white woman kissing a Negro's hand. Dramatic critics, all but one of whom confess they haven't

read the play, denounce it vehemently on the ground that they have heard from someone who read an article by someone in some one of the papers that it is going to be played by a real Negro and a white actress, which is awful. The American Legion, through certain of its mediums of expression published in the Middle West, announces flamingly that it considers the play subversive of 100 per cent American patriotism in that it seeks to undo all the good that was accomplished by the Legion's winning of the late war. The lucid argument of the Legion is that a piece of writing that deals with miscegenation and that is supposed to be authentically American is sure to alienate certain of our late allies in arms. It is the further belief of the Legion's spokesmen in the Middle West that there may be German propaganda concealed somewhere in the enterprise. In all probability, observe the Legion's spokesmen, the producers of the play will be found to be either German or of German descent. The names of these producers, whom the Texas Chapter of the Ku Klux on the other hand insists must be Jews, are clearly of a German-Yiddish flavor, to wit, Macgowan, O'Neill and Jones.

It has been some time since a play has succeeded in causing so much commotion. Why this particular play has caused it, I can't make out, unless it is that the number of half-wits in America is increasing much faster than any of us has believed. There is absolutely nothing in the play that is in the slightest degree offensive to any human being above the mental level of an apple dumpling. The initial thread of theme is simply "Abie's Irish Rose" with Abie blacked up. And the

final turn of theme is simply that of Wilson Barrett's "The Sign of the Cross" with the off-stage howling of lions left out. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been played at different times by six companies with real Negroes in the rôle of Uncle Tom—two black prize-fighters (the famous Peter Jackson was one of them) are among those who have played the part—and no one, even south of the Mason-Dixon line, has so much as let out a whisper when these real Negroes have fondled and kissed the white Little Evas. The late Bert Williams not only played in many sketches with white women, but cavorted gayly for years with white feminine flesh on our music show stage. In "All God's Chillun Got Wings," there is no physical contact between the Negro and the white woman save in the matter of their hands. Once, true enough, after a scene of frenzied mental aberration, the white actress is called upon to kiss the Negro's hands "as a child might, tenderly and gratefully," but the intrinsic feeling and impression here are not far removed from the Uncle Tom-Little Eva kind of thing.

To object to the play because it treats of miscegenation is to object to the drama "Othello" ("Othello is made by Shakespeare in every respect a Negro"—August Wilhelm Schlegel), or to the opera "L'Africaine," or to the Kipling story of "Georgie Porgie." To object to it because it shows a man and a woman of different color and of antagonistic race in the attitude of lovers is to object to Sheldon's "The Nigger," De Mille's "Strongheart," Selwyn's "The Arab" and the current "White Cargo," to mention but four out of any number of popular theatre plays that have gone their way unmolested, to say nothing of "Madame Butterfly," "Lakmé" and "Aïda." To argue against it that, since it shows a white woman marrying a Negro it therefore *ipso facto* places its mark of approval on such marriages is to argue that since "Tosca" shows a woman stabbing a chief of police to death it therefore *ipso facto* places its

mark of approval on the universal murdering of policemen. The O'Neill play, it is quite true, shows a certain white woman and a certain Negro in the married relation, but it obviously has no more intention of generalizing from this single and isolated case than has such a play as "The Bowery After Dark" which, following the line of profound logic that has been exercised in the case of the O'Neill play, would seek to prove that all Chinamen are bent upon getting white women into dark cellars for purposes of anatomical dirty work. "All God's Chillun Got Wings" is simply O'Neill's attempt to show what *would* happen psychologically *if* a white woman, whatever her station, *were* to marry a Negro. Plainly enough, in order to show what *would* happen, he has theatrically and dramatically to deduce his findings from the visualized situation. Otherwise, save he wished to resort to the idiotic dream formula—which doubtless would pacify the dolts who are currently so much worked up—he would have no play. How far he has succeeded in achieving his intention, the readers of the play may judge for themselves. It is my own belief that he has achieved the end he had in view. His play is unquestionably enfeebled by its sketchiness, by its perhaps too great economy of means, but it nonetheless presents its theme sincerely, intelligently, sympathetically and, it seems to me, dramatically. There is a measure of cloudiness in its final passages, yet this cloudiness is doubtless inherent in the very nature of the theme. The hoopedoodle that has been raised over that theme and over the planned theatrical presentation of the play expounding it must make any half-way intelligent Pullman porter shake his head sadly in pity for the mentality of a certain portion of the race that, by the grace of God, sits in the plush chairs.

II

In the case of "Welded," O'Neill has tried on Strindberg's whiskers with the same

unfortunate result as in the instance of an earlier play called "The First Man." Following the technic of the late lamented August, he has set himself so to intensify and even hyperbolize a theme as to evoke the dramatic effect from the theme's overtones rather than, as is the more general manner, from its undertones. The attempt, in a word, is to duplicate the technic of such a drama as "The Father," the power of which is derived not by suggestion and implication, but from the sparks that fly upward from a prodigious and deafening pounding on the anvil. The attempt, as I have said, is a failure, for all one gets in O'Neill's play is the prodigious and deafening pounding. The sparks simply will not come out. Now and again one discerns something that looks vaguely like a spark, but on closer inspection it turns out to be only an imitation lightning-bug that has been cunningly concealed in the actors' sleeves.

What O'Neill had in mind in the writing of "Welded" was, unquestionably, a realistic analysis of love after the manner of Strindberg's "Dance of Death." What he planned to show was that a deep love is but hate in silks and satin, that suspicion, cruelty, torture, self-flagellation and voluptuous misery and torment are part and parcel of it, that it constantly murders itself and that its corpse comes to life again after each murder with an increased vitality, and that once a man and a woman have become sealed in this bond of hateful love they are, for all their tugging and pulling, caught irrevocably in the trap of their exalted degradation. What he actually shows, however, is only vaguely what he set out to show. His intent and achievement are miles apart. He goes aground on the rocks of exaggeration. His philosophical melodrama is so full of psychological revolver shots, jumps off the Brooklyn Bridge, incendiary Chinamen, galloping hose-carts, forest fires, wild locomotives, saw-mills, dynamite kegs, time fuses, mechanical infernal machines, battles under the sea, mine ex-

plosions, Italian blackhanders, last minute pardons, sinking ocean liners and fights to the death on rafts that the effect is akin to trying to read a treatise on the theme on a bump-the-bumps. O'Neill rolls up his sleeves and piles on the agony with the assiduity of a longshoreman. He has misjudged, it seems to me completely, the Strindberg method. That method is the intensification of a theme from within. O'Neill has intensified his theme from without. He has piled psychological and physical situation on situation until the structure topples over with a burlesque clatter. Strindberg magnified the psyche of his characters. O'Neill magnifies their actions.

"Welded" has already been written by another dramatist who made of it one of the masterpieces of modern drama. I refer, of course, to Porto-Riche and "Amoureuse," perhaps the finest play on the subject ever written. Porto-Riche wrote his play simply, unaffectedly. There is no three-alarm dramaturgy in it, as there is in O'Neill's. It moves quietly, convincingly, devastatingly, on its even and temperate course. "Welded," on the other hand, has a terrible time with itself. It is forever climbing up the sides of steep mountains with ear-rending grunts and groans and with excruciating pains in its middle when all the while there lies a smooth, easy valley path to the other side of the mountain in plain view. It is constantly bawling at the top of its lungs when there is need for nothing but a whisper. It is always sitting down on its own hat.

The simple truth about the play is that its characters are intrinsically nothing but hams. O'Neill has intensified his human beings to the point where they are no longer human beings, or symbols of human beings, but just actors. And to pile Pelion on Ossa, he has made one of these characters an actress and another a Broadway theatrical manager! Further to add to the joviality of the occasion, the producers engaged Ben-Ami, an actor who would play Huckleberry Finn in the

manner of Ermete Novelli making a gala address at a Lambs' Club banquet in honor of Robert B. Mantell, for the rôle of the idealistic playwright. This Ben-Ami, an actor intensified to such a degree that he seems always in danger of biting himself, brought to the already highly actorized rôle an artillery of histrionic nonsense that made it doubly unreal and absurd. (If you wish to gain an idea of the way Ben-Ami acts, imagine Eddie Cantor and Morris Gest in a free-for-all fight.) Miss Doris Keane managed the woman's rôle with a fair share of skill. The staging of the manuscript by Stark Young was satisfactory save in the matter of lighting. Unless my eyes deceived me on the opening night, it was high noon outside the window of the room in Act II although the time was two o'clock in the morning. Again, the dawn of the last act was of a peculiar pea-green shade, as of Maeterlinck full of Chartreuse. Still again, although the room of Act I was illuminated only by a small and arty table lamp at the extreme left of the stage, the centre of the stage—the battleground of the actors—was whimsically bathed in a dazzling radiance by a powerful balcony spotlight. After all, one can at times forgive Belasco many things, even his Catholic collar, Presbyterian coat and Methodist breeches.

III

Ernst Vajda's "Fata Morgana," splendidly produced by the Theatre Guild and brilliantly acted by Miss Emily Stevens and Morgan Farley, is the best comedy of sex that has come out of Hungary in the last ten years. If, in fact, there is in modern drama a more adroit composition of the duet of sex that is so often synchronously *addolorato* in the minor and *allegretto* in the major, I am not privy to it. The scenes between the vain, foolish, self-seeking and dazzling woman of the world on the one hand and the idealistic, romantic, dreaming young boy on the other

—first, the boy's seduction; second, the aftermath of sentimental disillusion; then his groping toward a comprehension of the whole business, with the woman smiling knowingly behind her hand at his tears—these scenes are comedy of the very highest order. Seldom, to my knowledge, have they been more deeply plumbed or more dexterously put into words. In the hands of the usual playwright, such scenes would be written out to their full dramatic content. Every drop of juice would be squeezed out of them by way of getting the complete theatrical effect—the wallop, I believe they call it. Vajda, on the contrary, leaves them very largely scenes of implication. Instead of himself squeezing the juice out of them, he permits the imagination of his audience to do the job. The complete realization of the scenes that thus in other hands would take place on the stage in this instance takes place in the audience, where it should take place.

There is nothing cheaply sophisticated, as the word is, in Vajda's handling of his recognizable theme of the modern fall of man. With the wit and humor of Sacha Guitry he combines in this comedy—which, incidentally, is the only meritorious play he has written; his others, so far as I know them, are rather obvious and feeble affairs—a deep psychological sense, a full measure of reflection and tonic irony, and a nice gift of cultivated sympathy. His character drawing is, further, accomplished with a sure hand. His types are universal; their processes of emotion and thought are suggested in the finest detail. All in all, a thoroughly good piece of work.

IV

What was left over of the preposterous kicking and braying that were indulged in by the M. Israel Zangwill while he was over here a few months ago has been incorporated by him into the dramatic form and given the name "We Moderns." With a rapid percussion of miff and

grumble, sulk and spleen, huff and belly-ache, the M. Zangwill, who talks like a blackball, gets up on his hind legs and opens his mouth wide on the novel subject of the Younger Generation. Doubtless under the belief that no one has thus far ever thought to point out certain weaknesses of the present Younger Generation, and jumping at the subject in high glee, he goes through the stale rigmarole with a perfectly straight face—always excepting the nose—and succeeds admirably, after three hours of indignant yowling and yammering, in saying less, and saying it more idiotically, than the youngest Princeton or Yale author who has written on the theme.

The play is a stilted, affected, and thoroughly ridiculous piece of bombast. The characters representing the current young of the species no more resemble actual human beings than do the Yellow Kid, Pore Li'l Mose, or the Enfants Katzenjammer. Zangwill's modern flapper, for example, though a cigarette-smoking, cocktail-drinking, wise-cracking cutie who frequents loose studio parties and the like, has her own night key and is up on the latest international Greenwich Village literature, is completely ignorant of sex, still imagines that babies are brought by the *Ephippiorhynchus senegalensis*, and believes that a kiss on the lips signifies physical defloration. I am not trying to be funny; I set down the literal fact. The other representatives of the Younger Generation are scarcely less piquant. They have illegitimate babies, climb down water-spouts and show their legs to enthusiastic crowds of onlookers, pose in the nude, take up the family servants as boon companions, make rendezvous with professional seducers in their own drawing-rooms, and never lie down without perching their feet on the tops of the couches. They also quote poetry on every possible occasion and tell their parents to go to hell. The net impression of all of which is of the Messrs. Scott Fitzgerald and Stephen Vincent Benét, both beauti-

fully boozy, rolling downstairs with their arms around each other.

There are bad plays that are simply bad plays, and there are bad plays that, in addition to being bad, are irritating in their irascibility and contentiousness. "We Moderns" is in the latter category. Zangwill's indignation, which appears to embrace everything that Hilaire Belloc hasn't yet thought of and which, in its American manifestations, covered everything from the Pennsylvania Railroad's habit of locking up the *cabinets d'aisances* while the train is stopping at Elizabeth, N. J., to Otto Kahn's failure to pay his hotel bill in advance for him—this wholesale indignation is spread over the play like so much sour dough. The characters are so many Atrocity Reports; the dialogue is a series of scare-heads.

The exhibit, which failed before you could say Joe Leblang, constituted the most juvenile buffet of bosh that the theatre has put on view in several seasons. Miss Helen Hayes' engaging performance of the central rôle was thrown away on such obstreperous rubbish.

V

During the pre-Easter period in the theatre there is very little to write about, including "Across the Street," by Richard A. Purdy. Mr. Purdy is in the banking business. "Across the Street" won the three thousand dollar Chautauqua prize. The critical syllogism is thus complete.

The M. Purdy's brain-child harks back to that era in our drama when fully half of the American stage was given over to spectacles wherein a young man with a straw hat brashly tilted over one eye converted a dilapidated village store into a resplendent bazaar and married Mary, the ingénue in the ten dollar dress, as the stagehands pulled an illuminated papier-mâché trolley car across the backdrop. Those were the days when the box-office responded with such inevitable enthusiasm to George M. Cohan's ingenious

trick of applying the sure-fire Cinderella theme to the scenery. Popular playwrights for many years had been reaping their reward from revampings of the Cinderella story in terms of character when Cohan came along with the novel and doubly profitable notion of transferring the Cinderella idea from the characters to the painted canvas. The public, become a bit surfeited with the kind of play wherein the poor, abused, little orphan country girl of Act I became the bride of the handsome young millionaire from the city in Act III, jumped over to Cohan *en masse* when he craftily gave them their favorite Cinderella hokum in terms of stage settings by changing the poor orphan into a shabby dry-goods store that came into its brilliant own in the last act or into a down-at-the-heel village that was eventually metamorphosed into a prosperous and lively town whose glittering electric signs and puffing power plants could be seen through the windows up stage. Doubtless wandering around his bank one day and getting a look at the size of Mr. Cohan's account, the M. Purdy ruminated on the ridiculous ease of the trick and promptly took the afternoon off. But, unfortunately, there is as much difference between a formula and a play as there is between the recipe and the guava jelly, and all that the M. Purdy had, at the end of the afternoon, was the formula and the papier-mâché trolley car.

Robert Emmett Keane, who is the central figure in this nonesuch, keeps in the picture by giving what he believes to be the kind of performance Mr. Cohan would give on a similar occasion. Mr. Keane, however, like a hundred and one other local actors, seems to be of the conviction that the whole secret of Mr. Cohan's acting technic consists in taking off his hat at the beginning of every line and putting it back on again at the end.

VI

Looking through the program of the new Shubert revue, "Vogues," before the

curtain went up, my eye fell upon this item in fortissimo type billed for Act II, Scene 1: "Special Engagement of the Mohammedan Caucasians of the Legjine-Tartars Under the Patronage of Prince and Princess Youssoupoff. The Dancers are Prince Kadir-Sultan-Guerey, Captain Islam-Naterhoff and Lieutenant Kerepoff." Surely, mused I, here will be something *délicat*; the Dr. Gest and Zoë Akins themselves, meditating in collaboration, would be less promisingly nuanceful! I thought of Genée, who appeared in America with no royal imprimatur, but simply under the patronage of plain Klaw and Erlanger. I thought of Pavlowa, who came over without so much as a single broke duchess to introduce her, and who first danced under the patronage, if memory serves, of Pat Casey, a vaudeville agent. I thought of the Russian Ballet and the Swedish Ballet that made their bows under the patronage of nothing more imperial than two Broadway theatrical managers. Pikers! I permitted myself a disdainful sniff and so adjusted myself in my seat that more of the satin lining of my dinner jacket would show. Here, I concluded, would be the art of the dance in its full regal bloom! Here, no mere bourgeois hoofers like these others, but shoe-shakers of the purple and ermine, a Prince related to the Sultan at their head, and all under the personal guidance of nothing less than the family Youssoupoff! I was impatience itself. I moved restlessly in my chair while the tenor sang the usual song called The Legend of Something or Other and behind the transparent backdrop a dozen of the girls did the usual presumably illustrative pantomime that had nothing to do with the case. I waited for the tall comedian to get through telling the one about the envelope in which the chorus girls' costumes were sent on from the last stand, and for the short comedian in the spacious breeches to stumble over his right foot and fall down upon his sitting-room. I bore with stoic resolve the Pierrot number and the one in which the prima donna with too much blue

paint around her eyes came down into the aisle, stood next to my seat, held out her arms longingly and sang something to the net effect that the only thing in the world that could set her heart a-whirl was life with me under the Peruvian moon. I tossed and prayed that time would speed while the tenor, suddenly possessed of great wit, declared that it was he who had taught Lady Diana manners and while the short comedian plucked fruit off a woman's hat and ate it. What I wanted was the Special Engagement of the Mohammedan Caucasians of the Legjine-Tartars Under the Patronage of Prince and Princess Youssoupoff. What I desired above all else was a glimpse of the genius of the noble Prince Kadir-Sultan and his colleagues.

Time dragged *sans merci*. The tall comedian alluded to a bad cigar as a vegetable; the short comedian came on carrying a dumb-bell and when asked the reason replied that dumb-bells always travel in pairs; and the plot went on to prove that mere fame and riches are naught compared with true love. I settled down as well-behaved as possible when a small incandescent bulb suspended high on the backdrop was turned on and melodiously greeted by the tenor and his lady love as The Star of Destiny, the twain moving slowly arm in arm toward the beacon of happiness as the curtain fell. I composed myself while a houri in shamrock tights scratched the back of her head with her left foot four times, whirled around five times and announced the result, via the program, to be the celebrated Gypsy Kataka. I waited calmly for the tall comedian to get through with the one about asking his wife what she wanted for a birthday present, about his wife saying that she wanted something that would go well

around the house, and about his buying her a fence, and for the short comedian to pretend that he had dislocated his knee and couldn't work it back into place again. The time was drawing near. I scrutinized my watch. But one more joke on an oil well being a hole in the ground entirely surrounded by Senators, but one more song on "The Belle of Today"—(she is merry and gay, she has a way that is most recherché, she is the girl that is every man's pearl, she is the flapper who ever is dapper, she is the belle of today)—and then—

The bass drummer let go a prodigious uppercut. Two buglers in the wings bugled a couple of resounding bugles. The curtains parted. And the Special Engagement of the Mohammedan Caucasians of the Legjine-Tartars Under the Patronage of Prince and Princess Youssoupoff was at last under weigh! I leaned far forward in my seat, breathless. The Prince Kadir-Sultan came on, jumped up and down seven times and made his exit. Captain Islam-Naterhoff rushed across the stage, whirled 'round rapidly eight times, turned a somersault, and then took up a position at stage right while his fellow genius, Lieutenant Kerepoff, did the same thing. Done, the Lieutenant assumed at stage left a position like the Captain's, while the Prince entered again, placed a long knife in his mouth and ran around the stage twelve times with his shoulders crouched, as if looking for a collar button. On the last round, the Prince suddenly assumed an erect position and cried out whatever is the Russian equivalent for "Gumpfl", whereupon the Captain and the Lieutenant joined him in a brief game of tag, and the act ended.

Either somebody has kidded the Shuberts or I am mistaken about Bozo Snyder.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Bravos in Bed-Sheets

AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF THE KU KLUX KLAN, 1865-1877, by Susan L. Davis. New York: *American Library Service*.

THE KU KLUX KLAN: A STUDY OF THE AMERICAN MIND, by John Moffatt Mecklin, Ph.D. New York: *Harcourt, Brace and Company*.

MISS DAVIS' "authentic history" does not deal with the current Klan at all, but only with the organization from which its founders stole its name, its uniform, and the better part of its hocus-pocus. This parent organization, as everyone knows, was formed in 1865 to put down carpet-bag rule in the South, and during the ten years of its chief activity it managed to shove the emancipated colored brother so far under ground that he has only recently begun to emerge. Miss Davis' book, as sober history, is quite worthless. It is written in a swooning, lyrical manner, and is full of trivial and childish stuff, including a long interlude on a spat among the estimable ladies of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Despite the gallant effort of a small minority of Southerners to introduce civilized tastes among their people, such gurgling writing continues to be popular below the Potomac, and whenever a fresh volume of it is issued nine-tenths of the Southern newspapers praise it lavishly and idiotically. But for all her school-girlish faults Miss Davis still manages, in the course of her 316 pages, to reveal a number of facts that are perhaps worth noting. One is that the actual organizers of the Klan were half a dozen boys just discharged from the Confederate army, and that not one of them, in later life, ever rose beyond the estate and dignity of a village worthy. Another is that most of its leaders, even at the time of its greatest potency, were

obscure fellows of the same general sort. A third is that the horrors of Reconstruction were by no means due to Yankees alone, nor to Yankees and blackamoors together, but that some of the most violent performers of the era were born Southerners. For example, Parson Brownlow. Brownlow was born in Virginia and started out in life as a pro-slavery rabble-rouser, but by Reconstruction days, with the pickings very good, Miss Davis finds him saying:

If I had the power I would arm every wolf, panther, catamount and bear in the mountains of America, every crocodile in the swamps of Florida, every Negro in the South, every devil in Hell, clothe them in the uniform of the Federal army, and then turn them loose on the rebels of the South and exterminate every man, woman and child South of Mason and Dixon's line.

Dr. Mecklin's volume on the Klan of today is far better stuff. It is, indeed, the best book so far printed on the subject, for it is the first to show clearly that the underlying animus of the organization is not against the Negroes, nor against the Jews, nor against the bootleggers or Reds or Darwinians, but against the Roman Catholic Church; and it is the first, too, to show that this animus has some color of reason. The Catholics, in truth, flounder dreadfully every time they try to explain away their divided allegiance, to the Pope on the one side and the State on the other. Their most skilful apologists have applied themselves to the business without success; more than once, indeed, apologist has ended by quarreling with apologist. If 100 per cent Americanism means absolute and dog-like subservience to the State, as is now taught in every school-house, then obviously no Catholic can ever be a 100 per cent American. The Methodist tub-thumpers who flourish in

the South noted this plain fact long ago, and made it the basis of their appeals to the fears and superstitions of the native morons. Christianity, to such cattle, is unimaginable save as a pursuit of devils, and as the Negro bugaboo began to lose its power to alarm them the Catholic bugaboo was substituted for it. The late war, with its wholesale inculcation of the duties of a patriot, completed the process. When the war was over at last, the government spy-hunt, Methodist revivals, yellow journalism, the hookworm, the boll weevil and malaria had combined to reduce the great masses of the Southern people to a state of frenzy. They jumped at every whisper. They saw a ghost behind every tree. Thus the time was ripe to launch the Ku Klux Klan, and, as we all know, a band of sharp shysters fell to the task, and were soon swimming in gold.

Dr. Mecklin nowhere makes the flat statement that the Methodist-Baptist *bloc* of so-called churches had any direct hand in the business, but this is nevertheless the fact, and his own evidence bears it out. The Klan is simply the secular arm of these churches. It translates into direct action the ideas that Methodist and Baptist pastors have been preaching in the South for years, and many of those pastors have been high in its councils since its organization. True enough, a few stray clergymen of both denominations have kept out of it, and a still smaller number have even denounced it, but the rank and file of holy clerks have certainly done nothing of the kind. On the contrary, they have supported the Klan vociferously, and their peculiar animosities are visible in all of its acts. Their intimate connection with it explains many of the mysteries that surround it—for example, the mystery of the curious and apparently irrational geographical distribution of its membership. When it was first heard of it seemed to be essentially Southern, and yet very soon it was flourishing in such thoroughly Northern States as Ohio and Oregon. Meanwhile, it showed great weakness in

Virginia, in Maryland and in tidewater South Carolina, as it did in New Jersey, New York and the industrial parts of New England. The mystery was really no mystery at all. The Klan simply flourished wherever the peasants and town workmen were mainly Methodists and Baptists—in brief, wherever the dominant local clergy whooped it up. It got no foothold in Virginia because the Anglican tradition is still powerful there, and it got no foothold in New York and the New England mill-towns because most of the local morons are Catholics, but it leaped from Baptist Arkansas and Georgia to Methodist Ohio and Oregon without the slightest difficulty, and in all the other States it lodged itself in the rural areas of total immersion and Christian Endeavor. Wherever a wandering Methodist evangelist was sure of a welcome, there the Klan organizer was received with attentive respect, and took up what the colored ecclesiastics call a good plate.

Once this simple fact is grasped, the spread of the organization ceases to offer any cause for wonder, nor does any mystery linger in its actual acts. It devotes itself in every county to whatever cause the local Baptists and Methodists honor with their momentary devotion. In one county it puts down the scarlet woman; in another it wars upon bootleggers; in a third it has at the Jews of the county town; in a fourth it battles for Fundamentalism; in a fifth it guards the public school against the Bolsheviks. But everywhere it is also anti-Catholic; everywhere it carries on the Methodist-Baptist *jihad* against the hellish emissaries of the Bishop of Rome. This *jihad* is surely not new. It has been the center of Methodist-Baptist polity for two generations, and goes back, indeed, to the days before the Civil War. As Dr. Mecklin notes, the early Klan organizers borrowed the whole machinery of the Methodist revival, including the familiar lurid confessions of "escaped ex-nuns" and the bogus oath of the Knights of Columbus. These devices for roweling and

stampeding the rural *Simiidai* had been employed by rev. pastors for years; they were now adopted by the collectors for the Emperor Simmons, himself a former Methodist ballyho-man. Today it is quite impossible, in most States, to distinguish between the Klan proper and its ecclesiastical parent. The two are, to all intents and purposes, one and the same. Dr. Mecklin would have made a more valuable book if he had laid greater stress upon this identity. But even so, he has accumulated a great mass of interesting and apposite material, and set it forth with a commendable lack of academic caution. The Catholics, I daresay, will belabor him excessively for discussing them so realistically, and the Methodists and Baptists, if they read books, would denounce him even more violently. Let him be at peace. God will reward him.

Two Views of Russia

MY DISILLUSIONMENT IN RUSSIA, by Emma Goldman. Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, Page and Company.

THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY: TWO YEARS OF RUSSIA'S NEW LIFE, by Anna Louise Strong, with an introduction by Leon Trotsky. New York: Boni and Liveright.

HERE is testimony as brilliantly conflicting as that in a divorce trial. Dr. Strong, having spent two years in Russia, comes out with the news that Bolshevik rule is a great and growing success, that the government is becoming steadily stronger and the people steadily more prosperous, that all the worst troubles of Trotsky and company are behind them. Miss Goldman, having spent almost precisely the same two years in Russia, comes out with the news that Bolshevism is a fraud and a tragedy, that the government is corrupt and liberty has been adjourned, that nothing lies ahead save inevitable disaster. Both ladies are of discreet years, and have devoted their whole lives to the uplift. Both have traveled widely and written much, and there are no flies on them. Which is to be believed? Or is it possible, after all, to reconcile them? I

suspect that the answer to the last question is not an unqualified no. More than once, indeed, their statements of cold fact touch, kiss and almost coalesce. What separates them is their prejudices. Miss Goldman, for many years in active practice as an anarchist, has a violent antipathy to all forms of governmental coercion; Dr. Strong, trained under democracy and formerly a job-holder at Washington, apparently believes that the glory of the citizen is subservience to the state. So the one sees the harshness of Bolshevik rule as a violation of all the fundamental rights of man, and to the other it appears as the flower of normalcy. The result is that neither is a quite reliable witness. Miss Goldman is too indignant when she discovers that the chief Bolsheviks, like all the rest of us, are animated by intelligent self-interest—that when there is starving to be done they prefer to let the *muzbiks* do it. And Dr. Strong, I fear, permits herself to gurgle a bit when she discovers that her women friends in Russia are all getting new hats, and that the industrial system is on its legs again, and that men of enterprise are once more raking in the *mazuma*. To Miss Goldman these changes appear as surrenders to the abhorrent Wage System. To Dr. Strong they appear as subtle and occult triumphs of the New Utopia.

Of the two ladies, I prefer to admire La Goldman the more, despite the fact that my political sympathies are unfortunately against her. She writes far better than Dr. Strong, and there is behind her writing a far finer and mellower intelligence. May I be permitted to say, without risk of the hoosegow, that I regard her as one of the most notable women now extant upon this planet? If you have taken your notion of her from the harassments of the *gendarmes* and the libels in the newspapers, then you see her very crookedly and falsely. Go read her books, if you can find them anywhere and sneak them through the mails. They reveal a woman of wide and deep culture, a graceful and urbane writer, an idealist of a rare and often singularly

winning sort. A monomaniac, true enough—a naïve believer in human perfectibility, an enthusiast carried far beyond common sense, a kind of mad mullah or whirling dervish. But so was Martin Luther. So was Ignatius Loyola. So was the imaginary Abe Lincoln of the school-books. What irony in the contrast between the ideas this woman, now old and worn, has advocated in her life, and the ideas she is commonly accused of advocating! Mention her name to a bank director, a realtor, a Congressman, a clergyman or any other such half-wit, and he will glide under the bed with the celerity of *Cryptobranchus alleghaniensis* on a rock. Speak it before the American Legion and you will go headlong into tar. Yet what, at bottom, is the immoral anarchism that she preaches? If you can distinguish it, even after long prayer, from the doctrines set forth in the Beatitudes, then you are a far more adept distinguisher than I am. Her plea is simply for freedom, equality, human dignity, an end of exploitation and oppression, a throwing off of all the chains that now bind poor mankind to its fears and superstitions. It is a plea as likely to be heard on this earth, now or hereafter, as a plea for common decency at a congress of Prohibition enforcement officers. But that is sinful and against God I question gravely.

The Department of Justice, with characteristic intelligence, mistook La Goldman for a Bolshevik, and so deported her to Russia. It was almost as if a Baptist rector from the remote swamps of Georgia had been sent to the Vatican. She was as vastly appalled by what she found as the Hon. Charles Evans Hughes would have been. More resilient in mind than Hughes, she resolved to make the best of it—to accept the *bona fides* of the Bolsheviks and pull with them for the sake of their victims—even to give them her help. The effort, of course, came to disaster. She found that government by Lenin and Trotsky had become almost indistinguishable from government by Coolidge, Judge Gary,

Dougherty, Doheny and Henry Cabot Lodge—that there was precisely the same stupidity, the same oblique self-seeking, the same exploitation of the great masses. She found the Bolshevik leaders winking at graft, oppression, and even downright murder. She found a reign of terror worse than that she had left in the United States—a bold and powerful camorra of Red Palmers and Burlesons, chiefly of the Oppressed of Israel, like herself, riding rough-shod over the millions of poor Russian peasants. So she beat a retreat, first to Riga and then to Berlin. There she now reposes, enjoying all the delights of life under a government headed by a shoemaker in tight, shiny shoes. It is a story not devoid of the grotesque, but fundamentally it seems to me to be tragic. What a head was wasted when Emma succumbed to the boozy dream of old Johann Most! What a woman she might have been if she could have stuck to earth!

Training for Press Agents

CRYSTALLIZING PUBLIC OPINION, by Edward L. Bernays. New York: *Boni and Liveright*.

THIS volume, so far as I know, is the first text-book for press-agents ever published. Like every pioneer work, it is marked by many omissions, and in some places the argument runs rather thin, but in general it seems to me that the author has platted the field very competently, and that he describes the fundamental problem of the press-agent very accurately. That problem in brief, is one of discovering, organizing and inflaming a mob—and the first part of it presents very much more serious difficulties than the other two. Even a Chautauqua orator or Dunkard evangelist is able to inflame his mob, once it is penned before him. The business, indeed, is elemental; making a few horrible faces, kissing the flag, weeping into a bandana handkerchief, praising the late Dr. Harding, or even appearing to be half-stewed is sufficient to achieve it. Circus press-agents, for this reason, have an easy job, and their traditional great feats are

chiefly moonshine. Life is easy, too, for revivalists, for politicians and for quack doctors, for a permanent audience awaits them in the Republic, eager at all times to be gulled.

But the modern press-agent—or public relations counsel, as he prefers to call himself, following the example of the realtors, morticians and disinfecting engineers—often confronts a far more difficult enterprise, for he has to find and organize his mob before he can begin to operate on it. Say, for example, that he is retained by the manufacturers of a new embalming fluid: how is he to proceed? If he begins to whoop up the virtues of the brand in a public and miscellaneous manner, he will only do it harm, for the mention of embalming fluid is enough to fill nine men out of ten with horror. Moreover, the public does not determine what brands of embalming fluid shall be employed in pickling it; it accepts docilely whatever the best undertaking thought of the country prefers. *Ergo*, the first onslaught must be upon the morticians.

But is the problem of the publicist thus solved? Not at all. Morticians, like all other men, may be reached in two ways—as individuals and as members of a mob. The first way is immensely costly; it is thus the endeavor of the press-agent to open the second. But how? In brief, by all the tricks practiced by mob-masters since the day of Jeremiah. First, by what is called suggestion—by repeating the idea to be transmitted so steadily and so powerfully that those who hear it are stunned into accepting it. Secondly, by seeking out natural leaders among them, and setting these leaders to belaboring their followers. Thirdly, by bringing outside influences to bear upon both leaders and followers. In the present case, what sort of influences are morticians susceptible to? Whose opinions do they trust? Whose good-will do they crave? Obviously, the opinions and good-will of the men with whom they are most thrown into contact—the rev. clergy, the faculty of medicine, and the higher functionaries of the great

fraternal orders. The publicist's problem thus begins to simplify itself. He induces a few pastors to remark the beautiful embalming of a few specimen Christians, adroitly brought to their attention. He inveigles a few medical men into testifying that the new embalming fluid is as effective as mercuric chloride and as harmless as ginger-pop. He approaches the Grand Kleagles of the Knights of Pythias, the American Legion, the B'nai B'rith, the Sulgrave Foundation and other such great orders, and persuades them to adopt the brand officially, and to forbid the use of any other in their fraternities. So, bit by bit, he trephines the skulls of the morticians and exerts pressure upon their brains. In the end, if he is skilful, they run amok—and the fortunes of his client are made.

Mr. Bernays is no common press-agent, assaulting the plain people with tales of stolen jewels and banal adulteries, but a shrewd and well-informed professor of the new sort, playing upon the mob in a highly scientific manner. His treatise is grounded upon a thorough study of the chief authorities upon mob psychology—Le Bon, Trotter, Martin, Lippmann, MacDougall and the rest. As I say, he does not cover the subject completely, for he had no precedents to guide him. But he at least approaches it realistically, and I only hope that he returns to it anon, and writes a bigger and more exhaustive book.

Christian vs. Christian

WHAT IS MODERNISM? by Leighton Parks, D.D.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

IN this little book the eminent rector of St. Bartholomew's offers a plausible and well-mannered statement of the Modernist position, and defends it adroitly against those Fundamentalists in the Church of England (American branch) who would attack it by logical and evidential means. The Fundamentalists, of course, are mainly silly; in its essence their theology is as blowsy and unconvincing as the New Thought, osteopathy or the Ptolemaic

cosmology. But when Dr. Parks proceeds from his flouting of their archaic superstitions to a challenge of their authority within the church he gets upon far less solid ground, even though he rests his case upon Jesus' injunction to "call no man your master upon earth." One maintaining this position is very apt to fall into the error of assuming that Jesus was an Episcopalian, and specifically an Episcopal priest. Jesus was nothing of the sort. He was an heretical evangelist in independent practice, and He was free from any obligation of obedience to His bishop for the plain reason that He had no bishop and had taken no vow to obey. The clergy of the Church of England are in an entirely different position. They are men who have voluntarily entered a communion of known doctrines, governed according to known rules by known authority. They make oath when they enter that they credit these doctrines, and promise solemnly to preach them, and none other. Suppose they begin, in after years, to harbor doubt: what is their

proper course in the premises? Their proper course, obviously, is either to go on preaching the official doctrines, doubt or no doubt, or to forsake the sacred desk forthwith. Mere doubt, in a clergyman, is not a crime in itself. He has as much right to doubt as any other man. He has, too, a right to impart his doubts to his bishop, to his fellow priests, and perhaps even to a few highly discreet confidants among the laity. But he has no more right to spout them from his pulpit, to the scandal and damage of the church—and by a legal fiction, of religion—than a cavalry captain has to question the bulls of the Bureau of Public Information in time of war. Both are bound by a discipline. Both, by their acceptance of their offices, have formally renounced the right to preach heresy.

Thus Dr. Parks, if I understand him aright, brings his otherwise excellent book to an end upon a false note. His argument for common sense is sound, but his argument for democracy within the altar rail is full of snares for souls.

REVIEWS BY OTHER HANDS

An American in Germany

THE OLD AND THE NEW GERMANY, by John F. Coar. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

"ONLY an occasional American knows what has happened to Germany," says Professor Coar. Unfortunately, only an occasional American cares. All the more reason why every serious attempt, like this book, to help build a bridge of understanding, should be welcomed. Most to be welcomed are the concluding chapters, flaying the criminal idiocies of the Versailles Peace, the continuous dishonest sabotaging of German industry by the hordes of parasites on the various control commissions, and the insane compulsory destruction of industrial plants, with its constant crippling of production. Nor has Professor Coar been deceived by the accusations of German dumping or maliciously

voluntary bankruptcy. He sees, too, the dishonesty of the thefts of the Saar Basin, of Danzig and of Upper Silesia, and the utter indefensibility of the creation of the Polish corridor.

His discussion of the actual results of the revolution and his summary of the Weimar Constitution are also on the whole just and valuable, despite a number of misstatements. Thus, he declared (p. 38) that the Imperial Reichstag "lacked the powers of initiating legislation." This is not true; article 23 of the Imperial Constitution expressly conferred upon the Reichstag the power to initiate legislation upon any subject within the competency of the Reich. Professor Coar asserts that "a [German] State may [now] establish any form of government providing it is democratic." This also is an error; the States,

termed lands in the Weimar Constitution, must have a republican form of government. He declares further that the Supreme Court can not declare legislation unconstitutional. Professor Hugo Preuss, the father of the new constitution, says it can; the question has not yet been finally adjudicated.

In the field of economics and labor the professor is on safer ground. His discussion of trade unions, shop councils and industrial subjects in general shows accurate knowledge. And I am personally inclined to forgive him many errors when I note that he has not been deceived by the yawping of German Socialists and Liberals, ably seconded by the Conservative American press, into picturing Hugo Stinnes as a combination of Tsar Peter, Metternich and Ghengis Khan. It has long been the mode in Berlin, to which all American correspondents are expected to—and do—conform, to represent Stinnes as the absolute ruler of the German Republic. This is arrant nonsense; he does not begin to possess the political influence wielded by any one of a score of American capitalists. Dr. Coar sees Stinnes as he is, "neither an industrial 'king' nor a political autocrat," but rather as a friend of the laboring classes, and a patriotic German.

But though Professor Coar's estimates of the New Germany are valuable and generally admirable, his estimates of the Germany that was are still visibly influenced by the American war-psychosis. He does "not believe that we were unfair in judging German *Kultur* solely by its objectionable features." God forbid that American *Kultur* be judged by the same test! The Professor declares that the German workingman was exploited worse than the American before the war—a statement which it is difficult to avoid ridiculing. He fails also to comprehend the true inwardness of German militarism, which had nothing whatever to do with the number of men under arms, but was a state of mind. He "does not know, nor does anybody know, in just

how far (*sic*) the German people regarded the war as a purely defensive war in July-August, 1914." I know; I saw them going to war. There were not two Germans in a thousand who even had a shadow of doubt that the war was defensive. And it is not at all certain that it was not.

The Professor takes pan-Germanism as seriously as did the Committee on Public Information. Actually it was about as important as is the feeling in the United States in favor of the annexation of Canada; compared with the feeling in favor of conferring our *Kultur* on Mexico by force of arms, it was merely a mildly interesting academic flurry. Dr. Coar is deeply disquieted by the fear that America is in the best way to become a *Borussia nova*, an inheritor of Prussian imperialism. But he finds that we, at least, "refrain from Biblical allusions and doctrinal argument" in furthering our cause. I regret to have to cut this anchor-chain, too. Here three quotations:

1. God insists that our principles of democracy and right shall be planted in the whole world.
2. God has called us to civilize the world; we are the missionaries of human progress.
3. It is our mission to teach our high ideals to the peoples of all the world.

One of these quotations is from a speech by Kaiser Wilhelm II; another is from a speech by the principal of the high school in my native American city; the other from a speech by the pastor of the First Methodist Church of the same city. Which is the Kaiser's?

S. MILES BOUTON

Men and Women

MY UNIVERSITY DAYS, by Maxim Gorky. New York: *Boni and Livright*.

LOUIS PASTEUR, by S. J. Holmes, Ph.D. New York: *Harcourt, Brace and Company*.

THE REAL SARAH BERNHARDT, by Mme. Pierre Berton and Basil Woon. New York: *Boni and Livright*.

WITH CONGRESS AND CABINET, by William C. Redfield. Garden City, N.Y.: *Doubleday, Page and Company*.

ANTON CHEHOV: A CRITICAL STUDY, by William Gerhardt. New York: *Duffield and Company*.

FROM IMMIGRANT TO INVENTOR, by Michael Pupin. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

ROBERT BURNS: HIS LIFE AND GENIUS, by Andrew Dakers. New York: *E. P. Dutton and Company*.

GANDHI THE APOSTLE, by Haridas T. Muzumdar. Chicago: *Universal Publishing Company*.

THE LAST YEARS OF H. M. HYNDMAN, by Rosalind Travers Hyndman. New York: *Brentano's*.

FROM PINAFORES TO POLITICS, by Mrs. J. Borden Harriman. New York: *Henry Holt and Company*.

MY MUSICAL LIFE, by Walter Damrosch. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

THESE books, taken together, fill a shelf nearly two feet wide; they run to almost 3,500 pages, mainly large. But, I can find very little in them that is worth reporting; what is actually important might be very well printed in one volume of 250 pages. Gorky's volume on his university days is simply a mass of incoherent and disagreeable trivialities; one seldom gets more than the barest of glimpses of the university he attended; the rest is made up of his endless confabulations with obscure and disreputable friends. Mr. Redfield writes the kind of dull, dry book that any Cabinet officer of the more literate sort might write; there is absolutely nothing in it that is either new or interesting. Professor Pupin's account of his life is charming so long as he remains a poor Serbian peasant boy, but becomes tedious when he begins to go ahead in the world. His view of the United States is that of the chance immigrant who has succeeded in getting rich; it is lyrical, and at times almost ecstatic, but I doubt that it is always accurate or judicious. Mr. Damrosch recites his history as a fashionable and patriotic musician; Mrs. Harriman tells of her struggles and adventures as a fashionable and patriotic lady politician. In the Gandhi book the author admits frankly that the celebrated Hindu demagogue is a man of mystifying and, in some aspects, anything but admirable character—a fellow who knows how to blow

both hot and cold. In the Pasteur book Dr. Holmes rehearses everything that is well known about Pasteur, and adds nothing more. In the Burns book Mr. Dakers tries to prove that Burns was really a far more moral man than has been assumed. In the Hyndman book the widow of the subject offers massive evidence that her late husband was a bore. In the Chehov book Mr. Gerhardt analyzes the ideas of Chehov with such great diligence that the man himself fades into a series of apothegms.

The volume of Sarah Bernhardt remains. Though it is written by a worshipful disciple and thus leans toward a somewhat excessive charity in its judgments, it at least exhibits some unfamiliar facts about the Divine One's origins. Her mother, it appears, was one Julie Bernard, born in Berlin of a Jewish father from the South of Holland and a German Jewish mother. Julie, early in life, fell in love with a non-commissioned officer in a Prussian cavalry regiment, and was by him lured into sin. When he deserted her she went to Frankfurt am Main, and was there seduced again by a young Frenchman, a courier in the diplomatic corps. With him she went to Paris, but he, too, presently turned her out, and soon she was occupying a small apartment at 5, rue de l'Ecole de Médecine under the protection of one Bernhardt, a mysterious gentleman from Havre. Two weeks before Sarah was born this Bernhardt departed, and was never seen thereafter save for very brief visits. But he paid little Sarah's board in the country, and so left Mama Julie free to go into society. In a few years she was one of the most distinguished ornaments of the Paris half-world, and remained so until age overtook her. . . . Such was the parentage and early environment of the celebrated Sarah.

J. D. BLACKMAN

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